

June 10, 1974

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NEW YORKER



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I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS



WHEN THEY ASKED ME to write this article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They told me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry, I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor kept slapping me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie". And when I started the verse to "Honeysuckle Rose", he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have froze to death.

I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle.—See how naturally I mentioned

that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I step on them. And when I step on them, I hit a high note. I lead a very nervous life. In the morning I get up a baritone, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff, too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little sip of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter.—How about that?—another natural mention.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me mad after all these years to discover that something I've never done is what I do best. There may be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a crack at painting. I'll get a brush and

some paint, and lie on my back and paint my bathroom ceiling.

And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a reason to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand.—Another natural mention—and in oil, yet.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes; I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice I'm being natural.

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because if I didn't drink Teacher's with my right hand, you'd keep mistaking me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article, and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I write as good as I sing.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Roberts, Cynthia Harris, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CANDIDE—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franee Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CIRCLE—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

IN THE DEEPEST PART OF SLEEP—A play by Charles Fuller. The final production of the season by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LORELEI—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; starting Monday, June 10, curtain time will be 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:30.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its fail-

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ure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MY FAT FRIEND—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY SISTER, MY SISTER—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and

Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NOËL COWARD IN TWO KEYS—A couple of trifles by the Master, written in old age and with welcome autobiographical touches. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter make the most of their charming opportunities. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OVER HERE!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RAISIN—Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30 and Sat-

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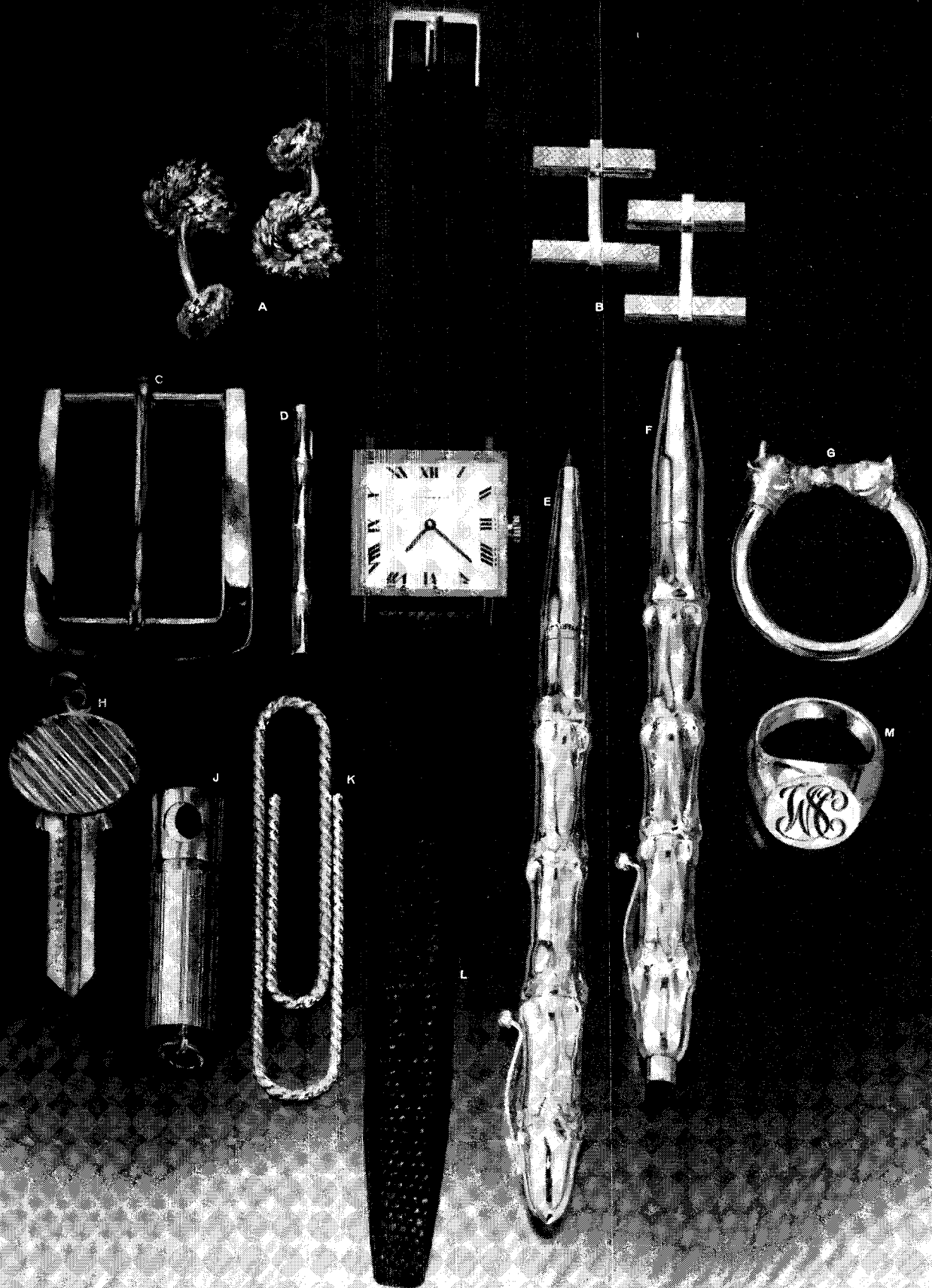
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SCAPINO—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by members of the Young Vic company, on loan to us from London. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEA HORSE—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SHORT EYES—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE SIRENS—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

SOME PEOPLE, SOME OTHER PEOPLE, AND WHAT THEY FINALLY DO—A comedy by Jordan Crittenden, directed by Charles Aidman. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, June 5-6. Opens officially on Friday, June 7, at 7. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 879-2600. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and—except June 7—10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

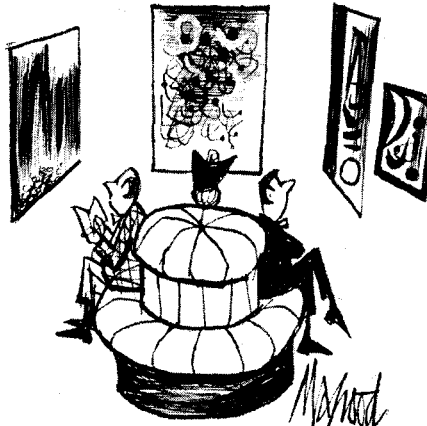
THIEVES—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE TOOTH OF CRIME—Reopening of this satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard, which is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Reopens Friday, June 7. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle counter girl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WORDS AND MUSIC—The eminent lyric-writer Sammy Cahn literally strutting his stuff. He is assisted by some pleasant young singers and a good piano player. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE YEAR OF THE DRAGON—A play by Frank Chin. Season subscribers only. (American Place,



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111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 15.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 5,873 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE HOT L BALTIMORE: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IRENE: A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC: Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Berg-

7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 5, at 8: "Serenade," "Bar-tók No. 3," "Duo Concertant," and "La Valse." Thursday, June 6, at 8: "Watermill," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." Friday, June 7, at 8: "Jewels." Saturday, June 8, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," "Duo Concertant," and "Western Symphony." Saturday, June 8, at 8: "Watermill," "Saltarello," and "Western Symphony." Sunday, June 9, at 1: "Serenade," "Dybbuk," and "The Concert." Sunday, June 9, at 7: "Agon," "The Cage," and "Firebird." Tuesday, June 11, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," and "La Valse." Wednesday, June 12, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Four Bagatelles," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Who Cares?" Thursday, June 13, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony." Friday, June 14, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Illuminations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes." Saturday, June 15, at 2: "Western Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Four Bagatelles," and "Stars and Stripes." Saturday, June 15, at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, June 5: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight." Thursday evening, June 6: "Theatre," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight." Friday evening, June 7: "Intermezzo," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight." Saturday evening, June 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "At Midnight." Sunday matinee, June 9: "Intermezzo," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight." Sunday evening, June 9, and Wednesday evening, June 12: "Theatre," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight." Tuesday evening, June 11, and Thursday evening, June 13: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." Friday evening, June 14: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight." Saturday evening, June 15: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, June 6, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

DAVE BRUBECK—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with the Two Generations of Brubeck. At nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

BARBARA CARROLL—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sunday, through Thursday, June 13.

BLOSSOM DEARIE—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

ERROLL GARNER—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Piano, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, heading a quartet, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, June 8.

SONNY GREER/RUSSELL PROCOPE/BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty

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to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15, from ten to three.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (980-9011). Drums, leading a quintet at ten, through Sunday, June 9.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (980-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

LEE KONITZ—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, heading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs, Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

BUDDY RICH—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

MICHAEL URBANIAK—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Jazz violin, with his band, Fusion, through Monday, June 10.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sundays from nine until two.

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the only base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A long, narrow closet of a night club with uncomfortable wooden pews built to accommodate four but often seating a cramped six. Singer Maureen McGovern trades sets with comedian Guido Sarducci, beginning Wednesday, June 12. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collar greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Lyrical reedman Robin Kenyatta wanders from jazz to soul to pop with his quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Pianist Les McCann heads up his driving, soulful band opposite Betty Davis, a rhythm-and-blues specialist, through Sunday, June 9. On Tuesday, June 11, Isis, an eight-person rock band that need not rely on its visuals—nail polish, spangles, high heels, makeup—begins performing. All of the musicians are women, and they play (and do so self-consciously) quite good straightforward jazz-rock and occasionally New Orleans-inspired swing rock. Their inclusion of congas, and fine flute-and-tenor-sax work by Jean Feinberg, enhances their sturdy original numbers, written primarily by the band's two leaders—singer and guitarist Carol MacDonald and drummer Ginger Bianco. A trombone, a trumpet, and a standard lead guitar and bass round things out. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An

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animated, crowded, wood-paneled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Pianist Walter Norris collaborates with Eddie Gomez, on bass, through Saturday, June 8. Sundays are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard, composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman, along with the bass of Major Holley. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, and Sundays from nine to one. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whizbang drummer Buddy Rich has opened his own club, and it turns out to be one of the most agreeable spots in town: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. The walls are, with typical Rich modesty, strewn with photographs of the drummer hard at work or dressed in the white pajamalike costume of karate, executing the thrusts and chops of that Oriental martial art (he's a black belt). With equally precise thrusts and chops, Rich, using drumsticks, commands an exciting and talented septet: saxophonists Sonny Fortune and Sal Nistico, John Bunch on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and, on the congas, Jimmy Maoulin. Two shows weeknights; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The three begin at nine-forty-five, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist Barbara Carroll, who played bop on 52nd Street in the late forties, performs with bassist Jay Leonhart through Thursday, June 13. On Friday, June 14, pianist Calvin Jackson arrives with bassist Rusty Gilder. Jackson, a West Coast composer for movies and television, has been a frequent soloist over the years with both jazz and classical orchestras, including his own thirty-one-piece symphonic jazz orchestra, which has recently been on tour in California. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the key-

board. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered on the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Marta Heflin, a singer who has appeared in Broadway musicals over the past few years, does contemporary material, much of it written by her husband, composer Peter Link. On Wednesday, June 5. Thursday through Saturday, June 6-8, puppeteer Wayland Flowers pulls some strings. Lee Horwin, who will perform on Sunday, June 9, is an impressive, young singer. Her rich voice and exceptional poise stand out in the context of the fledgling café singers who appear in this club and at Reno Sweeney. On Tuesday, June 11, Valentine, a local rock band, takes the stage. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. Through the bamboo shades that cover the picture-window walls, one can watch the nighttime traffic surge up First Avenue, and the effect is that of watching a visually grainy and emotionally detached *cinéma vérité* rather than simply looking out a window. On the inside, a lively swing trio leaps into what amounts to a tribute to Duke Ellington. The senior member of the threesome is drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919, and who, now over seventy, still handily maneuvers the sticks and brushes and calls out an occasional "Yeah, hey!" Russell Procope, who is in his late sixties, carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, receiving knowledge and generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Snacks.

GUITAR, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Molded-metal chairs, hanging white metal lamps, a formica butcher-block bar and tables, and lots of cold space. Guitarist Jim Barto and bassist Bill Ellington are here Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, June 9-10, Jimmy De Angelis strums with bass accompaniment. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquet-lined wall. Dizzy Gillespie, one of the cheekiest of trumpet players, is here with his quartet through Saturday, June 8, opposite Mike Longo, Gillespie's pianist and musical director over the past several years. On Monday, June 10, Mongo Santamaria and his band starts pounding out some hefty Latin jazz. On Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band swings along. The music begins at nine-thirty. Chinese food.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist David Steinberg participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 151 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. On Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band, beginning at nine. Sundays, other musicians visit these quarters.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night club must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Michal Urbaniak and his group, Fusion, consisting of electric violin (played by the leader), synthesizer and electric piano, bass, drums, and percussion, the last played by Urbaniak's wife, Urszula Dudziak, who also serves as a capable vocalist and, perhaps, muse. They concentrate on searing, forward-looking, rhythmically satisfying jazz, with vocalist Dudziak scatting along—the total effect reminiscent of an up-tempoed Cathy Berberian-Luciano Berio performance. Urbaniak probably relies on electronics as much as, if not more than, any rock band of repute, and his sophisticated use of that technology, coupled with his complex music, makes the rock portion of the program here—Ray Manzarek and his band—seem pale. Through Monday, June 10. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an oversolicitous wine list, this club has established itself as another Village refuge for folk, rock, and, lately, standup comedy. David Brenner fires off one-liners through Monday, June 10. On Wednesday, June 12, Gabriel Kaplan, another youngish comic, will take up where Brenner leaves off. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Pianist Johnny Guarnieri, who worked with Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and numerous other jazz artists of the forties, is currently leading a swing quintet—the Gramercy Five (originally a group led by Shaw that included Guarnieri and Billy Butterfield)—comprising Butterfield on trumpet, drummer Cliff Leeman, guitarist Wayne Wright, and Artie Baker on clarinet. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinetist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Guitarist Jimmy Ponder's trio plays Thursday through Saturday, June 6-8. On the following Thursday through Saturday (June 13-15), wily drummer Chico Hamilton will show up with his young and talented quintet. Music from ten until three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mish-mash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. The front dining room, a considerable distance from the stage, is decorated with red-checked tablecloths and is provided with speakers and a closed-circuit-television monitor, which pipes in the show that is progressing in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over, brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. The adjacent bar, comfortably fitted out with red-leather banquettes and armchairs, offers a view of the stage for patrons paying only a short visit. Singer Liz Torres shares the facilities with Tecumseh, a singer from Liberia, through Saturday, June 8. On Tuesday, June 11, Nell Carter, a singer and actress, comes in with singer, comedian, and composer Bruce Vilanch. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gap between shows. On Sunday, June 9, another singer, Dolly Jonah, will grace the premises, at nine and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, Blossom Dearie is presenting concert-style sets. With her small, delicate voice, she sings songs like "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," all of which convey what used to seem cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who is on intimate terms with several hundred songs, performs her recitatives with

accompaniment provided by her pianist Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and twelve.

SORRABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and other Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. The beautiful alto-saxophone musings of Lee Konitz are featured here Wednesdays and Thursdays, when he works with his trio (which occasionally becomes a quartet if Chet Baker happens by with his horn). Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, drummer Jul Curtis leads a trio. Vibraharpist Vera Auer and a trio perform Friday and Saturday, June 14-15. Sundays are still dominated by the smooth guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Powerhouse drummer Elvin Jones works with tenor saxophonists Steve Grossman and Frank Foster, guitarist Roland Prince, and Milton Suggs on bass. Through Sunday, June 9. On Tuesday, June 11, reedman Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck descend the staircase with their fine quartet. Mondays belong to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, their fifteen musicians, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for pianist Brooks Kerr, saxophonist Russell Procope, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and vocalist Annie Hurewitz. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, an outfit led by clarinetist Art Miller, works Wednesdays. Thursdays through Sundays, a quartet headed by ex-Basie tenorman Paul Quinichette and ex-

Illinois Jacquet trumpeter Ed Lewis takes over. All this and food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Paul Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, Teddy Diamond provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—British singer Susan Maugham has the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. ... In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pianist Dave Brubeck and the Two Generations of Brubeck are onstage at dinner and supper on the grand rooftop. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

St. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, a celebrated groaning board, is a sounding board twice a night for the piano of Erroll Garner and his backup trio. Anthony Terini's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper are the occasions for the songs of the Pointer Sisters in the **EMPIRE ROOM**. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

IRWIN BERMAN—Painted photosensitized canvases. Through June 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAUDIO BRAVO—A show of paintings of objects (tin cans, clothing, sponges, wool skeins) rendered with total and utter realism. Through Friday, June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

DENNIS BYNG/AIJIRO WAKITA/PETER SPINELLI—Fifteen cast-Lucite sculptures, / Stone and metal sculptures, metal wall reliefs, and drawings and prints. / Works in concrete painted with acrylic and often embedded with objects such as dishes, shirts, and light bulbs. Through Friday, June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Twenty-four Aubusson tapestries that felicitously reproduce the artist's expansive abstract designs in clear red, yellow, blue, white, and black. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

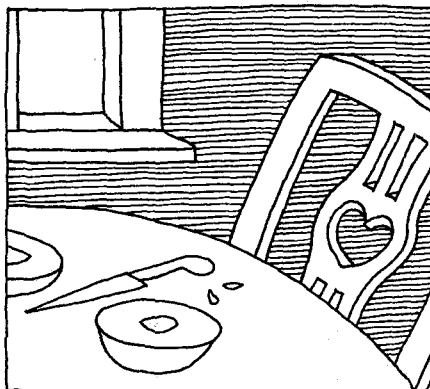
ERNST FUCHS—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

IBBIE HOLMQUIST—Paintings, in a sort of Neo-Pointillist technique, of figures, animals, and birds, most of them in exotic settings. Through Saturday, June 15. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GABRIEL LADERMAN—Realistic landscapes and still-lives. Through Friday, June 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

NATHANIEL NEUJEAN—Figurative sculptures in bronze. Through Saturday, June 15. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM PEREHODOFF—Color-field paintings of



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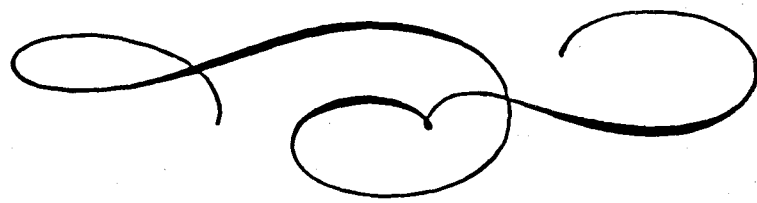
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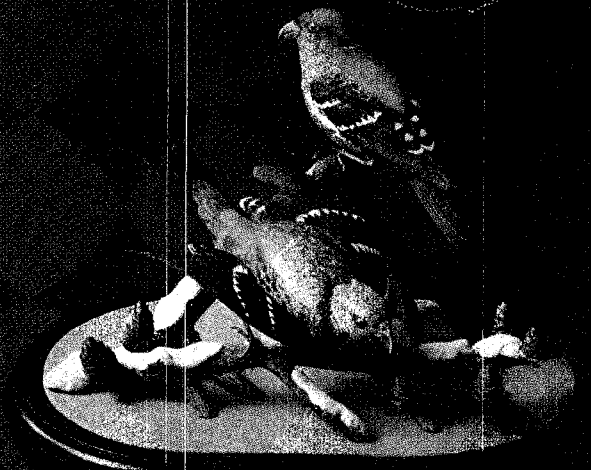
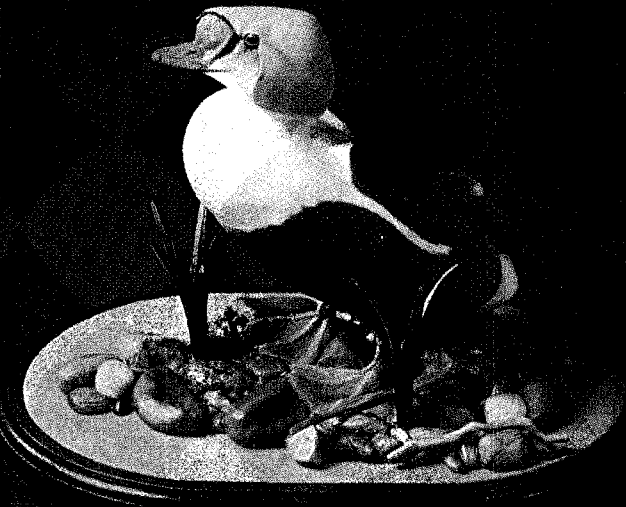
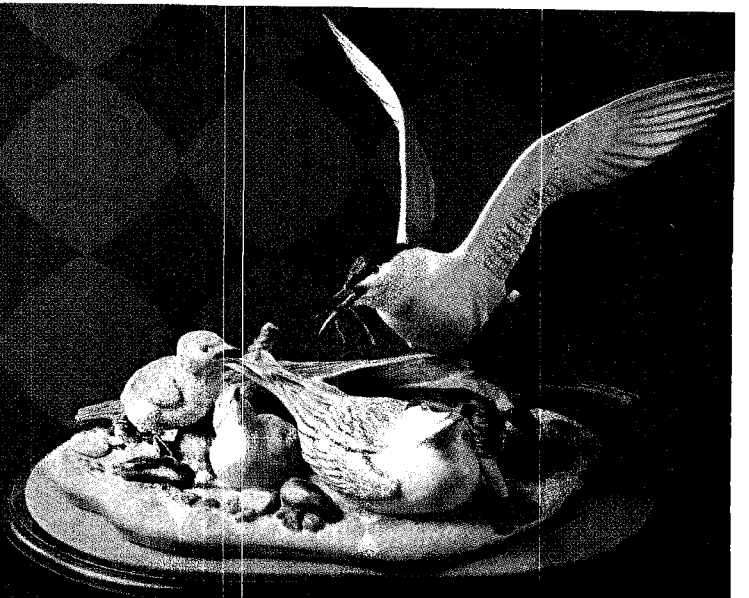
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Perhaps you will be interested in reading what Mr. Jefferson himself says about various aspects of his work:

"There is no substitute for field study. This means long hours of watching, making notes and sketches, and trying to separate out all those qualities which make the creature unique. For me, it involves a kind of feeling for what it is like to be that creature. For instance, I was once given a sparrow hawk, and I hand fed and kept this bird for months. Every scale on its legs and every fold of feather on feather became as familiar as the wrinkles on my own knuckles.

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typical environment. This involves research into food gathering habits, shelter, surrounding plants, flowers, soil and rocks. All these may be different at various times of year, so a correct choice of related elements is necessary.

"The actual models are done in wax. Although it is a more difficult material to work with, it preserves detail much better than clay during the moulding process.

"As a child of the age, I see my work as a kind of bridge which could help to re-establish a contact with nature that, by and large, has been lost through twentieth century materialistic endeavor. My experiences as a naturalist and my abilities as an artist and ceramicist, taken together with the superb facilities of Royal Doulton have, I hope, permitted me some measure of success!"



Shown on preceding page: Snowy Owl Male. 16" high with plinth. \$1,300. Edition limit: 150.

Shown on opposite page:

Upper left: Colorado Chipmunk Group. 13½" high with plinth. \$1,800. Edition limit: 75.

Upper right: Roscate Tern. 12¼" high with plinth. \$1,850. Edition limit: 100.

Center left: King Eider 11" high with plinth. \$1,400. Edition limit: 150.

Center right: White-winged Cross Bills. 7¾" high with plinth. \$1,000. Edition limit: 250.

Bottom left: Snowy Owl Female. 9½" high with plinth. \$1,500. Edition limit: 150.

Bottom center: Golden Crowned Kinglet. 8¼" high. \$350.

Bottom right: Winter Wren. 4¾" high. \$275.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

unusual energy, by a Canadian artist. Through June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

EDITH POSEL—Paintings on paper. Through Saturday, June 15. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

T. ADDISON RICHARDS (1820-1900)—Landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties. Through June 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES SAXON—Cartoons, drawings, and watercolors. Through Saturday, June 8. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through July 10. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN SPERRY—Bronze and aluminum sculptures, mostly global shapes combined with severed sections of a tiny baby-doll figure. Through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCIA WILCOX—Recent abstract paintings by an artist who lost her sight two years ago but still manages to find her way around the canvas with colored felt-tipped pens. Through Saturday, June 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 12. (Closed Saturdays.)... **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions by Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through July 27. ... **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **FELDMAN**, 33 E. 74th St.: Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and other contemporaries. Through July 25. (Closed Saturdays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American folk art, American contemporary artists, and European and American paintings from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Frank Stella, Olitski, Dzubas, and other gallery artists. Through June 29. ... **KORNBLLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Works in various mediums by artists who have never before shown in New York. Through June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Bailey, Camacho, Danby, and others. Through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Lyrical abstractions. Through June 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN CRILE—Still-lives and landscapes, notably some imaginary aerial views of farmlands, in watercolor and pastel. Through Saturday, June 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GUY JOHNSON—Photo-Surrealist works. Through Saturday, June 15. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANOLO MILLARES (1926-72)—Mostly paintings done in 1970 and 1971. Through Friday, June 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Black, rough wooden constructions and framed collages of painted wood and cardboard. Through Saturday, June 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

OSAMU SHIMODA—Geometric sculptures. Through June 28. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the CRISPO, 41 E. 57th St.: A large benefit loan exhibition called "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor." It includes work by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast,

Sargent, and Wyeth. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, plus ceramic sculptures by Californians. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: "Western American Art," a show of paintings, bronzes, and drawings by Remington, Bierstadt, Moran, and others. Starts Thursday, June 6. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

PETER AGOSTINI/BEN BERNIS/CAROL CLEWORTH—Drawings and sculptures. / Terra-cotta sculptures. / Oils and charcoal drawings. Through June 19. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

LYNDA BENGLIS—Wall pieces in the form of metal knots. Through Saturday, June 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

BARBARA COLEMAN/RACHEL ROLON DE CLET—Abstract paintings with an impasto surface. / Photographs and drawings. Through Wednesday, June 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

HARRIET FEIGENBAUM/CHARLES SEPLOWIN—Three constructions of wood and straw, and charcoal drawings of architectural structures packed and littered with bales of hay and clumps of straw. / Sheets of rubber—flat, draped, or twisted—studded with tiny colored rubber bands or layered with noodle-size rubber bands. Through Saturday, June 8. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

WALTER GALLUP/MICHAEL FELLERMAN—White monochromatic oils and acrylic-resin color paintings. / Industrial aluminum welded and riveted together. Through Thursday, June 13. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER HOWRIGAN/JUDITH JOA—Large, panoramic views of New York City. / Still-lives, interiors, and portraits. Through Thursday, June 13. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MARILYN LEVINE/STUART SHEDLETSKY/R. M. FISCHER—Stoneware. / Abstract paintings. / Wall constructions. Through Saturday, June 15. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOYCE REZENDES/MISSEN HERLUF JENSEN—Paintings. / Drawings inspired by Kurt Vonnegut's "Cat's Cradle." Starts Saturday, June 8. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

FLORENCE ROSEN/ARCHIE MILLER—Abstract paintings. / Glass sculptures. Through Wednesday, June 12. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.: Twenty-five Conceptual women artists. Through Saturday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, June 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A cross-section of contemporary drawing, by twenty-four artists, who range from pure abstractionists to pure realists. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays 1 to 5.)... **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY**, 167 Spring St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Saturday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

FRITZIE ABADI/ANNE HELIOFF/JILL SPELMAN—Paintings of leaves. / Abstract paintings. / Canvases placed at angles and touching along one edge, acting as reflections of one another. Through Friday, June 7. (Phoenix, 542 LaGuardia Pl.)

EDWARD GOREY—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through Saturday, June 15. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

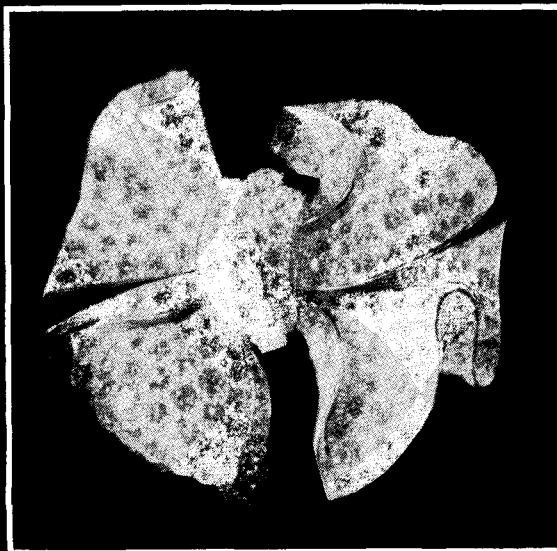
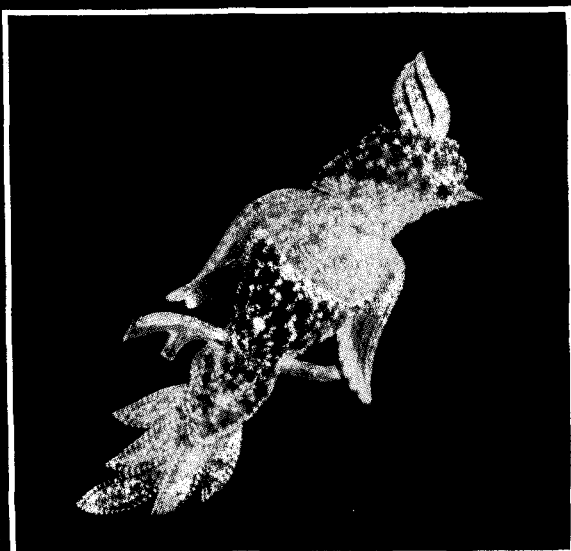
CLAES OLDENBURG—A nine-thousand-pound, eighteen-foot steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X," in which the genes of his forebear Mickey come shining through. Through Aug. 1. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

JOSÉ GUADALUPE POSADA (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four contemporary African artists. Through Aug. 31. (Mon-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnett. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Through July 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

SECOND ANNUAL NEW TALENT FESTIVAL—A group of galleries are exhibiting works (through Saturday, June 15; some longer) in a wide range of mediums by artists who have never had solo shows here. **UPTOWN**: Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.; Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.; Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.; ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.; Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.; and Poin-dexter, 24 E. 84th St. **57TH STREET AREA**: Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.; Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.; Marlborough Graphics, 40 W. 57th St.; Myers, 50 W. 57th St.; Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.; De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.; Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.; and Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (All the galleries are closed Mondays except Gimpel, Kraushaar, and the Associated American Artists.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. The show is being held on two floors, which some viewers may be unaware of. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **A** retrospective. Through July 13. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

RICHARD AVEDON—Eight extraordinary photographs of Jacob Israel Avedon, taken by his son between 1967 and 1973. Through June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

FRITZ HENLE—Sixty-seven works by a photographer who worked for *Life*, *Mademoiselle*, *Fortune*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. Through July 7. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NORMAN LERNER/EDWARD S. CURTIS (1868-1952)—Photographs of nudes./Gravures of the American Indian. Through June 29. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

SONIA LANDY SHERIDAN AND KEITH SMITH—Large color photographs, transferred by a heat process to cloth. Through July 14. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—About sixty photographs from the turn of the century through the thirties. Through July 27. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works by five little-known photographers. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN "Y" GALLERY**, 334 E. 14th St.: Abbott, Atget, Brassai, Tice, Weston, and others. Through June 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Seven photographers. Through June 30. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian painters of the fourteenth century to the

eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through July 14.... **The complete set of ten tapestries**—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... **Twelve examples of the American art of quilting** of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8.... **"The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939"** is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... **A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints.** Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), tracing his work from his early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, his cousin, and his godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through June 16.... **A** retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Through July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit of ceramic art, primarily from the West Coast. Through July 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The eleven-foot skeleton of Jumbo is starred in a circus exhibit that includes circus posters and other Big Top memorabilia. Through Saturday, June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by E. B. White, John Barth, Anais Nin, Elizabeth Hardwick, and others; paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Saul Steinberg, Helen Frankenthaler, Reuben Nakian, and others. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Painted cloth hangings, called *pichhava*, that once decorated temples of the Vallabhachari Krishna cult in the Rajasthani province of India. Through Sunday, June 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Large photographic negatives of nature subjects, spotlighted as if by moonlight, against a black background, by Colin Greenly. Through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913, the year of his death,

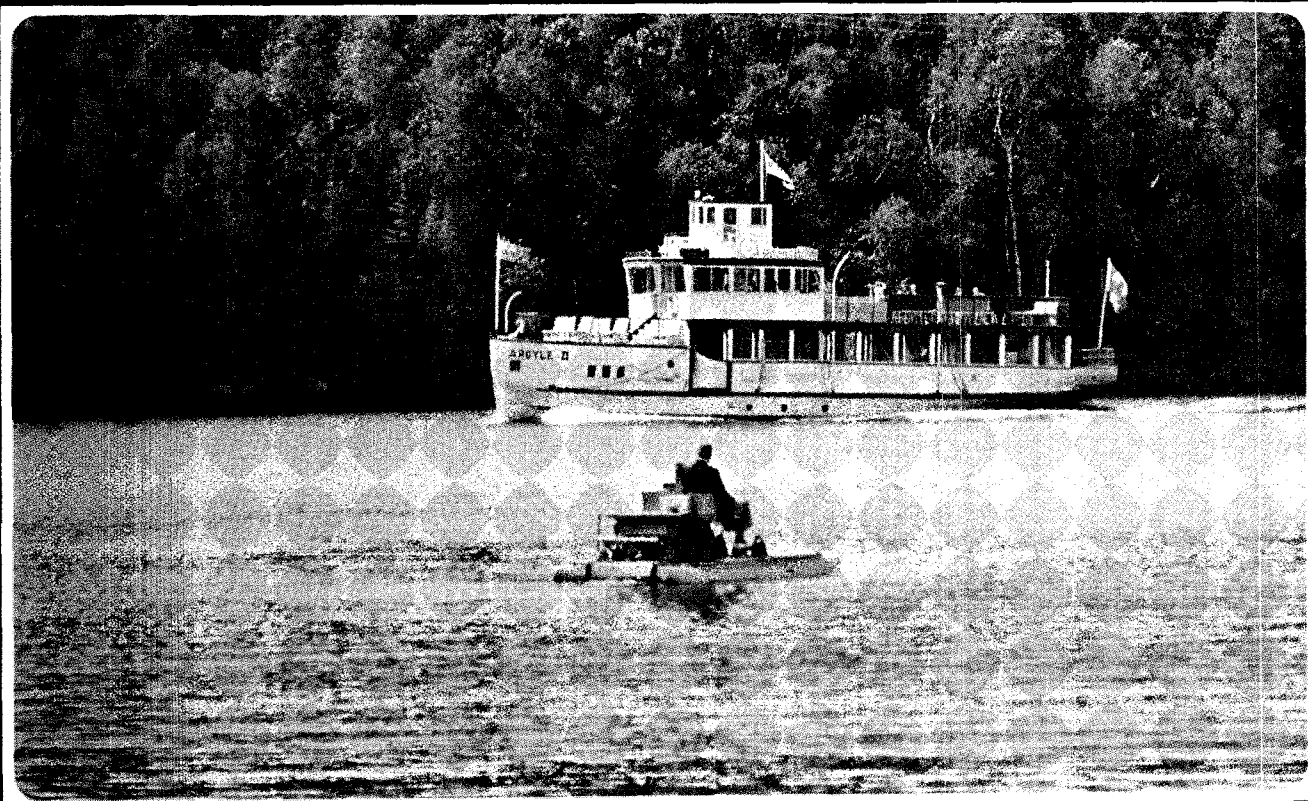


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31...

¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31... ¶ Thirty manuscripts by Petrarch, celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. Through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred or so American craft objects, on loan from collectors all over the country. Starts Friday, June 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A large show of drawings by the late Robert Smithson—mostly of ideas for projects: spirals, mazes, islands, meandering walls, canals, barges, juggernauts, thickets, fantastic landscapes, and airports. Through June 16... ¶ A retrospective of the career of Max Reinhardt, including stage and costume designs, director promptbooks, and production photographs. Starts Friday, June 7... ¶ Renderings of ancient calligraphy in color acrylics on mounted silk or canvas by Chi Watts, who studied calligraphy with private tutors in China and currently resides in New York. Through Friday, June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of a three-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, June 5: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Edda Moser, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; conducted by Gabor Otvös... ¶ Thursday evening, June 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmor: Serge Baudo... ¶ Friday evening, June 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Colette Boky, Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Walter Berry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Morley Meredith; Max Rudolf... ¶ Saturday matinee, June 8: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis... ¶ Saturday evening, June 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Nedda Casei, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Serge Baudo... ¶ Monday evening, June 10: The premiere of Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and



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Do you wash with soap?—Cleansing lotions?—

Do you usually have an oily look in the T-zone (forehead, nose, chin)?—On cheeks?—

Do your oily areas have blemishes?—

Are you bothered by blemishes?—

Once a month?—Often?—Continuously?—

Do you use moisturizers (brand name)?—

Do you use a foundation (brand name)?—

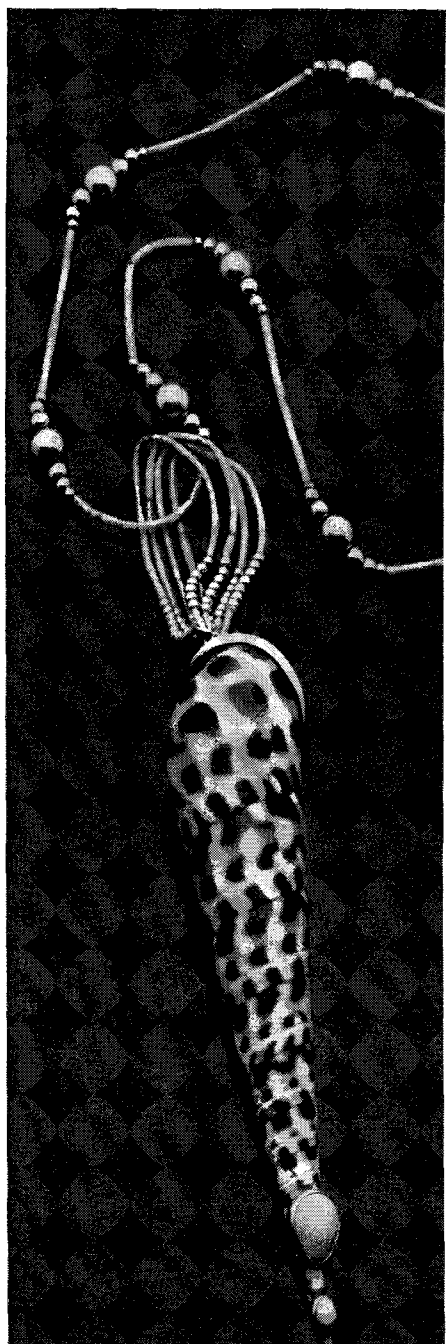
Does your skin feel tight or dry any time of day (other than immediately after washing)?—

Is your skin flaky, rough or parched looking?—

All the time?—Winter months?—

Do creams ever cause itching?—Irritation?—Pimples?—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

David Ward, and a new production of Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . ♪ Tuesday evening, June 11: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . ♪ Wednesday evening, June 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Colette Boky, Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Walter Berry, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Morley Meredith; Max Rudolf. . . ♪ Thursday evening, June 13: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . ♪ Friday evening, June 14: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Gabor Otvös. . . ♪ Saturday matinee, June 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Loren-gar, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, John Reardon, and Robert Schmor; Jan Behr. . . ♪ Saturday evening, June 15: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Evelyn Lear, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Stewart, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the "Promenades" season. "Kaleidoscope Promenade" on Wednesday, June 5—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—at 8:30 (with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano, and Jaime Laredo, violin); and "Promenade in Paris" Thursday through Saturday, June 6-8, at 8:30 (with Miss Dunn). . . ♪ Pierre Boulez conducting a week-long series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra will be in the round, and some of the audience will be seated on the floor. For four concerts, the Philharmonic will be divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Tuesday, June 11, Orchestra A (no soloists); Wednesday, June 12, Orchestra B (with Julius Baker, flute; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Frisch, baritone); Thursday, June 13, Orchestra A (no soloists); Friday, June 14, Orchestra B (with Miss Bryn-Julson); Saturday, June 15, a chamber ensemble in an all-Schoenberg program (with Miss DeGaetani and Mr. Frisch); and Sunday, June 16, the full orchestra (with Maralin Niska, soprano).

RECITALS

DORIAN WOODWIND QUINTET—A benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, June 11, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

THREE BY THREE—At Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, June 12, the last in a series of concerts—The Concord String Quartet at 8. . . ♪ Mary Lindsey, soprano, at 9. . . ♪ Flavio Varani, piano, at 10.

ELAINE COMPARONE—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 12, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE—With Eddie Kendricks and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 5, at 8.)

BILLY COBHAM AND LARRY CORTELL'S ELEVENTH HOUSE—Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 7, at 8.

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—At Carnegie Hall, the twelfth and thirteenth in a series of concerts. Saturday, June 8, at 8: Gil Evans conducting the music of Jimi Hendrix. . . ♪ Saturday, June 15, at 8: Music in the Fletcher Henderson style, plus Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, and others.

WILD BILL DAVISON QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 9, at 3. No tickets necessary.

THE WHO—Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, June 10-11, with Golden Earring; Thursday, June 13, with Maggie Bell; and Friday, June 14, with Montrose, all at 8.

PETER FRAMPTON & FRAMPTON'S CAMEL AND SPOOKY TOOTH—With Montrose. (Academy of Music,

126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 15, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, June 6, at 2:15. . . ♪ Los Angeles, Friday, June 14, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 15, at 2:15. . . **YANKEES**: Vs. Minnesota, Friday, June 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9, at 2. . . ♪ California, Monday and Tuesday, June 10-11, at 8, and Wednesday, June 12, at 2.

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sunday, June 9.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 22. The Edgemere, Wednesday, June 5; the Youthful, Friday, June 7; the Belmont, Saturday, June 8; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15). . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Denver Racquets, Wednesday, June 5. . . ♪ New York Sets vs. Baltimore Banners, Monday, June 10. . . ♪ New York Sets vs. Chicago Aces, Thursday, June 13. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

ET ALIA

FLOWER SHOW—The June Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, June 12, from noon to 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 5, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . ♪ Thursday, June 6, at 2: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. . . ♪ Friday, June 7, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . ♪ Tuesday, June 11, at 10:15 and 2: Autographs, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 6. . . ♪ Wednesday, June 12, at 2: Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and nineteenth-century porcelains and works of art; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 6. . . ♪ Thursday, June 13, at 2, and Friday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, belonging to many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 7.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department number, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free events.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Sept. 7. First concert on Wednesday, June 12, at 7, with Benny Goodman and his sextet. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

BRYANT PARK—Thursday, June 6, at 12:15: Howie Mann. . . ♪ Friday, June 7, at 12:15: Max Kaminsky. . . ♪ Monday, June 10, at 12:15 (rain date, Tuesday, June 11): Jimmy McPartland and the Dixieland Band.

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to sundown; through Sunday, June 9.

WALKING TOUR—On Wednesday, June 5, Celeste Holm and Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of northern Central Park. It will meet at Central Park West and 100th Street at 6:30 (rain date Thursday, June 6). For information about tickets, call 673-3930.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.



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Since all the car manufacturers are conducting their own mileage tests these days, we at Volkswagen thought we'd conduct one too.

So we modified our body—and our engine. And, of course, we got someone who didn't weigh much to drive.

Lo and behold, we got 84 miles per gallon! Ridiculous? Nobody normally drives like this? Of course. That's precisely our point.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 11: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From June 12: "Mean Streets" and "The Getaway."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 8: "Follow the Fleet" and "Carefree."
June 9-11: "When You're in Love" and "Love Me Forever."
From June 12: "Cluny Brown" and "Broken Lullaby."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 11: "Don't Look Now" and "The Conformist."
From June 12: "Papillon."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 11: "The Last Detail" and "Fat City."
From June 12: "Badlands" and "Up the Sandbox."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Conversation."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 6: "Cinderella Liberty."
From June 7: "Where the Lilies Bloom."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Zandy's Bride."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
June 5: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Accident."

June 6: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Morgan!"

June 7-8: "Gimme Shelter" and "Putney Swope."

June 9-10: "César and Rosalie" and "Elvira Madigan."

June 11-12: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
June 13: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "Nobody Waved Goodbye."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Stoolie."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 11: "Magnum Force."
From June 12: "Papillon."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Three Musketeers."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blazing Saddles."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Chosen Survivors."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Walking Tall."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Last Picture Show" and "Five Easy Pieces."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

WEST SIDE

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 11: "The Last Picture Show" and "Five Easy Pieces."

From June 12: "The Lords of Flatbush."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 7: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

From June 8: To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 11 at one or another of the theatres: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"Sleeper" and "Bananas"/"The Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival"/"Thieves Like Us" and "Where's Poppa?"

From June 12: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through June 11: "Three Stooges Extravaganza" and "Take the Money and Run."

From June 12: "The Popeye Folies—His Times and Life" and "A Day at the Races."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
June 5: "The Black Windmill."
From June 6: "Herbie Rides Again."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through June 6: "The Divine Mr. J."
From June 7: To be announced.

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Wedding in Blood."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
June 5: "Breathless" and "My Life to Live."

June 6-7: "Touch of Evil" and "The Lady from Shanghai."

June 8-9: "Women in Love" and "The Devils."

June 10: "Judex" and "Thomas the Impostor."

June 11: "Midnight" and "Palm Beach Story."

June 12: "The Decameron" and "Medea."
From June 13: "Brewster McCloud" and "Little Murders."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 6: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."

From June 7: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 6: "The Last Detail."
From June 7: "Where the Lilies Bloom."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 6: "Samurai Spy."

June 7-8: "Sword of Vengeance" and "Samurai Assassin."

June 9-10: "Sansho the Bailiff" and "The Drunken Angel."

June 11: "A Full Life."

June 12-13: "Band of Assassins" and "Haunted Samurai."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 11: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Public Eye."

From June 12: "A Touch of Class" and "Travels with My Aunt."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Cinderella Liberty."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Last Picture Show" and "Five Easy Pieces."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 11: "Day for Night" and "Blume in Love."

From June 12: "Papillon."

NOTE—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, June 7-9: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932; Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper) and "Algiers" (1938; Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer)... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent cinéastes. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

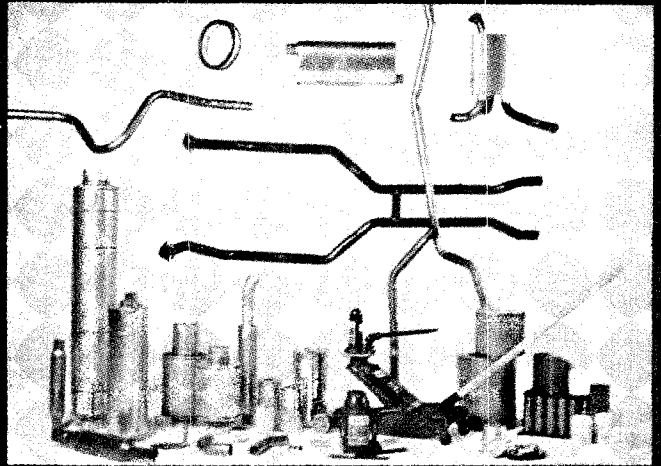
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by Raoul Walsh: June 6 at 5:30: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney... June 6 at 8: "One Sunday Afternoon" (1948), with Dennis Morgan and Janis Page... June 7 at 2: "Colorado Territory" (1949), with Joel McCrea and Virginia Mayo... June 8 at 3: "Manpower" (1941), with Marlene Dietrich and Edward G. Robinson... June 8 at 5:30: "Colorado Territory"... June 9 at 5:30: "Northern Pursuit" (1943), with Errol Flynn and Julie Bishop... June 10 at 2: "Desperate Journey" (1942), with Errol Flynn and Ronald Reagan... June 10 at 5:30: "Objective, Burma!" (1945), with Errol Flynn... June 13 at 5:30: "Distant Drums" (1951), with Gary Cooper... June 13 at 8: "Objective, Burma!"... Other,



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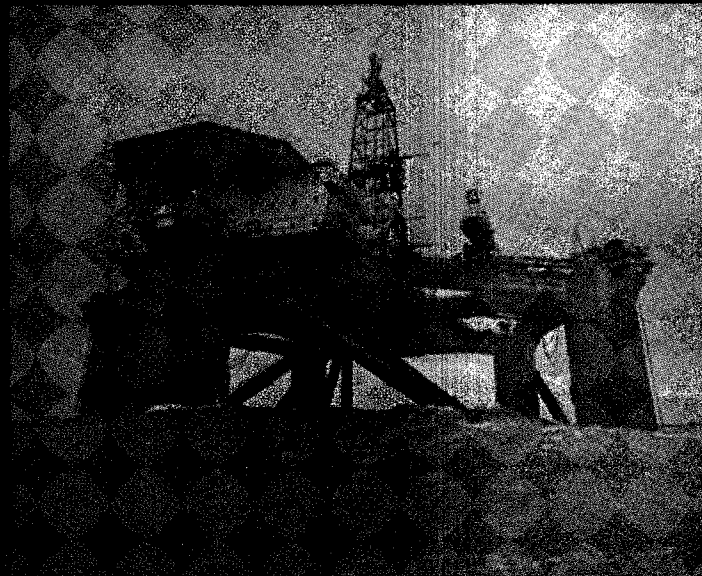
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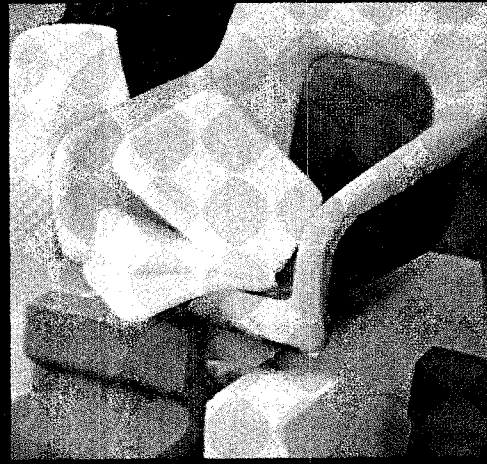
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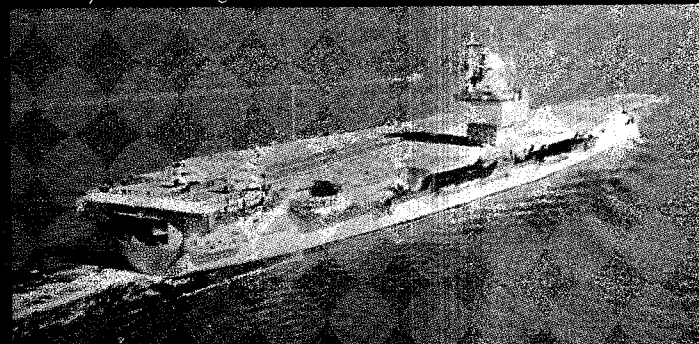


Offshore drilling rig in 472 feet of water in the stormy British North Sea recently discovered oil on a large block in which Tenneco has about a one-third interest.



Urethane foam from Tenneco Chemicals finds a host of uses including upholstery material for furniture and automobiles.

USS Enterprise, largest nuclear powered ship afloat, was built by Tenneco's Newport News Shipbuilding, which is currently constructing the carriers Eisenhower and Nimitz.

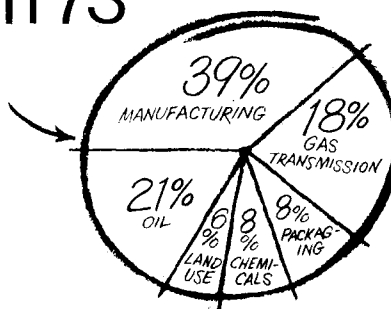


Still expanding its 15,600 mile natural gas pipeline system, the nation's largest, Tenneco is also working to develop new supplies of this clean-burning fuel.



What would you call a company
that did \$3.9 billion in '73
and looks like this?

We call it Tenneco



Tenneco makes things.

Things like small auto parts, big tractors and the largest nuclear ships afloat.

Even so, many people still refer to us as a gas pipeline company.

That we were and still are, with the largest natural gas pipeline in the country. But gas transmission (18% of our 1973 revenues) is only one important part of our story.

Which is why we're asking you to broaden your view of Tenneco.

Think of us as a company that is tackling the energy problem on many different fronts. Searching for oil and gas on a worldwide scale plus refining and marketing (21% of revenues). Developing a practical technology for turning coal into pipeline quality gas and synthetic oil and, in a joint venture with Westinghouse, preparing to manufacture offshore floating nuclear power plants on an assembly line basis.

In manufacturing (39% of revenues), see us as the company whose Newport News Shipbuilding is expanding to build mammoth liquefied natural gas tankers and ultra-large crude carriers to bring the energy home.

As the company whose J I Case Divi-

sion is turning out fleets of heavy-duty construction equipment and farm tractors to meet our nation's building and agricultural needs.

As the company whose Walker Manufacturing is producing auto exhaust systems for one out of every four cars on the road today. And is under contract to supply catalytic emission control hardware to a major auto manufacturer.

See us as the company whose Chemicals Division (8% of revenues) is a major supplier of versatile plastics. And whose Packaging Corporation of America (8% of revenues) supplies shipping containers and cartons to 300 of the 500 largest U.S. corporations.

In agriculture and land development, (6% of revenues), as the company that is packing and marketing farm fresh vegetables, raisins, almonds, and dates under the name Sun Giant®. And Tenneco Realty is developing whole new communities.

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Tenneco

non-Walsh films, scheduled during this period: June 5 at 5:30: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Carlo Battisti. . . . June 7 at 5:30 and June 8 at noon: French films, 1906 to 1913. . . . June 9 at 12:30 and 3: "The Exile" (1947), directed by Max Ophüls, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Maria Montez. . . . June 11 at 2: "Under Two Flags" (1922), directed by Tod Browning, with Priscilla Dean and James Kirkwood. . . . June 11 at 5:30: A program of films by Danny Lyon. . . . June 12 at 5:30: "Under Two Flags." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to

those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Charles Laughton films: June 6: "The Suspect" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Ella Raines. . . . June 8-9: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. . . . June 13 (tentative): "Hobson's Choice"

(1954), directed by David Lean, with John Mills. . . . June 5: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Dick Powell. . . . June 7: "Monkey Business" (1952), directed by Howard Hawks, with Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers. . . . June 12: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ACCIDENT (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuosos passages of calculated meanness. As a weakening philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Beekman; June 5.)

ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East.)

BADLANDS—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terence Malick's debut picture extends that uninvolvedness to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. The picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Reviewed in these pages 3/18/74.) (Gramercy; starting June 12.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu. . . . Quad Cinema; through June 11. . . . Paramount; starting June 7.)

BAND OF ASSASSINS (1970)—The familiar Mifune in a film by Tadashi Sawashima, pretty distinguished but pretty complicated in its swivels of plot about themes of factionalism and hero worship in 1863. Mifune is the leader of a band of "protectors;" the respect handed out to them lies in terror, but when a kindlier reign comes to power the king of the terrorists is still highly regarded, in a very Japanese fashion, for his loyalty to his beliefs. And then beheaded. The film is violent but also quirkily funny and subtle. In Japanese. (Regency; June 12-13.)

THE BLACK WINDMILL—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnapers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. Good small-boy stuff. (6/3/74) (Music Hall; June 5.)

BLAZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I, and Trans-Lux 85th St.

. . . Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 11.)

BLOOM IN LOVE (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clod-hopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some dénouement. (6/23/73) (Olympia; through June 11.)

BREATHLESS (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 13.)

BROKEN LULLABY (1932; originally called "The Man I Killed")—Ernst Lubitsch, the master of light and frivolous film art, seemed to be doing penance for his own wit in this pacifist drama, adapted from a play by Maurice Rostand. Phillips Holmes, unspeakably handsome but a more unspeakable actor, is the sickly, sensitive French musician who kills a German soldier (also a musician. . .) in the trenches. Remorseful, he goes to Germany and settles in with the dead man's family (Lionel Barrymore is the father) and fiancée (Nancy Carroll, miserably miscast, with a fat braid around her head). Lubitsch can't entirely escape his own talent, and the film is beautifully crafted, but he mistook drab, sentimental hokum for ironic, poetic tragedy. The picture was a box-office fiasco, despite the excessive praise of Robert E. Sherwood, who said, "It is the best talking picture that has yet been seen and heard." Not by a long shot. With ZaSu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 12.)

CAREFREE (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 8.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Paramount; through June 6. . . . Art; through June 11.)

CÉSAR AND ROSALIE (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sani Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about

a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (1/13/73) (Beekman; June 9-10.)

CHOSEN SURVIVORS—With Jackie Cooper and Alex Cord, directed by Sutton Roley. (Loews Orpheum.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Beacon. . . . Eastside Cinema; through June 6.)

CLAUDINE—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but holds stamina, good humor, and cheek in the face of the nearly impossible, because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones), himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a wheeling final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking to the limits of anyone's wits. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

CLUNY BROWN (1946)—Ernst Lubitsch directed this charming, light satire on English social conventions, with Jennifer Jones in a rare comic performance that's a delight and with Charles Boyer as a debonaire scrounger. The cast includes Richard Haydn and Una O'Connor as his mother. From a novel by Margery Sharp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 12.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 11.)

THE CONVERSATION—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (34th St. East.)

DAISY MILLER—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself (Cybill Shepherd). Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor, and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Giovanelli, the courier who gives a bemused license to Daisy's bossy silliness, is played by Duilio Del Prete. The lovelorn Mr. Winterbourne (Barry Brown), a born loser, struggles to keep his end up by saying that he has

spent most of his life in Europe, though the actor's voice sounds purebred American and the character is hampered by a mustache that he knows to be lugubrious in comparison with the debonaire ones of his European rivals. Cy-bill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Baronet.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Elgin; starting June 12.)

DAY FOR NIGHT—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Olympia; through June 11.)

THE DECAMERON (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8-9.)

THE DIVINE MR. J.—With Elliot Greenberg, directed by Peter Alexander. (Festival; through June 6.)

DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 11.)

THE DRUNKEN ANGEL (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterpiece if you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Regency; June 9-10.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Beekman; June 9-10.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

FAT CITY (1972)—A film about a boxer, though

not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and breads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (7/29/72) (Gramercy; through June 11.)

FIVE EASY PIECES (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (86th St. East, and New Yorker. . . . 8th St. Playhouse; through June 11.)

FOLLOW THE FLEET (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainess bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 8.)

A FULL LIFE (1962)—The Japanese director Hani, working at the top of his bent and managing to make a famous screen heroine act like an amateur, in the best sense. The actress is Ineko Arima, playing an unrooted city girl who eventually falls in love with a devoted man much older than she is. In Japanese. (Regency; June 11.)

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Beekman; June 6.)

THE GETAWAY (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Art; starting June 12.)

GIMME SHELTER (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, and especially at the disaster at Altamont. (Beekman; June 7-8.)

GOING PLACES—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides

the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

THE GREAT GATSBY—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlesons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good. Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

HAUNTED SAMURAI (1971)—Directed by Keiichi Ozawa. In Japanese. (Regency; June 12-13.)

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensorially muddled head line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Beekman; June 13.)

HERBIE RIDES AGAIN—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Barry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Music Hall; starting June 6.)

JUDEX (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. (Franju would have preferred to remake "Fantomas," directed by Feuillade in 1914, and he crankily dedicates "Judeux" to the Feuillade of that year: cinemathèque-in-stuff.) What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

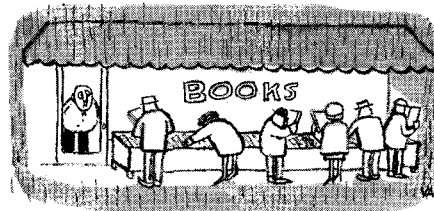
THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6-7.)

THE LAST DETAIL—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Cinema Studio; through June 6. . . . 8th St. Playhouse; through June 11.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (86th St. East, and New Yorker. . . . 8th St. Playhouse; through June 11.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 7.)

LITTLE MURDERS (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 13.)

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-cum-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing. She is cinched into a wasp-waist dress and, with unstoppable and obstreperous romanticism, carols away about the death of love, the high-flown emotions displayed by this unexpected comedian being notably out of style with the words she is singing. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

THE LORDS OF FLATBUSH—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 12.)

LOVE ME FOREVER (1935)—Far from sophisticated, but this Grace Moore hit has a sprightly good humor that helps to redeem the tale of a racketeer (Leo Carrillo) who has a passion for music and falls in love with a poor, unknown soprano; builds a café ("La Margherita") in her honor; and eventually arranges for her to sing "La Bohème" at the Met. The movie drips a few too many tears, but it features such curiosities as a mockup of the old Met, an impersonation of Gatti-Casazza, and the quartet from "Rigoletto" expanded for forty voices. Victor Schertzinger wrote the story, directed, and had a big hand in the music. With Luis Alberni, Douglass Dumbrille, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9-11.)

MAGNUM FORCE—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (72nd Street East; through June 11.)

MALIZIA—Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

MEAN STREETS—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a ripper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Art; starting June 12.)

MEDEA (1971)—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Ameche actually has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

MORGAN! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Beekman; June 6.)

MY LIFE TO LIVE (1962)—Anna Karina as a shop-girl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others

seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE (1965)—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy (Peter Kastner) determined to go bad. (Beekman; June 13.)

PALM BEACH STORY (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert), travelling by train, get shoved aside by the secondary characters: drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallee, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

PAPILLON—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island, and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting June 12.)

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (Columbia II, Juliet 2, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Guild, and Loews 83rd St.)

THE PUBLIC EYE (1972)—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective out watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script, based on his own stage play. (7/29/72) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 11.)

PUTNEY SPOPE (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Beekman; June 7-8.)

SAMURAI ASSASSIN (1965)—The great Toshiro Mifune, in a sombre and powerful study of a Japanese warrior too ambitious for his own good. In Japanese. (Regency; June 7-8.)

SAMURAI SPY (1965)—With Koji Takahashi, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Regency; through June 6.)

SANSHO THE BAILIFF (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (Regency; June 9-10.)

SLEEPER—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu....) (Quad Cinema; through June 11....) (Paramount; starting June 7.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation

of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophüls. Four and a half hours. (Beekman; June 11-12.)

THE STING—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U.A. East, and Symphony.)

THE STOOLIE—With Jackie Mason, directed by John Avildsen. (68th St. Playhouse.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 7.)

SWORD OF VENGEANCE—Directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Regency; June 7-8.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with genteel manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Elgin; through June 11.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!—Excerpts from M-G-M musicals from 1929 to 1958. Written and directed by Jack Haley, Jr. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

THIEVES LIKE US—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Quad Cinema; through June 11.)

THOMASINE & BUSHROD—Bank robbers in the Southwest between 1912 and 1915. With Max Julien and Vernetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THOMAS THE IMPOSTER (1965)—Based on the Jean Cocteau novel, directed by Georges Franju. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia I, and Juliet 1.)

THREE STOOGES EXTRAVAGANZA—Excerpts from films they made during the thirties. (Elgin; through June 11.)

THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTFOOT—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Michael Cimino. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a happy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Paramount; through June 6....) (Art; through June 11....) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 12.)

TOUCH OF EVIL (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Die-

trich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6-7.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 12.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through June 11.)

UP THE SANDBOX (1972)—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (12/30/72) (Gramercy; starting June 12.)

WALKING TALL—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there is a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Loews Ciné.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Playboy.)

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE (1937)—Grace Moore and Cary Grant, directed by Robert Riskin. Everyone must at some time in his life have seen a Grace Moore picture, and there is no particular reason to see this one, except that in it Miss Moore sings a bit of unusually lowdown music called "Minnie the Moocher." Well, lowdown only for Grace Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9-11.)

WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM—With Julie Gholson and Harry Dean Stanton, directed by William A. Graham. (Eastside Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting June 7.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through June 11.)

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Nian Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8-9.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Beekman; June 5.)

ZANDY'S BRIDE—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Sutton.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DUKE ELLINGTON had no interest in posterity. Nor, except for his lifelong reverence for his mother, who died in the thirties, did he care about the past. (He played his old numbers, his "Mood Indigo"s and "Black and Tan Fantasy"s, only because he was grateful for having admirers to request them.) He was obsessed by time and mortality, and he ceaselessly plumbed the moment. He sank visibly into whatever he was doing: composing at his piano in his West End Avenue apartment at 4 A.M. (he was rarely there more than a month or two a year); gravely answering silly questions at a midnight press conference after a concert at a small college when he had spent the previous night driving four hundred and fifty miles and would leave early that morning for another engagement; playing for the thousandth time the opening piano solo of "Rockin' in Rhythm," his face bemused and his seersawing right shoulder pumping fresh notes out; eating his customary steak in a small, dingy dressing room at the Rainbow Grill while his tired back was kneaded; calling his New York physician, the late Dr. Arthur C. Logan, from a roadside phone in the middle of Alabama just before dawn about his current ache or cramp (he was a full-time hypochondriac); carefully breaking several packets of sugar into his inevitable Coca-Cola (he gave up drinking, at which he declared himself an undefeated champion, in the forties); or telling a reporter, when he was asked in 1965 how he

felt about being denied a special citation by the Pulitzer Prize advisory board, "Fate's being kind to me. Fate doesn't want me to be too famous too young." He considered his newest composition his best, his newest recording his best, his newest blue ruffled shirt his best.

During his fifty-year career, Ellington wrote and recorded thousands of compositions (some of the best watermarked by his brilliant alter ego, Billy Strayhorn), maintained and shepherded his consummate and inordinately expensive orchestra fifty-two weeks a year (it was his palette, his sounding board, his heart), and repeatedly took his music up and down the world. Like Jane Austen, he ignored wars, politics, fashion, and economics; music alone propelled him. He did not regard his music as jazz, nor did he like the word; perhaps he found it limiting, or perhaps, being a conservative man under his celebrated cool, he found it vulgar. Nonetheless, we yaw without handles. His music *was* based squarely on the rhythms and harmonies and structures of jazz. He simply put these familiar components together in a brand-new way. He rebuilt the old harmonies. He scored conventional instruments in mysterious voicings. He hired better-than-average jazz musicians and encouraged them to perfect previously unknown timbres and tones and effects. (Although he made several stars, he tended to avoid hiring stars, for there is only one sun in every firmament.) He used standard devices, such as a soloist playing against a reed background, but he made the background urgent and lyrical. He used improvisation, but in a private,

guarded way: his soloists' materials were already semi-improvisations composed by Ellington in their own styles. And he daringly translated into his music much of what he saw and heard. It is uncanny program music, filled with trains and airshafts and twilight and urban hustle and tap-dancers and splendid New York nights. He saw music everywhere, and he spent his life getting it into notes on paper and teaching his musicians to play them as he had first heard them, in his head.

The last ten years of his life were crowded and sometimes confusing. In his middle sixties, he suddenly became an Honored Person. The doctorates, medals, citations, keys to cities, and inductions into distinguished bodies had swelled into an avalanche by the time he died. This outpouring made it appear that he had been appreciated all his life. But he hadn't been. When he was at the height of his powers, between 1939 and 1942, during that magical, superb period when he wrote and recorded with the best band he ever had some forty imperishable concerti, among them "Main Stem," "Jack the Bear," "Ko-Ko," "Blue Serge," "Never No Lament," "What Am I Here For?," "Sepia Panorama," "Bojangles," "Harlem Air Shaft," "Portrait of Bert Williams," and "Jumpin' Punkins," practically no one, outside of musicians, was aware of his momentous doings. But an unavoidable amount of Ellingtoniana eventually accumulated, and in the mid-fifties he at last settled into focus. In reaction, he redoubled his efforts, though his best work appeared to have largely been done. A final absorp-





"I want a book about a woman that starts out happy, stays happy, and ends happy."

tion—composing his "sacred music" and playing it in churches and temples—came to mean more to him (he had read and reread the Bible) than anything he had done earlier, and in at least one exuberant number, "David Danced Before the Lord with All His Might," in which Bunny Briggs danced while the drummer Louis Bellson soloed and several choirs and the band shouted behind, one could understand why.

Ellington himself was as myriad as his music. It is doubtful whether more than a handful of people knew him well, for, in his genius fashion, he did not have the time or the patience to probe the human condition. Indeed, he had, to an almost immodest degree, all the means for graciously keeping the world at bay. These included a beautiful smile, a dapper, Technicolor way with clothes, a courtly manner that became eloquent when he laid on one of his eighteenth-century compliments, a

deep, sonorous voice, a limpid and elegant control of language (spoken, that is; his written words sometimes had a purple quality strangely at odds with the rest of him), a handsome mien, and a Nabokovian mastery of parry and thrust. This comes through forcefully in the last chapter of his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress." The chapter is set in the form of questions and answers. Thus:

Q. Can you keep from writing music? Do you write in spite of yourself?

A. I don't know how strong the chains, cells, and bars are. I've never tried to escape.

Q. You must get extraordinarily exhausted on your travels. How do you recharge or revitalize?

A. One must always conserve the agreeable or positive. It is not expedient to try to like or enjoy the negative.

Q. Is the blues a song of sorrow?

A. No, it is a song of romantic failure.

But there was another, earthier Ellington behind this façade, and his

occasional appearances were startling. This Ellington had little tolerance for stupidity (it wasted time) and none at all for greed and avarice, particularly if they impinged on artistic matters. Once, when he was travelling in his car in deep night from one job to another with Harry Carney, his baritone saxophonist, friend, and driver of almost fifty years, he went into a monologue on the evils of the recording industry. His voice darkened and became guttural, epithets flashed by, and he handed down harsh and angry indictments. It was startling but immeasurably reassuring.

One Ellington irony is that most of what he gave us is gone. The great, buoyant band is rudderless, and of his music we have only his surviving compositions and his recordings, the latter several removes from the real thing. And we have our flimsy recollections: Ellington eating at three in the morning at Jilly's and wondering whether the trombonist Vic Dickenson still had his "three tones;" Ellington sitting backstage after an appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival and listening attentively to an audition by a female

singer he had never seen before and probably would never see again (such audiences, when he granted them, had an unmistakably royal air); Ellington fielding one of Johnny Hodges' malicious onstage looks with a warm smile; Ellington effortlessly and unwittingly upstaging his host at his seventieth-birthday party at the White House, and turning what in retrospect seems a politically motivated event into a grand evening; and Ellington on the road with Harry Carney:

ELLINGTON (*eating a chocolate bar*): After a while, you eat in self-defense. It gets so you hoard little pieces of food against the time when there isn't going to be any.

CARNEY: I've still got that fried chicken I bought in Orangeburg yesterday in the back.

ELLINGTON (*laughing*): That's going to taste real good tomorrow, Harry.

And, again, after he and Carney had arrived in a town for a concert five minutes before curtain time and left

town five minutes after the last number:

ELLINGTON: If I'm in any place too long, I start taking on the local accent.

Carney once reminisced: "In the early days, when we travelled through the South we'd go by train. We had two Pullmans—one for the band and one for our trunks and instruments. We generally slept on the train, but if for some reason we couldn't, we went to a colored hotel or to somebody's house in the colored section—maybe a schoolteacher's or a doctor's or a minister's—and we ate there, too. Of course, all the places we played down there, they were happy to hear the band. The drag was they'd be screaming and applauding and afterward you'd have to go back across the tracks. One jump I'll never forget. In 1933, we jumped from Paris, France, to Dallas, Texas, for a six-week theatre tour. In Europe, we were royalty; in Texas, we were back in the colored section. It was some adjustment, but we were young and could take it." Ellington not only took it—he characteristically transfigured it.

Ellington, like others who dwell in the moment, did not trouble about the long view; his life was an unending attempt to get that next musical brick in place. So, day by day, month by month, year by year, he slowly built (he composed literally everywhere he went) a unique, intensely American music in the form of operas, shows (Broadway and television), suites, songs, concerti, fantasies, tone poems, and religious music. (He once pointed out that, like all the musicians of his generation, he was conditioned by the three-minute length of the old 78-r.p.m. record, with the result that his more ambitious pieces often gave the impression of being mosaics made up of short sections.) But, no matter what form it took, it all bore his unmistakable stamp. Ellington had a singular and lofty vision of life, and his music steadily reflected it. The music was compounded of joyousness, sly humor (there were a lot of *sotto-voco* black jokes in it), an unquenchable love of beauty (natural and human), an illuminating intelligence, deep warmth, and a pioneer directness. Ellington was a supreme melodist but not a songwriter in the way of Richard Rodgers or Irving Berlin, and it was generally a surprise when one of his compositions became popular. A well-known example was "Concerto for Cootie," which turned into "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me." His music became a complete, free-floating organism, and

when one heard Ellington music in Ellington arrangements played by the Ellington band, it was—good performance or bad—an extraordinary, unparalleled experience.

Yoga-and-Lunch

DURING our lunch hour last Wednesday, our architect friend Henry Korman's architect friend Claude Samton took us to the place he goes to during his lunch hour—Levy Shea Studio, at 100 East Sixteenth Street, where, for \$3.50, you get half an hour of yoga and half an hour of lunch. "Shea and Levy are two guys," Claude explained to us on the way over. "They're thirty-five. Dick Shea was a demolitionist, an actor, a frogman, and an officer in the Navy. Alan Levy was an engineer who worked

for Grumman, doing zero-gravity tests for components of the Lunar Excursion Module. Now he's a chiropractor. They met when they were both social workers, and used to come in an hour early and do yoga on their desks. They had both studied yoga for years. Then they decided what the hell, they'd do their own thing, so they rented space and put out a sign. They have regular classes—an hour and a half long. Then, last fall, they thought up yoga-and-lunch—something anybody can do, just in your street clothes. It caught on. People come from Con Ed, the Telephone Company, insurance companies—businesses in the neighborhood."

The yoga half of yoga-and-lunch took place in a nice big fixed-up room that used to be a beauty school. The room now has a maple floor (dance floors are made of maple, because it's



"It's Dr. Garber's idea. He thinks I shouldn't have any inhibitions at all."

hard and bouncy); a wall of dance mirrors; two walls of windows, looking out on Union Square and on Sixteenth Street; a ceiling of steel beams with brick barrel vaulting between them; a stereo; some hanging plants; and a handsome piece of driftwood. There were about fifteen students, including Claude and us, and Alan Levy led the group through some pleasant exercises that involved bending, stretching, arching the back, swinging the pelvis, taking deep breaths, and several people's keys falling on the floor.

Then Alan said, "O.K., it's just about time to eat. Those who want to practice standing on their heads a bit can." We watched Claude practice this while Alan, supervising him, said, "Bit more, hold it, hold it, easy, control it, O.K." We felt good. Also hungry. The flow of thoughts was stilled.

When Claude had finished standing on his head, we asked him how he felt. "I feel a lot lighter, looser, kind of more springy, a little bit sore," he said. Alan put a Scott Joplin record on the stereo.

Lunch was next door in an orange room with a couple of goldfish in a tank, and a bulletin board that featured a printed diagram of acupuncture points on a body that had Nixon's head and the legend "SPASMODIC MILHAUS-IC TORTICOLLIS," and two posters for a workshop in experiencing the city put on by the Total Design Group, an environmental-design firm that Claude is part of. Lunch was prepared by a woman named Laura Hoefler, and it consisted of raw carrots, celery, cashews, Jarlsberg cheese, Russian black bread, green pepper, cucumber, and organic apple juice. Tasty. We asked Alan, who has a handlebar mustache, what happened to the body when you did half an hour of yoga. He said that circulation was increased around the spine and throughout the body, and that city people, who always took shallow breaths, began to take in a lot of air. "We're keeping the spine alive," he said. "Basically, that's what's happening."

We asked our fellow-students what they did for a living. One was a children's-book publisher. Two worked for American Express. One was a designer for E. P. Dutton, the publishing house. Two were housewives. (One of them, we suddenly realized, was Penny Blum, an old friend of ours from the Village, whom we hadn't seen for years; she was wearing a leotard and brass hoop earrings.) There was a woman yoga teacher from Kew Gardens, Rita Kane, and one of her stu-

dents. There were two men from the Department of Social Services, who had never met before, because one worked on the fifth floor of their building and the other on the seventh floor. There was a college student who was a part-time mailman. There was a man from Con Ed, who said, "I'm chief computer-applications engineer, whatever that is. I'm trying to encourage computer people to come in. It would help them, because computers are so stupid they're frustrating. But it's easier to get company salesmen interested in yoga."

Sitting next to him was a woman who was a legal secretary. "I can get the secretaries at my place to come," she said. "Not the lawyers. Lawyers are very tight, very hunched. I just realized—they all look like they're hung by their necks."

Mickey Mouse News

A REAL-ESTATE developer named Alex Parker thinks there is too much bad news on the strip of bulbs that girdles the Allied Chemical Tower, formerly the Times Tower, in Times Square. He thinks that what the Times Square news sign needs is good news, and plenty of it. He thinks—But who cares *what* he thinks? Well, many people care what Mr. Parker thinks, because Mr. Parker recently leased the Allied Chemical Tower (he plans to turn it into some sort of permanent commercial-exhibition center), and he got the sign as part of the deal. He thinks the sign reports too much bad news, and he has made known his intention of getting rid of the bad news, all of it, and replacing it with nothing but good news—good news and, of course, commercials.

Mr. Parker's proposal raises immediate problems of definition. Everyone agrees that War, Famine, Pestilence, and Death are bad news. Beyond that, however, unanimity breaks down. Good news for the Democrats may be bad news for the Republicans, and vice versa. The same goes for Yankee fans and Red Sox fans. Ditto for oilmen and

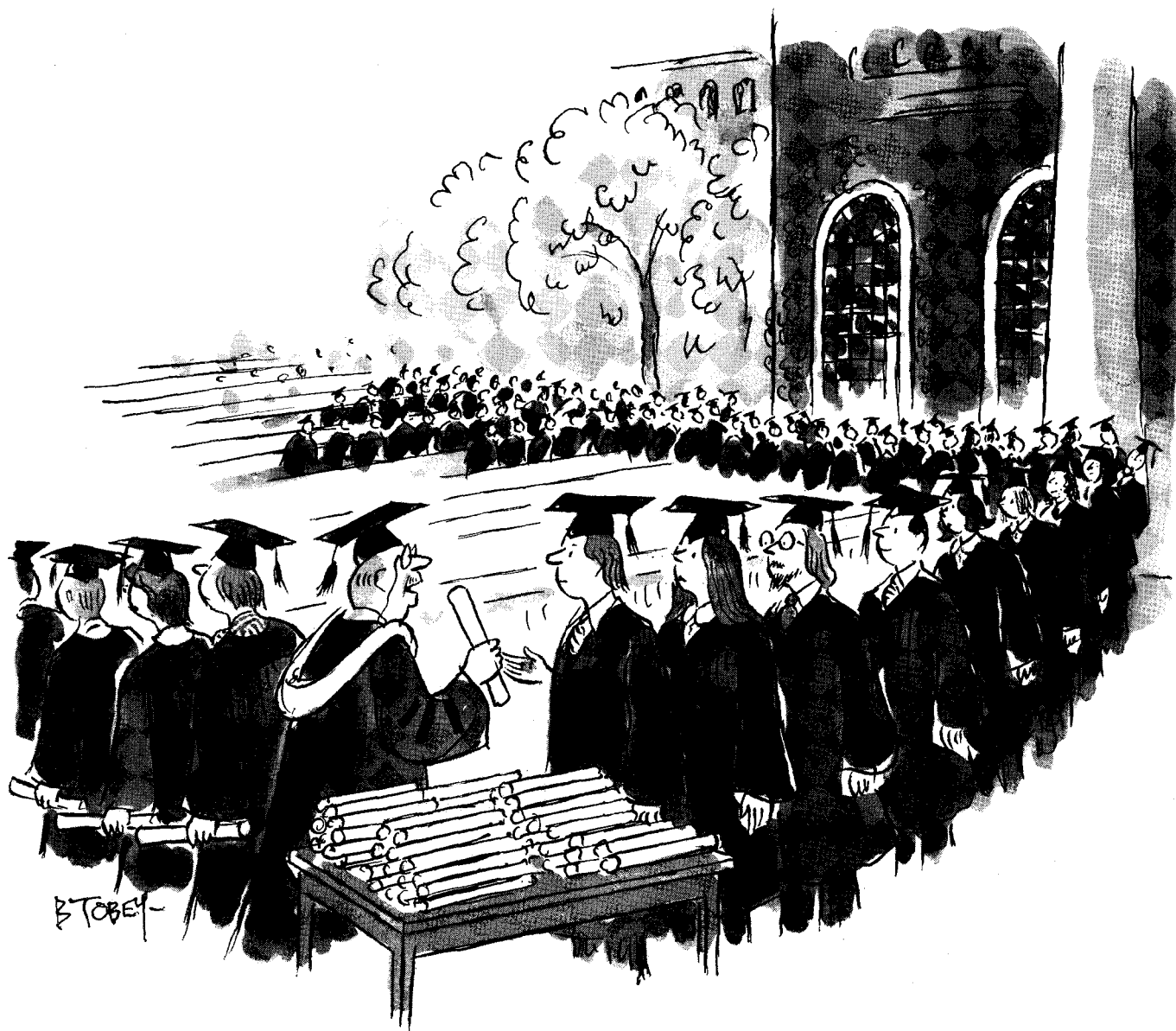
environmentalists, landlords and tenants, ranchers and housewives, gays and firemen. There is even ample room for debate over whether Mr. Parker's plans for the Times Square news sign could be reported on the sign itself under Mr. Parker's forthcoming new policy. Is it good news that a famous Manhattan landmark, a talisman of the Broadway fraternity of journalists and show folk, a symbol of this city's connection with the world of affairs, its love of knowing all the latest, is about to be gutted of all meaning and replaced with an eternity of Pollyannaish mindlessness? No need to belabor what *we* think; the point is that Mr. Parker thinks it is very good news indeed.

We had coffee and Danish with Mr. Parker the other morning, in an attempt to find out what in the world he imagines he is doing. He turned out to be an affable man of fifty-four, with wavy gray hair, a soft Brooklyn voice, a cherubic face, and a general air of boosterish innocence. We asked him what sort of response he had got to his plans, which have been widely publicized.

"All I can tell you, my dear friend, is that my fan mail is running a thousand to one for me," he said. "I got a phone call from the B.B.C., and they sent over a crew to interview me. I got a letter from my friend Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem. I get sacks of mail saying 'Jesus loves you,' 'Muhammad loves you,' 'Moses loves you.' There's two hundred million people in this country. Maybe one million say, 'You've got to tell the news as it is.' The hundred and ninety-nine million others say, 'Don't give up. You fight for your rights.' I believe in them, and I'm with them. The analysts on TV may not like it, but when a little girl of thirteen kisses me on the cheek and says, 'You fight for the good news,' I know I'm right. I'm going to found Shangri-la in the middle of Times Square."

Mr. Parker seemed a trifle vague about just what he was going to replace all the bad news with, but he assured us that it was no problem. "I'll get an editor, we'll sit down, we'll run up a format," he said. "He'll get the idea. If there's a four-year-old violin virtuoso playing Bach at Carnegie Hall, put that on. If there's any kind of fun event or festival anywhere in the world, but especially in New York, put that on. And if a President or a governor is elected, O.K., put that on, too. But when you go to Disneyland you don't want to hear Watergate, you don't





"Congratulations, keep moving, please. Congratulations, keep moving, please. Congratulations..."

want to hear Ethiopians starving, you want Mickey Mouse. And when you're with me, in my own little place, have a few carefree moments. Then go back to the rest of the world and have the reality of life belt you in the head."

We asked about the commercial aspects of the sign and Mr. Parker's plans for it, and he said, "It costs a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year to run, and that's brutal. A lot of Broadway people are giving me trouble over this, but none of them is about to come up with so much as a nickel, and I couldn't care less. I can't understand anybody fighting my little dream world. I'm trying to nail down the right people, the people who can deliver the correct combination of news, gossip, commercialism, and—I don't want to say 'cuteness,' but that's what it is."

"Look. I'm basically an optimistic

person. I love my life, and I love to get up in the morning and put in a full day's work. All around me I hear 'Things are rough,' 'The world is coming to an end,' and I get oppressed by that. I'm not saying ignore it, but you reach a point where there's too goddam much of it. I'm not trying to censor the press. I say do it—get rid of Nixon—but don't give me eighty-two pages about it. Why, every time there's a murder in San Francisco, do we have to have a full page in the *Times*? I hear enough of it. I feel the world hears enough of it. I don't believe we have to have the mass media doing so much of it. That's my feeling."

"Look at this," we said, and we handed Mr. Parker a copy of the *Times*. "Is there anything on that front page that would qualify for the sign?"

Mr. Parker examined the paper

carefully, pointed to a headline in the middle of the page, and handed the paper back. The headline he had pointed to said "AREA'S BEACHES STAY SAFE FOR SWIMMING."

The conversation turned to Watergate, as conversations will, and we thought we detected a certain cynicism beneath Mr. Parker's optimistic patter. "We never had one honest politician—Nixon, Johnson, Kennedy, Washington, none of them," he said. "God looks favorably on citizens of the United States, but that doesn't mean our politicians are any better than anyone else's. I don't think there was ever an honest government in the world. And if you think the next bunch coming in won't be as bad as this bunch—"

"Washington, too?" we said.

"Let's not look too closely into George Washington's past," Mr. Par-



ker said. "Somebody might throw up."

We walked Mr. Parker back to his office. "Most of the people of the world have big problems," he told us. "They have health problems, they have money problems, they have family problems. They don't want to hear about everybody else's problems, too. I'm an optimistic person, but I feel very badly for people. What I'm looking for in Times Square is a little Utopia. So leave my little sign alone. I just want to put Mickey Mouse on the sign. I just want to smile."

Fez

OUR new friend the old curmudgeon (can that be right?) hauled us off to a "Casablanca" costume party, where everyone was supposed to come as a character from the movie. The curmudgeon is the spitting image of Sydney Greenstreet, so, of course, we had to be Peter Lorre. We looked all over our flat for sinister items of dress but could find only an old pair of horn-rimmed sunglasses and a Sulka silk tie with horseshoes. They weren't perfect, but they were something. The curmudgeon wore a gray silk Dupioni suit. He said he had lost his fez many years ago.

The party was given by Raffles, the discreet little club, at La Forêt, the

smart little supper club and discothèque in the basement of the Pierre. Most of the other guests seemed to be dressed for a "Great Gatsby" costume party. The girl at the table to our right had on a beautiful floor-length white dress with a green sash, and two other girls had on great big floppy garden-party hats.

A Philadelphia girl approached the curmudgeon.

"God, what a great big rangy girl!" he said delightedly.

This girl talked about tennis.

"Want to play?" the curmudgeon asked her.

"Sure," she said. "What game?"

"My game is generally admired," said the curmudgeon.

Bob Howard, an old black piano player, who chomped on a cigar in the manner of the late Willie the Lion Smith, played "As Time Goes By." A man arrived in a dinner jacket and a caftan. A dowager arrived in a swirling gown. "She must be coming as the Statue of Liberty," said the curmudgeon. "I think she needs a couple of tugboats."

We supped—excellently—on potage sénégalais and a Moroccan chicken-and-rice dish. The girl from Philadelphia, who supped with us, said she had heard there was going to be a Surprise. The curmudgeon said the

Surprise would be if someone came in costume, although he had noticed that the captain looked incredibly like Earl Wilson. "Wilson wasn't even in 'The Great Gatsby,'" said the curmudgeon. Then, talking about the food, he said, "It's annoying when you see what can be done. Why does food have to be expensive and terrible? This is expensive and good."

Then there was dancing to tunes selected by La Forêt's d.j. The curmudgeon was particularly struck by a tall blonde. "It costs about a million and a half dollars to produce a girl like that," he said. The couples left the floor. "Ah, here they come! Those great big beautiful race horses are being led back to be unsaddled now."

It was time for the Surprise. This was a housewife who had taken belly-dancing lessons and who danced to an Egyptian number, "Sidi H'Bibi." After that, the younger element rose to dance again, and someone put a sticker on the back of a waiter's jacket. The sticker said "HELLO, MY NAME IS GRUNT." The sticker gave the Philadelphia girl the giggles, and she went table-hopping to find out who had perpetrated the deed. She came back to tell us. "That was Minot," she said. "They only let Minot up from Florida once a year. He's too much for New York."

BALCONY

I AM on Crete, watching the moon beyond the balcony. Susan sits inside, on the bed, embroidering a peacock on one of my shirts. If I lean back I can just see her hands pulling the brightly colored yarn back and forth. She has the body of a dancer: tall, thin, small-breasted, vaguely graceful. She dances slowly, casually, her eyes lowered. At Yorgo's discothèque the music muffles the voices around me and slaps against the back of my brain like surf. I remember sitting on a train, in a compartment with a girl and an old woman. The girl shifts her weight and turns her hands over in the dim light. The old lady is asleep, her mouth open in a small circle. I stare at the point where the girl's bluejeans pinch in below her belly, bunch, and spread out over her hips. Our eyes meet. She smiles. The old lady tilts toward the window, snoring. The girl leans forward and I kiss her.

Walking back to our room from the discothèque, Susan and I stop to watch the black waves, laced with luminescent white, roar into the waterfront. The crumbling Turkish minaret is poised above us in the moonlight like an ancient rocket ship. I look at Susan's face in the silver light and feel suddenly empty, horrified at the strangeness of what I see. She smiles and I kiss her. But I can't get the image, Susan's distance, out of my mind. She is lying in bed, her hair covering her shoulders. Her mouth is wide and her eyes pale blue. Her hands are small, and when we make love they flutter along my back like butterflies. Her fingers are thick with rings. Gold, silver, copper, turquoise, and amber sparkle as she speaks. I am trying to get close to her. The whitewashed houses of Crete, clustered together at the edge of the sea, remind me of pueblo homes. Details shimmer into view: pomegranate and lemon trees in the fields, donkeys climbing the hazy hillsides, blue-green waves rustling the bleached pebbles. Above the main square of this town hangs a fifteen-foot neon sign of a phoenix in flames. At night, a lunatic prowls the narrow streets, a huge, shuffling adolescent who calls out the names of imaginary lovers as he looms through the moonlight.

"Did I ever tell you I was once a majorette?"

"What?"

Susan laughs. "It's true."

"When?"

"Junior high school. I hated it. I

only did it so I could get into college."

WHEN Susan speaks, she sometimes lifts her hands, as if she expects rain or gold to fall from the ceiling, then lets them settle like doves onto her lap. I am meeting her in the cool spring evening and we are walking through the shadows of trees. She wears a short dress and a corduroy jacket. Kissing her while I'm still asleep, I think she is a man, and the unexpected touch of a man's cool lips thrills me. But when I reach down and discover only her mysterious female moistness, I awake, remembering who I am and what I am imagining. She sighs and clasps her hands to my shoulders, gentleness and lust mingling strangely in a smile, her head thrust back and her fingers brushing my cheeks like feathers. I hear a whisper raging in my blood, commanding me: "Vanish, *vanish*." Sex, like speech, separates form from matter, and to think of myself as the merging of the two is as futile as trying to disappear in Susan's arms. There is always a struggle. I am trying to understand her, to know her, but the words I use have a life of their own, they won't represent what's really there. I remember our

both rising and walking quietly into the corridor of the clicking, speeding train. Her mouth opens wide. I touch the side of her cheek. My body doubles as she collapses against my chest. She straightens, smiles, and returns unsteadily to the compartment. I step across to the bathroom door, open it, lock it behind me, and pry open the cracked bathroom window. Cold night air hits my face, and I see moonlight on the tracks. My face, so vague it could be expectation, hovers in the tarnished depths of the mirror behind the bar. All around me the shapes of dancers uncoil and sing, "She blew my nose and then she blew my mind!" Next to my face, equally obscure, is Susan's. They both smile.

"DO you think I'm beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Sometimes I don't feel very beautiful," she says, curling up with her head on my shoulder.

Leafy trees line the waterfront. Motorbikes sputter up and down the main street. Children, walking home from school in their neat blue uniforms, shyly eye the foreigners on their way to Israel or India who live in orange tents on the beach and dance in Yorgo's discothèque. Fishermen bring in their



"I'll give the chef your compliments, but what about me?"

catch at the end of the day and a small crowd gathers to watch them unload, young Greek men standing with their arms around each other's shoulders. In the *kafenia*, old men in baggy, frayed flannels and dark-blue sweaters play cards and sip sweet black coffee. The environment entertains us, speech is an entertainment—no longer the necessary element, separate and abstract, the strange and loving force once used to fill a silence. A heart-shaped pool of sweat has gathered on Susan's back. She wriggles her wrists, a ripple of bracelets. Behind her is the sea. I can smell it: the tangy scent of adventure and lost love. Through the window I can see across the flat, white rooftops to the minaret and the mountains beyond. A faint echo of sadness fills the air. It seems that silent armies rise from the rocks to watch. The stones look like ancient helmets. I can almost feel the blades of broken swords beneath my feet. Under the soil lie the ruins of civilization: bone, gold, marble. But I can imagine no people, no paintings, no language. Only an empty, disintegrating monolith—Knossos destroyed by an earthquake from Atlantis. Lizards glitter in the sunlight. Cicadas purr. Susan stumbles and I catch her. I have never felt such a soothing absence of tension with a woman before. Our love is almost unquestionable, a vibration in the air accepted as naturally as the air itself. She searches the landscape for every instance of beauty, curious as a child at the edge of the ocean. Sunlight reveals soft, swirling down at the back of her neck, checkers her profile with delicate shadows, glazes her fingertips. I look out the window at the brown hillsides, the olive trees, the winding road, the motionless clouds. I have reduced my beliefs to a simple faith in song, or sunlight, or stone. The dancers buckle under some sudden weight, then fly high with sudden freedom. They form a single, quivering shadow that changes shape as if the discothèque's lights were flickering in a wind.

TURNING away from the window, I look at Susan's half-hidden face. She is asleep, her hands pressed to her chin, her fingers touching her lips. Thoughts, or dreams, wrinkle her eyelids.

"Susan."

Her eyes tremble, open in confusion. I sit down on the bed with two cups of tea.

"Sleep well?"

"Very." She smiles. "I dreamed you wrote a white book. Everything was white. The cover, the pages, the print."

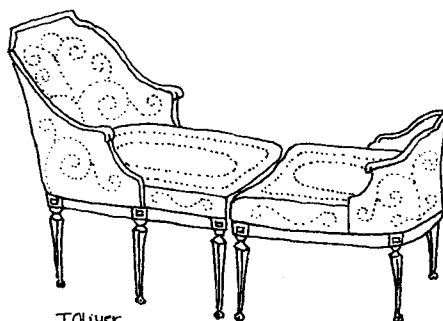
AMAZING GRACE, 1974

In this night club on Fifty-second Street,
An aeon after Auden's suppressed sigh,
A singer, warming up the audience—
A congeries of critics here to judge,
A bleating herd of suckers to be fleeced—
For the top comic, lone star of the night,
Goes out, infantrywoman, to the point
Of contact with that mumbling enemy,
Her many-headed hive of auditors,
And lays her unfledged talents on the line
Between *réclame* and dank ignominy.
She belts out songs into the banks of smoke
Caught by the same spotlights that capture her
Innocent sequins, peach, green, peacock blue,
And innocent features, pink with makeup, white
With apprehension, peach with youth. The mob
Is plainly restive—where is their overdue
Impressionist, for whom they have endured
Hours in this noisome cellar, *prix-fixe* meals
Made out of orts of cattle, melting drinks,
And unexampled decibels of sound?
She sings on doggedly. "Amazing Grace"
Is her next text, and, with amazing grace,
The social contract holds; she sings as if
The audience were hers to have and hold
In the perspiring hollow of her hand;
Her listeners, rising to her distress—
Theirs also, but for grace, at any turn
Of any corner, clock, or calendar—
Hush their cross talk and manfully applaud
As, on a reedy note, she finishes
And flashes her back's sequins (indigo,
Rose, rust) in a half bow that could also
Be a half sob. Applause. Amazing grace
Laves all of us who, chivvied by unchance,
Anxiety, disaster on our way
Out of the wide world, pause to clap our hands
For one who fails full in the face of us,
And goes down to defeat to our applause.

—L. E. SISSMAN

So we have come here together to escape the habits of comprehension. She smells of sleep. Darkness presses at the window. Cats shiver over walls, and by the bus station children from the mountain villages wait for their buses to take them home. I can almost imagine the ride: the headlights on the weaving road, the sudden sleepiness, the cold, thin air rushing in the windows. Susan laughs and touches her

breasts, as if plotting some beautiful revelation. I am so tired of irony. I meet Susan dancing. She comes from a small town in New Hampshire, I have grown up all over the world, yet we both love the same things, the same illusive moments that have nothing to do with history but which we tend to categorize mnemonically. We live together three years. Her face, her gestures and habits, even her dreams now seem familiar to me. Sometimes I'm bored, as I'm sure she must be. Sometimes I sleep with other women. But usually the familiarity attracts me back to Susan, holds me to her, makes me want always to have this other person as close to me as myself. Christmas is coming. I can feel it in the quick north wind. Since I am tempted to view life as if it were already painted or written by an invisible hand, I come to Crete to look at things with a fresh eye. I am



only twenty-two years old. I want to cross the distances between people, between Susan and myself. I want to avoid barriers, lines, edges, borders. We meet Pat in the discothèque. The wind whines along the telephone wires as we climb into the mountains and sit with him in his cave. He pulls a large, black square of hashish from a pouch and holds it above one of the lamps, turning it over and over, then crumbling a piece into his pipe. The pipe is inlaid with silver and some kind of blue stone.

"I lived on a houseboat in India," he says, smiling, his beard shaking, then settling. "Way out in the country, man. I was all alone. In the morning I'd jump over the side and swim against the current. The current was so strong I didn't move. I stayed right by the side of the boat. I swam until I was tired, then got back in the boat and made some tea and smoked awhile. And every winter I'd hitch to Scotland and work on the ski slopes. In the spring I'd hitch back to India."

SUSAN's arm absently brushes mine. Her touch amazes me, the way laughter amazes a baby. I think I have an image of my parents in my head—an image of deep, intelligent love growing with time—and I think this image makes me want Susan more than sex makes me want strangers. But I realize that I don't know her. I want to, but I don't know how. I have only fantasies to guide me, memories of imagined women, or real women, the ones I kiss or fondle or sleep with or dream about when I comb my hair back and hope I am handsome—all of them so remote that I feel, sitting here trying to remember them, that they are books I once read, and I wish I could remember the titles. I look past Susan's face and into the dark room throbbing with dancers. I try to imagine her twirling a baton and flashing her slim, white thighs beneath the night lights of some junior-high-school football stadium. In front of the cinema a crowd waits for the movie to begin. I can't describe Susan well enough to break down the description and touch the real thing beyond. The *taverna* windows are opaque with steam. Out on the water a green buoy light is



"How do you see me in a floppy hat?"

blinking on and off. I sit watching the world in the streets below.

"Do you see the woman's face?" Susan asks.

"Where?"

"There, to the left of that farmhouse, down a little. Do you see? She has eyes, and a beautiful long nose, and a mouth. She's looking up at the sky."

The serene face is formed by the curves of a mountain range. The sun carves shadows in the rocks: her eyes, her hair, her thin brown lips. All past love is sad love; that's what makes it powerful. It's the only other love I know, and it keeps me from knowing Susan because the power I seek in her is also a sadness, a loss, a comfortable, blinding melancholy, as if, somewhere in my head, she were already dead. We travel in magic circles, orbits designed to keep us from the source of what we circle. I live behind my eyes, like a cat. We lead such crazy lives, locked inside our heads. Bottles gleam behind the bar, in front of the mirror. The dance floor is crowded and dense with cigarette smoke. Occasional features, a face or a hand, pulse into view, then quickly disappear. The music drums into me, a wordless chant. Listening seems an act of anarchy, and when the song ends, when the music suddenly drops away, I feel like a betrayed partisan standing on the outskirts of a revolution. We all grow up thinking we are movie stars, that the world is recording our pres-

ence. I don't know why. People should speak only to solve a problem. I want to live fully. I want to penetrate the objects around me. The energy of a search might make words mean something again. A new song ebbs into the discothèque. Susan sits motionless as a statue, her face as soft and radiant as marble. One of the dancers separates himself from the shadow and lifts another dancer into the air, a smile on his briefly illuminated face. An old Greek woman, toothless and merry, pokes her head through the front door, stares curiously, and disappears. Again and again the scene repeats itself, as if I were changing channels on a television set. I am trying to get through the world that fills my mind. I am trying to get close to Susan. I can hear her fingers flicking the yarn as she fashions the peacock on my shirt. I would like to rise and approach her, a changed man. I would like to say, I know what I love. But I would be lying. And the moon is so lovely, hanging in the black sky above me, perfect, homeless.

—HENRY BROMELL

A strawberry cake that has been in Mrs. Ed Small's family for four generations will be featured at the Friday morning sale held at the Old Bakery, 1006 Congress.—Austin (Texas) *American*.

There's always somebody looking for an oddity.

I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE

There was a man named Wilson Crail, who prided himself on never forgetting a face and, what's more, the name that went with it. Suppose he saw a man getting into a taxi and he happened to have known that man. Moments later, Mr. Crail might say



and he would be correct—it had been Arthur B. Ramsdell, who sat behind him in Civics at Polk Junior High in 1952.



How he did it was impossible to explain, but, whatever he did, it worked. He did it on the street, at parties, at football games, in theatres and restaurants.



Within five minutes of recognition, usually much sooner, he would quietly rise, walk over to that person, and say, "Hello there, Henry W. Courtney. I'm Wilson Crail. We sat together on the plane to Sioux Falls in 1964." And then Mr. Courtney would say, "Crail? Crail? Oh, yes. Mr. Crail. Hello, Mr. Crail."



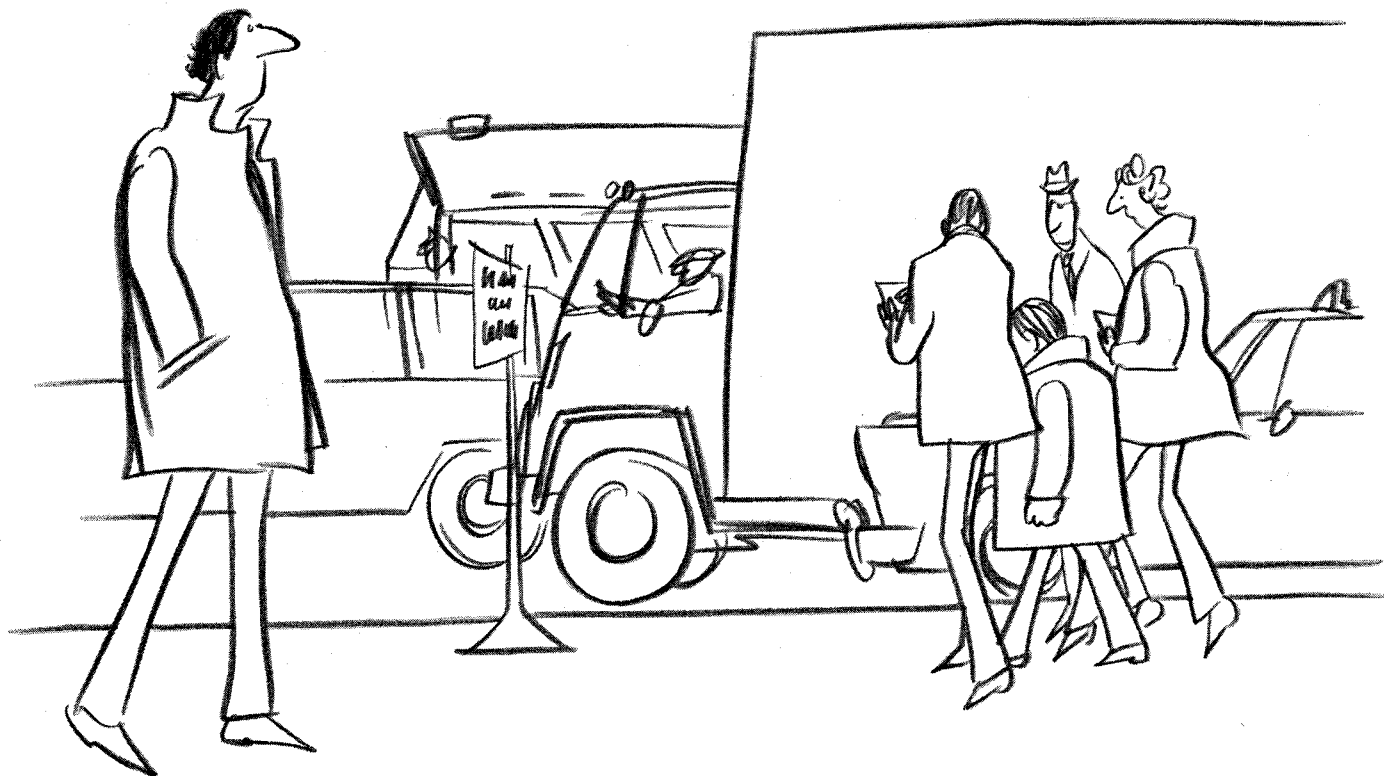
At one New Year's Eve party, he walked up to a lady and said, "Hello there, I know you," but before he could explain, she said, "The hell you do," and, turning back to her companion, she added, "And he never did." It was his ex-wife. Mr. Crail finished his drink alone and left the party very early.



He tried to dismiss the encounter from his mind, but he became moody and distracted and found himself doing a lot of thinking by the window in his office, looking across the rooftops.



He began lunching alone at Bickford's, reading *Barron's*.



When he went back and forth from home, he didn't recognize anybody—not even Mayor Abe Beame, who was on a walking tour of Lexington Avenue.

Then one day, while he was shopping at Abercrombie's, something stirred in Mr. Crail, and he turned to the man at the counter beside him. "Hello there, Clauson F. Jarvis," he said. "I'm Wilson Crail. We had the cottage next to yours at Ogunquit, summer of 1968." The man was stunned. "Wilson Crail?" he said. "You're not Wilson Crail. Wilson Crail has sparse sandy hair, wears glasses, and stands about five-eleven. You're no more Wilson Crail than Herbert Hoover."



Mr. Crail stared into a three-way mirror, profile and full face. It was true. He didn't look anything at all like Wilson Crail. But he *knew* that face. It would just be a matter of time.

CELESTIAL EVENTS

LEWIS stood by his mother's bed in the hospital. After a long illness her body had shrunk to childlike proportions. The special earphones he'd bought lay beside her head. He picked them up, coiled the wire, and placed them by the radio. She was supposed to turn up the music as her pain increased.

"Lew?"

"Right here."

"Did I get the shot yet?"

"About an hour ago."

Her stomach convulsed in a small spasm. "I lose track of time," she whispered.

THE telephone woke him in the middle of the night. Naked in bed, he was told she'd fallen into a coma. He hung up and sat in the dark for several moments. An extraordinary alertness came over him. Faint sounds from the city streets seemed unusually pure, each sound separate from every other—all hanging in space like tangible objects.

He got up, dressed, drank some coffee, and took a cab to the hospital. The elevator man, who usually said something, was silent.

She lay on her side. He pulled a chair close to the bed and took her limp, extended hand. It was dry and warm.

"I'm here," he said, leaning forward. "That's my hand you feel." He sat very still, his face so close he could see the pores of her skin. He knew she could feel nothing, and yet he answered the slightest movement of her hand with a movement of his own. Patiently, he focussed himself—trying to slip part of himself across their hands and into her body.

Suddenly her eyes flicked open. He was impaled on their gaze. Her curled body straightened under the sheets with impossible speed, snapping like a carpenter's rule. Her mouth opened in a round O. An odd droning sound emerged from her throat, gathered force, and built smoothly to a scream. Recoiling, he fell over backwards. When he raised himself from the floor, she was dead.

AFTER the initial operation, in which her breast had been removed, he'd rented a car to take her back to the country. She was ready to go when he arrived at the hospital.

"I've been walking a bit every day." She went to the center of the room and raised her arm. "Bye-bye, girls!" The other women murmured from their beds. Two nurses entered with a

wheelchair. Lewis picked up his mother's suitcase and the radio.

She moved around the wheelchair. "I don't need that." The nurses followed her.

"It's the rule," said the older nurse, taking her arm as the chair was wheeled into position.

"Just to the car, then." She lowered herself carefully, her thin body electric with eagerness. Lewis moved to take the handles. "Give me that stuff," she said. "I can take it on my lap."

He rolled her through the corridors, moving slowly. In the crowded lobby she gave him her Blue Cross card.

"Wow," she said.

"What is it?"

She looked around the room. "All this." She pointed through the glass doors to the street. "That."

The cashier behind the grille was as remote and efficient as a bank teller. When everything was done Lewis remained at the window, looking at the plastic card, and the receipt.

"Something wrong?" asked the cashier.

Lewis stared. Far back in his mind elusive thoughts floated, drifting like isolated candles appearing and disappearing in remote corners of a cathedral. *How will she die? When will she die? What should I do?*

After the long drive to her cottage in the country, they climbed the hill to the front door, taking it slowly. He kept his arm around her waist, and she was gay, as if they were dancing.

He prepared a simple supper, and when they'd eaten, and the dishes were done, he went down to the garage to look at her car. The wide door rumbled up into the shadows. A fine film of dust covered the white automobile. He got inside the car and switched on the interior light. Dust coated every surface. A spider's web hung inside the circle of the steering wheel. He started the engine, raced it for a moment, and turned it off.

As he walked back to the house, his mother turned on a light and he was startled by the sudden appearance of her face—an old woman's face—floating over a lamp.

SHE grew weaker through the winter. On a March night, just before dawn, he knew it was time. Listening through the wall, he heard her slow, laborious shuffling toward the bathroom. He called out, offering help. She refused—impatiently, angrily—

and he suddenly realized she'd been sneaking, muting her gasps of pain for fear he'd discover how long it took her to get there. He resolved instantly to get her to a hospital.

At breakfast, he told her. Disappointment dimmed her eyes, and then fear brightened them. He spoke calmly, attentive to every nuance of her reaction. For a few moments she struggled in silence. He waited—saying nothing—and felt the precise moment of her acceptance with utter clarity.

He helped her get dressed, fetching things from the wardrobe and turning his back when it was necessary. Sitting on the edge of the bed in her blue suit, she held a pair of nylon panties.

"I can't bend," she said. "If you could just get them over my feet."

He knelt, hesitated, and then carefully slipped the panties over her ankles.

"You've taken plenty off, I'm sure," she said, a distant smile on her face. "But how many have you put on . . ." Her voice trailed off. He turned away.

As they left the house she paused in the doorway to look back. For some time she stood quite still, as if she'd forgotten he was there. He was about to touch her elbow when she spoke—not to him but to the cottage itself. "Well," she said flippily, "if I don't see you again, I won't see you again."

Walking down the hill, she held his shoulder and concentrated on each step. She spoke once, as, halfway to the garage, they stood resting. "Did you bring the earphones?" A slight sheen of sweat gleamed on her brow.

HE drove toward the city on the old parkway—her favorite route—a gently winding road bordered by rolling swells of cropped lawn and stands of old trees. He discovered himself holding the steering wheel too hard. He'd take a deep breath and relax, only to find his hands clenched minutes later.

"You think I'll get out this time?" she asked suddenly.

"Of course." He lied in a casual tone. He seemed almost tranced on such occasions—unable to do wrong. "They missed something, that's all."

"Lew. One thing. No more radiation."

He glanced over despite himself.

"I want you to promise." She held his eye for a moment, and then turned away. "I couldn't take it again."

Later, he looked at her. She was asleep—head nodding to the movement of the car. Nerves twitched in her eyelids.

He drove carefully, maintaining a



steady speed until a sense of apprehensiveness made him slow down and check the instrument panel. There was nothing wrong with the car. A faint tingling raised the hair on the back of his neck and hands.

Peering through the windshield he saw a change in the appearance of the world. Elusive transformations of some kind were going on wherever he looked—an eerie gleam on the surface of the road, colors going wrong in the trees, a peculiar dimness in the air. For a moment he thought he was going mad.

Then he remembered the date, and pulled over to the side of the road. She woke up as the car came to a halt. He rolled down his window. A deep stillness lay over the earth.

"The colors!" she said. "What's happening?"

"It's the eclipse of the sun. We forgot. It's today."

They sat in silence, watching the strange light. He wondered if she was frightened.

HER ashes remained in the funeral home for several weeks before he finally went to get them. In the large waiting room he sat beside a rubber plant and listened to footsteps on the marble floor.

"Here you are, sir." A small package, wrapped in brown paper and carefully tied with string. "There's an affidavit inside."

Lewis pushed through the glass doors and walked down the street with the package in his hand. It was smaller and heavier than he'd expected. In the car, he put it in the glove compartment, changed his mind, and took it out again. He drove to the country with the package beside him on the seat.

It was late afternoon when he arrived. He parked near the cottage and walked up the hill, past the house, toward the ridge, the package in one hand and a small trowel in the other. The air was crisp. Long bars of sunlight angled through the trees and leaves stirred around his feet. At the top of the ridge he went directly to a particular oak she'd once pointed out to him, sat down, and looked out

over the valley. Miles away a highway was under construction—the bright-orange earth-moving machines impossibly small against the raw dirt, like toys on a child's blanket.

He untied the string and removed the wrapping paper. He placed the small shiny can on the ground and sat watching it. His hands shook as he picked up the trowel. The blade turned on hidden stones, slowing his progress. Overcome by a sudden sense of urgency, he decided not to bury the can but to pour the contents into a thin, narrow opening in the dirt carved by the trowel.

He was afraid. Blood pounded in his head as he held the can, broke the seal, and twisted off the top to expose a muslin bag. He opened the drawstring and his fear vanished instantly. He saw a clean white powder with small, leached, porous bits of matter that had once been bone. He touched one of the lumps with his finger, poured the ashes into the ground, and covered them with dirt.

Walking back, he realized he still held the can. On an impulse he threw it high in the air, watching it gleam once, twice, and then again as it sailed through shafts of sunlight and disappeared behind the trees.

WORKHAM the broker—pink, growing bald, and seventh on the club squash ladder—bounced back and forth, racket held precisely right, eyes fixed on the front wall. He was drenched with sweat, and as he turned, his pot belly formed a perfect dark circle under the clinging shirt. Lewis

slammed the ball and Workham missed.

"10-9," Lewis said. He served and moved to mid-court. Workham dug into the corner and flicked a lob. Lewis volleyed, but Workham was in position, smashed the ball, and took the point.

"10-all," Workham said.

Lewis waited for the soft serve. A steady, conservative player, Workham invariably lobbed carefully placed shots to save his strength. Lewis met the ball in the air, Workham punched a good return, and a long rally ensued, each man fighting for control. They collided in center court, sweat flying from the impact.

"Let," Lewis said.

They began again. Lewis hit the ball harder and harder, recklessly stretching his body to the limit. A fierce heat possessed him. He took points without interruption and won the game.

"Rubber game," he said, holding out his hand for the ball. Workham moved slowly. "Ball!" Lewis snapped, banging his racket on the floor.

He slammed his serves relentlessly, forcing the game. Off balance, Workham could not effect his favored place shots, and both men ran full out, slamming and slicing, shoes squealing on the white floor. At 7-3 Workham sent a high floater to the back wall. Lewis barely managed a return. Secure in the T, Workham kept him running back and forth to the deep corners of the court. A balance was reached—Workham in the center stroking evenly, Lewis in back scrambling from wall to wall, unable to get any strength into his shots. He felt rage rising. His vision dimmed and points of light swam around him. As he ran for an alley shot, he realized the ball would be far enough away from the wall for a full swing. In the corner of his eye he saw Workham, facing away, crouched and motionless, his vulnerability at once ludicrous and infuriating. Lewis cocked his wrist and swung with every ounce of strength he could muster, trying to pour out his life, to explode his heart. The



strings sang and the ball disappeared in speed. There was a sharp crack and Workham fell to the floor.

Lewis's mind went blank. He slipped into suspended animation. He felt himself drifting away into whiteness.

Workham groaned. He got up and walked around in a small circle, rubbing his back with his hand.

"O.K.?" Lewis asked. He felt dreamy. The court seemed to be stretching into a long corridor, carrying Workham away.

"Take the point," Workham said. He went to the receiving box and stood watching the front wall. Lewis was unable to move, but suddenly Workham turned away. "Take the match, for that matter," he said, with sudden anger. He left the court, slamming the door behind him.

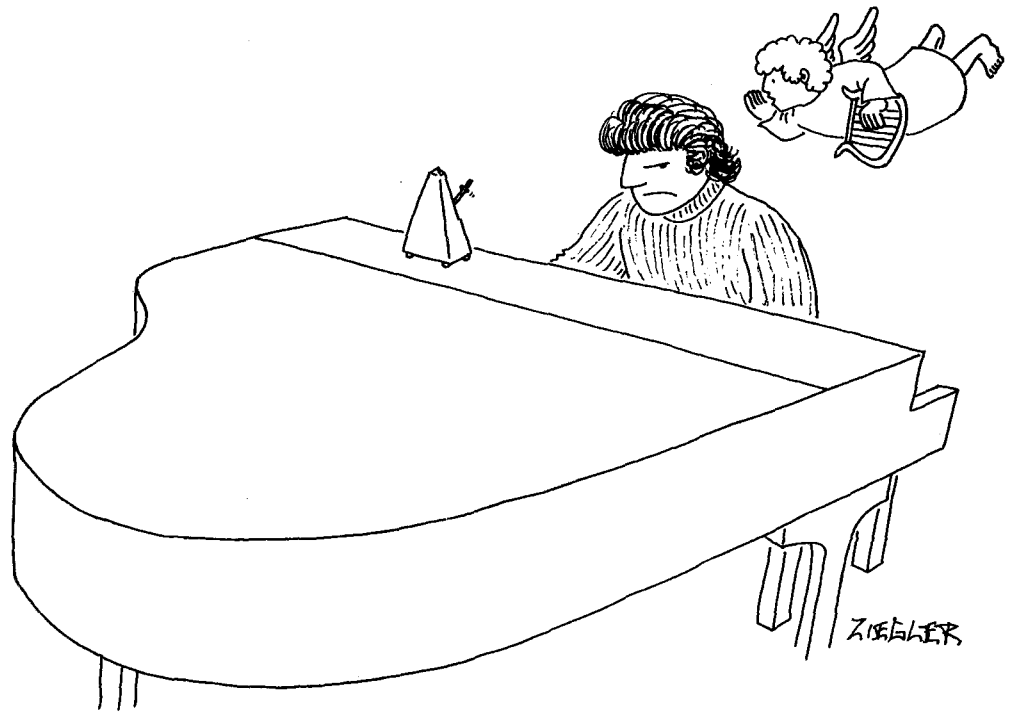
Lewis put his back to the wall and sank to the floor, sucking great gulps of air. Sweat stung his eyes. He waited, and as his body grew calmer he imagined taking it apart, dismantling himself bit by bit, throwing a hand into a corner, sliding a leg across the floor, rolling his head like a bowling ball. He imagined himself in a dozen pieces, strewn over the white room.

IMAGES from the hospital flashed in his mind, catching him off guard as he made coffee or took a shower. An old man shuffling down a corridor, bent over inside his chrome walker. The bright blur of rolling equipment—food trays, racks of X-rays, beds and carts sliding back and forth in the halls as if the entire hospital were slowly rotating in the air.

Standing with a doctor in the solarium, a large, bright room, empty save for a man in a neck brace watching a game show on television. *I've told her the tests show nothing. Buzzers. Actually there are hot spots in both hips.* Audience screams. The sound of an amplified clock.

Standing outside the door to her room one night while the nurse went in. A quick cry as the needle woke his mother—a thin, petulant wail of protest. An infant's whine, freezing his heart.

HE bought himself new clothes, going from shop to shop in midtown. One afternoon, wandering through a large store, he felt dizzy. People rushed by, bells rang, elevator



"And dentistry? I've heard dentistry has its rewards also."

doors crashed, and he was forced to lean against a counter to steady himself. A display dummy stared through him. He pushed away and ran to a fire exit. A few flights down he regained control of himself. He sat on the cement stairs, his shoulder pressing the wall.

Walking home, he threaded through the crowds by reflex. Dazed, he lost track of time. He found himself standing in front of his apartment house, looking up at his own window. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, back and forth, the shopping bags slapping against his legs.

An isolated sequence appeared and reappeared in his dreams, like a single strip of film randomly spliced into different movies. He would find himself floating in complete darkness, without weight. His hands would become visible, and then, gradually, the rest of his body. His brown suede shoes were significant for some reason he could not quite grasp. Lights flickered in the distance. Small points of light drifting toward him.

HE kept the radio. He gave her clothing to charity, sent various personal effects to her friends, but he kept the radio. No larger than a book, encased in walnut with a dial down the spine, it stood on the table beside his bed. He listened without speakers, through earphones plugged directly into the tuner, as she had listened. He marked the good music stations and lay night after night in his silent room, hyp-

notized by the powerful effect of the earphones. Notes seemed to rise in his brain, welling up from within as images rise in a dream. Melodies curved and fell away into unsuspected depths. He became aware of vast spaces within himself—long, open reaches where notes disappeared like lazy meteors.

He began to feel something behind the music, something hidden, unrelated to sound. A pressure drifting through harmonies. He felt a presence in sudden silences.

Lew. Listen. Listen. Lew.

Is it you?

Here I am. Here, Lew.

Suddenly afraid, he tore the earphones from his head. The room was dark. After a moment, he put them back on.

It's all right, Lew.

His mind became weightless. Thoughts swirled, floating, bursting into nothingness like champagne bubbles.

Yes. That's right. Yes. Do that.

A flood of tears poured from his eyes.

—FRANK CONROY

Christians Reaching Out to People (CROP) next week is sponsoring a 24-hour fund-raising fast to benefit Third World areas. . . .

Fast activities will also include a rock band, slides, movies and music by the Faith United Church of Christ Choir, and a banquet.—*The Daily Collegian, Penn State student newspaper.*

You can't beat a banquet when it comes to rounding out a fast activity.

REFLECTIONS

THE WATERGATE PROSECUTIONS

THE decency of a society, it is said, can be measured by its criminal laws. In a crude society, the purpose of those laws is to secure order. In a civilized society, the purpose is to secure order and freedom. And in a good society, the purpose is to secure order and freedom fairly. It is only in the past couple of decades that the crucial idea of fairness has been seriously applied as a test of the American system of criminal justice. Of course, law is not the only instrument of justice, nor is it the most effective one. Tradition, regard for others, religious belief, education, habit, moral leadership, public opinion—these do more to create and preserve justice in a nation than all of its laws together. Still, the law provides justice with both its framework and its veneer, and presents society's most observable manifestation of public concern for decency and fair play. Once that manifestation is sullied, its symbolic power—the power to maintain order among citizens—begins to decrease. If the decrease is sufficiently great and lasting, society may ul-

timately collapse or succumb to tyranny.

Threats to the people's regard for, and willingness to obey, the law may come from various quarters. Widely unacceptable statutes, like Prohibition, undermine the law in general, and so do uncontrollable abuses of it, like rampant street crime, or burdensome and unequal laws, like the tax laws. But nothing endangers the law more than official misuse of it for political ends. The Nixon Administration's criminal violations of the law for this purpose—now generically lumped together under the name of Watergate—would probably have destroyed the United States as a democracy if they had not been uncovered. But as the stream of revelations about what the Administration had done and had tried to do poured out, a threat to the nation that was almost as grave as Watergate itself mounted alarmingly: the public belief that politics is by nature corrupt. If this belief had gone unchallenged, public contempt and public cynicism would have created the ideal conditions under which dema-

gogery can be nurtured into despotism. To check this growing mood, it was essential to demonstrate that corrupt politicians, however high and powerful, can be made to pay for their transgressions under the rule of law. The only way to accomplish that, of course, was by bringing the Watergate criminals to justice. That is being done—to an extent. But to restore public confidence in our democratic system fully, it was also essential that the prosecutions be conducted fairly. That has not been done. In fact, many legal practices employed by the prosecutors to reestablish the primacy of the law in this nation appear at this stage to have perilously subverted it. In the end, history may conclude that the way in which those guilty of crimes in the Watergate affair were brought to justice did more lasting damage to the highest purpose of American law than did the crimes themselves.

ALTHOUGH every crime should be treated with strict attention to the law, of course many crimes

are not. Most often, they are not when the public is uninterested in them (run-of-the-mill robberies, say) or is very interested in them (sex murders of children or political assassinations). In such cases, the accused are likely to be legally mistreated—in the first because no one is watching and the prosecutors can get away with shortcuts or denials of basic rights, and in the second because so many are watching that prosecutors feel obliged to get convictions at any cost, to save their own political skins. Criminal cases of great notoriety usually generate the worst abuses of the law by those who are supposed to enforce it. These abuses are generally accepted by most people—at least until it becomes clear that passion, and not the law, deprived someone of such irreplaceably precious things as reputation, or freedom, or life. Given the broader impact of political crimes, perhaps they should be treated with greater severity than ordi-

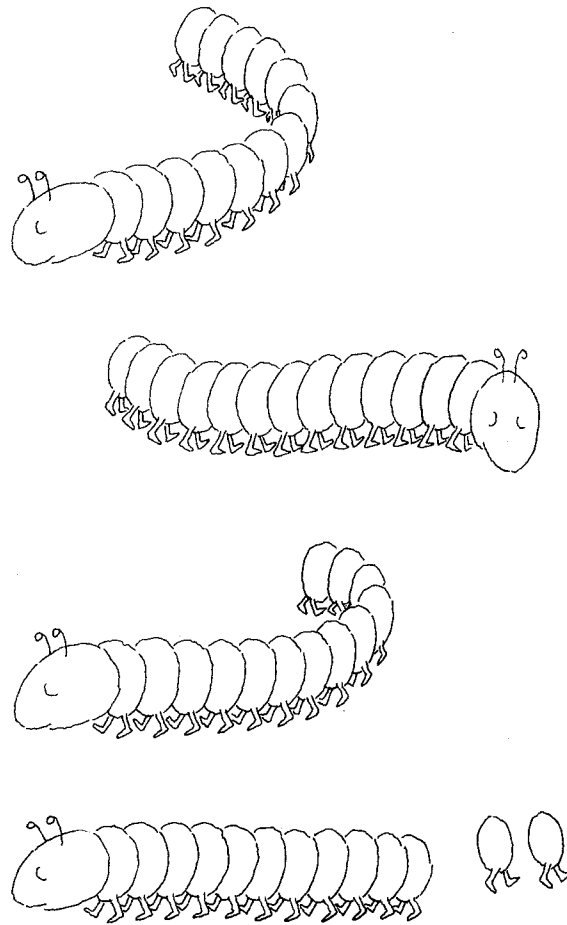


"That reminds me. I hear Derek and Karen are pretty rocky."

nary crimes, but certainly they should be treated with the most scrupulous fairness. Otherwise, popular demand for punishment may make the legal system subservient to, or even part of, the political system, and thereby subject the law to all the excesses and partisanship that afflict politics. When this process begins, justice vanishes.

In recent years, those who have become increasingly concerned about fairness, and the lack of it, in our criminal law have begun to criticize the intrinsically unfair nature of certain laws and legal practices that have been widely used to protect society from malefactors of one kind or another. These critics have singled out a number of legal abuses: the use of generally discredited and unenforced laws in order to "get" someone who has probably, or even certainly, broken other laws but cannot be successfully prosecuted for those crimes; the use of grand juries, which were originally set up to protect the innocent, as investigative aids to the prosecution rather than accusatory bodies; the use of plea bargaining, in which a prosecutor offers a defendant a lesser charge in exchange for either a guilty plea or information about crimes committed by others; the use of partial or total immunity from prosecution in exchange for information; the use of selective prosecution, in which one person is tried for a crime although others who are equally guilty of the same crime are ignored; the use of conspiracy charges when evidence of the crime that is believed to have been committed is flimsy; the use of perjury charges for the same purpose; the use of criminal sanctions that can be applied against ordinary citizens but not against government officials; and the unequal application of the law in general. The state's reliance on such methods, these critics contend, is manifestly unfair, and both dishonors government and sullies law.

Misuse of the law in these ways was commonplace in the government long before the Nixon Administration took over. When it did, it employed all these legal tactics, and worse, in its "war on crime," and soon unfairness became the hallmark, not the occasional blemish, of federal prosecutions. Then the Admin-

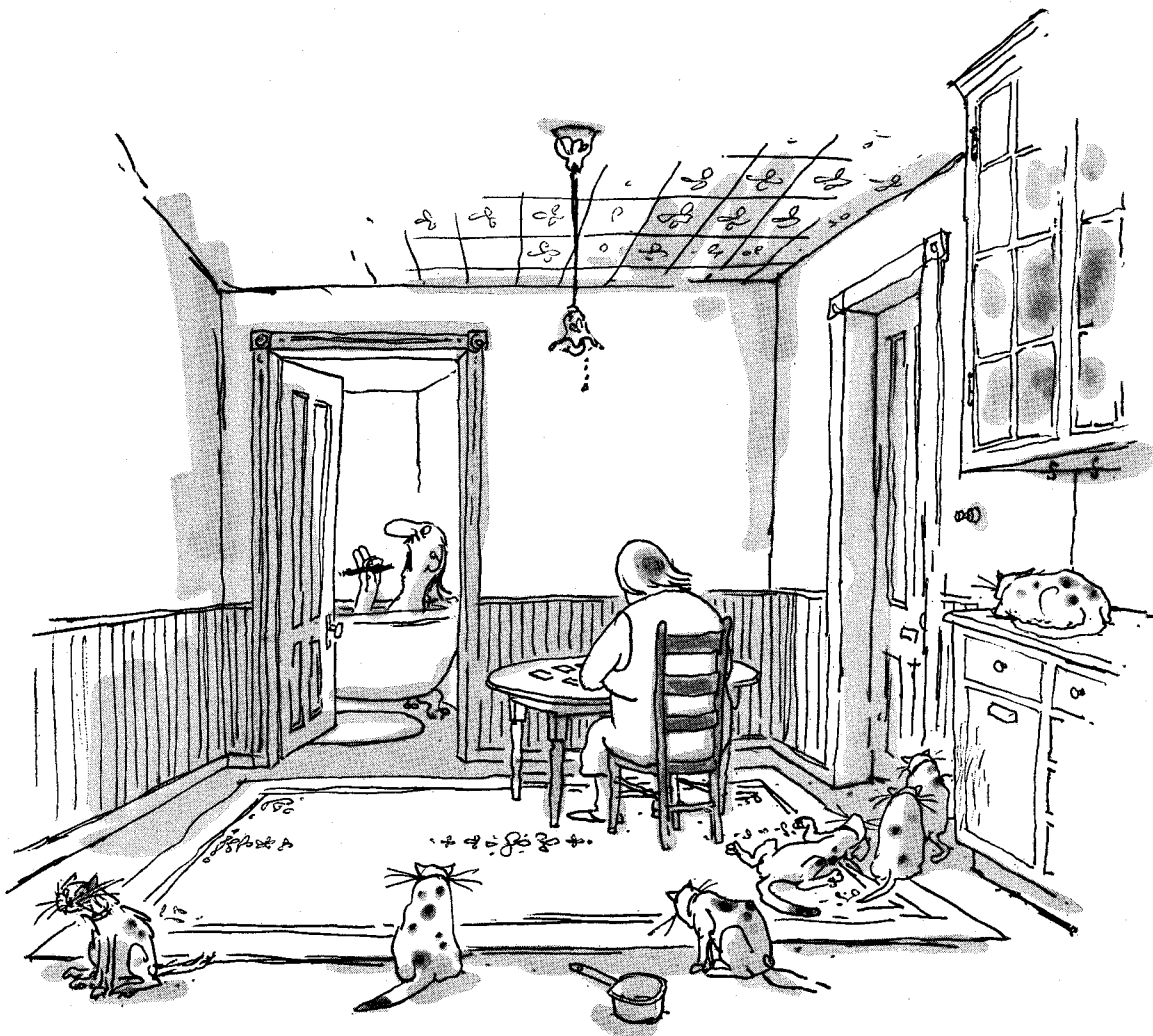


Unit

istration moved against its political opponents. To destroy them, it added to all of these "legal" methods such tactics as flagrantly illegal electronic and physical surveillance, entrapment by way of *agents provocateurs* and informers, and imaginary conspiracies. As Watergate has demonstrated, whenever bad laws would not serve the ends of the Administration, it simply broke them and any other laws that stood in its way. Despite the almost daily revelations about the Administration's crimes, though, the public responded slowly—even with what appeared to be lack of interest. "The people do rule and always have ruled in the United States," William Howard Taft wrote after serving as President and then Chief Justice. "They have their will, but they have it after a wholesome delay and deliberation which they have wisely forced themselves to take under the restrictions of a Constitution. . . . It is this voluntary restraint that has made their government permanent and strong. It is a fundamental error to seek quick action in making needed changes of policy or in redressing wrong." Throughout the unfolding of the Watergate scandals, the people—with an astonishing regard for fairness—refused to condemn the Ad-

ministration or to demand that the wrongs it seemed to have done be punished until there was clear proof that the Administration had not just acted immorally or unethically or despicably but had seriously broken the law. Once a large majority finally became convinced that serious wrongs had indeed been intentionally committed by some of the nation's highest officials, probably including the President, public demand for cleaning up the wreckage and punishing those who had caused it grew irresistibly. Pressed by this demand and persuaded that there was an urgent need to meet it swiftly, the prosecutors—with an astonishing disregard for fairness—fell back on all the means that could reasonably be justified by the end, including the use of some of the same legal practices that had been so freely and perniciously employed by the Nixon Administration and so roundly condemned by its critics.

Most of those critics—many of them leading civil libertarians—have had little to say publicly about such practices' being employed today. Some of them, when asked about their present silence, defend the resort to such laws and methods—by the Office of the Special Prosecutor, by United States Attorneys here and there, and by a couple of the federal judges involved—as being proper and essential in the current situation. Since these practices are legal and Constitutional, they explain, and there has been no use of illegal means such as bugging and tapping or concocting of spurious charges, it would be remiss of someone like Leon Jaworski *not* to use the laws available to him; in fact, they add, he would be guilty of official neglect of his duty if he failed to employ any and all of these laws to see that justice was served. Some of these critics-turned-defenders also say that the public interest demands speedy disposition of the Watergate case in order to restore public confidence, and that even if the tactics used to accomplish this might be questionable under ordinary circumstances, these are not ordinary circumstances. Others who share this view observe that it will be a memorable lesson—"poetic justice on high," one of them has described it—for such crimi-



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nals to be punished by the same means they used against their political opponents. This time, it is pointed out, the purpose is highly moral and in no way political, for the most powerful people, who are almost never prosecuted for their misdeeds, are now being prosecuted by the government even while the head of that government, who is one of the suspects, is in office. And, finally, it is claimed that under the law the prosecutors have no alternative to their present methods if they are to succeed in bringing to justice the people who tried to destroy our system of government.

These arguments are substantial and considered, but they do not answer all of the questions that should be raised: What effect will the conduct of the Watergate case have on the public regard for justice under law after it is all over? Have the prosecutors and the courts put the highest stamp of approval on socially undesirable legal practices in a way that not only will fix them permanently on the books but

will encourage extremists who may gain power in the future to use them politically against *their* enemies? Is American law basically immoral? Are unfair legal practices sometimes being used not to assure punishment, as in ordinary criminal cases, but to provide leniency? Will the prosecutors' legal strategy ultimately destroy the vital purpose of the prosecutions—to demonstrate that even the most powerful men cannot escape retribution when they commit grave crimes against society?

PLEA bargaining has been widely attacked for years by civil libertarians on the ground that it sacrifices the individual to the system—that is, prosecutors, judges, and defense lawyers persuade defendants to plead guilty to lesser charges than they have been indicted for, in order to avoid going to trial. This system is criticized for making the measure of justice the speed with which those accused of crimes are processed, and for convicting people who may be innocent or who might be

judged innocent if they were tried by juries. On the other hand, this system is defended as being a humane way to provide lighter sentences in most cases, and as being the only way to keep the criminal-justice machinery functioning; if even ten per cent of those charged with criminal offenses were tried, it has been said, the machinery would clog up and halt altogether. In the Watergate prosecutions, plea bargaining has been used with bargain-basement abandon. So far, such bargaining has led to the guilty pleas of Frederick C. LaRue, Egil Krogh, Jeb Stuart Magruder, John W. Dean, Donald H. Segretti, Herbert W. Kalmbach, Herbert L. Porter, and Richard G. Kleindienst. Only one Watergate figure, Dwight L. Chapin, pleaded innocent and went to trial; he was found guilty and sentenced to ten to thirty months in prison. By these means, the old purpose of avoiding trials has been served, and the settlement of the Watergate affair has undoubtedly been speeded up by many months. Defenders of these arrangements say that the time element is crucial, because it is in the public interest to show the people that justice is swift and retribution is certain. The answer raises a couple of questions. First, would it be even more clearly in the public interest if the various Watergate crimes were described, step by step, in open court, so that the American people, as well as the prosecutors and the judges, might understand what happened and how it happened? And, second, would the public interest be better served by embedding in the people's minds and in the history books the agonies of long and revealing trials and thereby deterring future miscreants? As matters stand, it could be fairly argued that the interests now being most fully served are the interests of the individual defendants and Richard Nixon.

The use of plea bargaining as a time-

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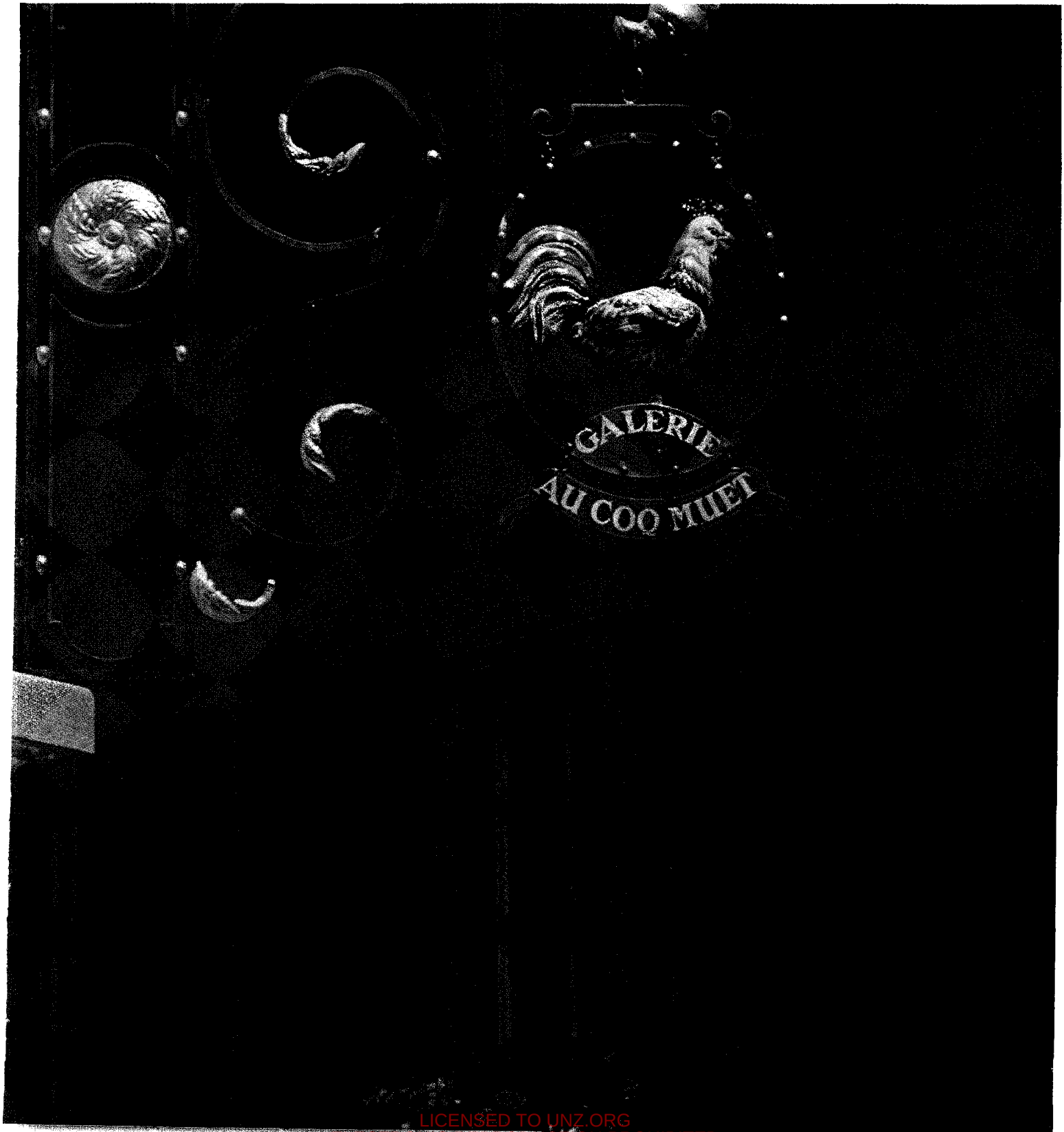
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saver seems to have been incidental to the Watergate prosecutors, for the essential purpose of these negotiations was to get information from prospective defendants about their or others' criminal activities. "This may be a bad way to operate, but it isn't as bad as the old run-'em-in-and-run-'em-out way," an officer of the American Civil Liberties Union said recently in justifying the technique. Apparently, the prosecutors' own justification for relying on plea bargaining is that without this means of eliciting information from some of the defendants who were involved only peripherally, or at least not as deeply as the worst culprits, the big fellows would probably get off. The task of a prosecutor—especially in a case of such magnitude and complexity as the Watergate case—can be formidable, and one cannot know what the precise problem in any given part of it might be, or whether the solution to it is sound. Since the Special Prosecutor's Office has, quite properly, refused to discuss anything to do with its work, one can only speculate, also quite properly, on what has been happening and what the effect may finally be on all of us.

Herbert W. Kalmbach, President Nixon's personal lawyer, could have been charged with several very serious crimes: extortion of campaign "contributions" from corporation executives who donated company funds to avoid discrimination at the hands of the government; distribution of some campaign money to finance the illegal activities of the White House "plumbers;" complicity in the illegal feathering of the Presidential nest at San Clemente with millions of dollars in improvements paid for out of public funds; and obstruction of justice in the transfer of illegally obtained campaign money to buy the silence of the original Watergate burglars. Kalmbach is being prosecuted on none of these charges. Instead, he has pleaded guilty to a technical violation of the Corrupt Practices Act by setting up an improper campaign committee for the 1970 congressional elections. At the time of this offense, the act had been on the books since 1928 and had never been en-

forced. He also pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor—promising J. Fife Symington, Jr., Ambassador to Trinidad and Tobago, a more imposing ambassadorship in Europe in exchange for a campaign contribution of a hundred thousand dollars. This statute makes it unlawful for any candidate for federal office or his agent to promise anyone a government job in return for campaign aid. If it had been enforced in the past, every President, senator, representative, and thousands of their aides would have been fined or sent to prison.

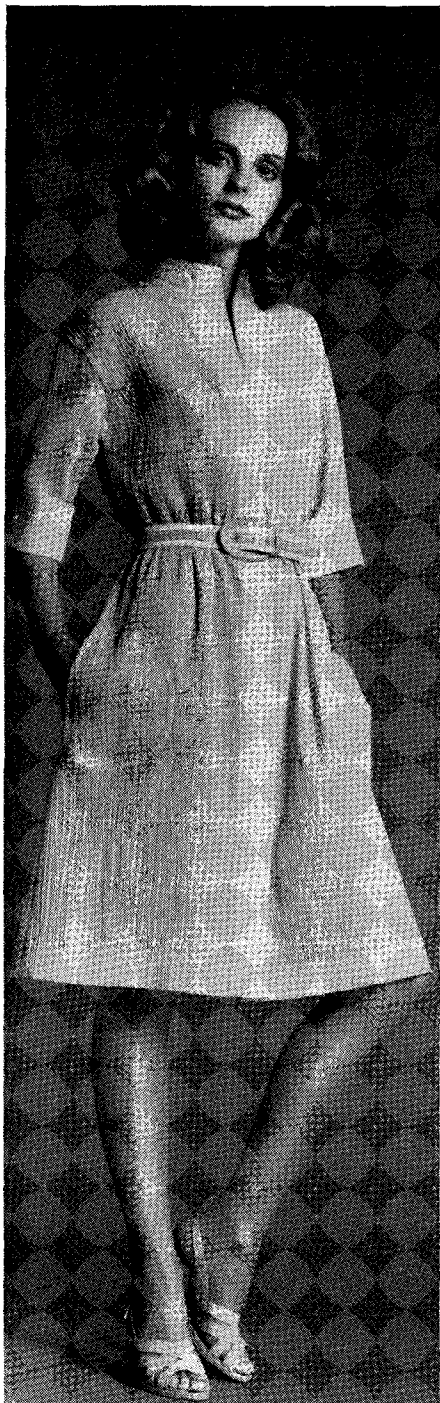
In any event, Kalmbach, like some of the other defendants, has not been sentenced yet. Apparently, sentences are being held over the heads of those who cooperated to make sure that they go on cooperating. This is not unlike Judge John Sirica's imposition of extraordinarily harsh sentences on the original burglars—up to forty years in prison and up to fifty thousand dollars in fines—with the suggestion that if they talked he would reduce their sentences. The use of this device to coerce people into confessing appears to violate the Fifth Amendment's prohibition against involuntary self-incrimination and the Constitutional right to due process of law. While courts have held that sometimes the privilege against self-incrimination can be suspended if immunity against prosecution is granted, there was no offer of immunity in these cases. In the past, federal appellate courts have set aside long sentences that were imposed because defendants refused to cooperate;

one of those cases concerned a pre-Watergate sentence handed down by Judge Sirica.

Presumably Jaworski made, or authorized, a deal with Kalmbach in exchange for the information that he could provide about the criminal activities of some of the principal figures in the Watergate case, including a number of high White House officials. And presumably the Special Prosecutor's defense for this move would be that without Kalmbach's cooperation some of the people who were guilty of worse crimes would probably go free. This, at any rate, is the explanation that has been given by experienced Washington lawyers who have been involved in one way or another in the investigations of the Watergate case and who have generally defended Jaworski's conduct. It is a persuasive argument, up to a point. That point is to be found in the question: Was there truly no alternative? Since it would be judicially ridiculous to send Kalmbach to jail for committing the kind of "crime" that has been utterly ignored in the past, it may turn out that he will not be disbarred from practicing law, either. The threat of disbarment seems to be the biggest gun that Jaworski has trained on lawyers who are suspects or defendants in the Watergate case but who are not the prosecutors' main targets. More than half of the men who have been indicted or named as co-conspirators in Watergate are lawyers. To a lawyer, and particularly to a prominent lawyer like Jaworski, disbarment may seem to be a penalty just short of a

death sentence. While this view is understandable, it ignores one factor: It is not what the prosecutors think is a fitting punishment that counts but what the public will feel was, or was not, a fitting punishment. As the Supreme Court has said, "justice must satisfy the appearance of justice." To the ordinary citizen, who faces economic disaster whenever there is a national or regional recession or a strike in his industry, or who can be practically wiped out by inflation, or who changes jobs and even fields frequently, disbarment is unlikely to seem a dread fate for someone who participated in activities





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that threatened to destroy the Republic. And it is the impression that the American people will finally take away from the Watergate affair that will be crucial. If their age-old suspicion that the high and the powerful always get off is confirmed, their own willingness to obey the law, which provides the essential stability of our society, may be fatally weakened.

Of course, the Special Prosecutor's supporters would reply that he had no choice but to make such deals with low-level offenders to insure that high-level offenders would be brought to account. The answer is not sufficient. There is no assurance, and can be no assurance, that the high-level offenders will not escape punishment entirely. There is always the possibility that jurors will be no more willing to take the word of Kalmbach over that of Haldeman and Ehrlichman than jurors were willing to take the word of Dean over that of Stans and Mitchell. Another possibility is that the Supreme Court will decline to consider, or will uphold, President Nixon's refusal to release the tapes and other evidence that have been demanded not only by Jaworski's office but by various Watergate defendants. If that happens, most, and perhaps all, of the remaining Watergate cases will have to be dismissed at once, since the law, as stated in 1963 by the Court in *Brady v. Maryland*, is that "the suppression by the prosecution of evidence favorable to an accused upon request violates due process where the evidence is material either to guilt or to punishment, irrespective of the good faith or bad faith of the prosecution." In this sense, the pending Watergate trials are precisely analogous to the Ellsberg trial, which had to be dropped under the *Brady* rule because the prosecution had not provided the defendant with "exculpatory" evidence; in both cases, the fault lay not with the prosecutors but with the White House, which refused to release the evidence. (Of course, if the President should persist in his refusal and the Watergate prosecutions are dropped, this might lead to his impeachment and conviction, whereupon President Ford would almost certainly hand over the evidence, and the trials would be held.)

But, again, was there no alternative? If men like Kalmbach committed the serious crimes that have been alleged, they should have been straightforwardly prosecuted for them. In the event that they were sufficiently remorseful about their conduct or sufficiently fearful of its consequences to cooperate

with the prosecutor and to tell what they knew about the other offenses committed, the prosecutor could report this, with recommendations for leniency, at the time of sentencing. It seems likely that any of these men would have been as willing to talk in order to get several years cut off a stiff prison sentence as to avoid disbarment. Instead, the Special Prosecutor has made deals with them, and they have got off with lighter punishment than an auto thief might expect. To be sure, had they not been offered such deals some of them would probably have insisted on going to trial, and a few might have been acquitted. But that is a risk that

lies at the heart of our judicial system, for, as Justice Holmes observed, it is "less evil that some criminals should escape than that the Government should play an ignoble part." Moreover, if such an agonizing experience as the Nuremberg Trials taught anything, it taught that great crimes by political leaders cannot be carried out without the help of their followers. In a matter like the Watergate case, which threatened the survival of the nation, there are no small fry.

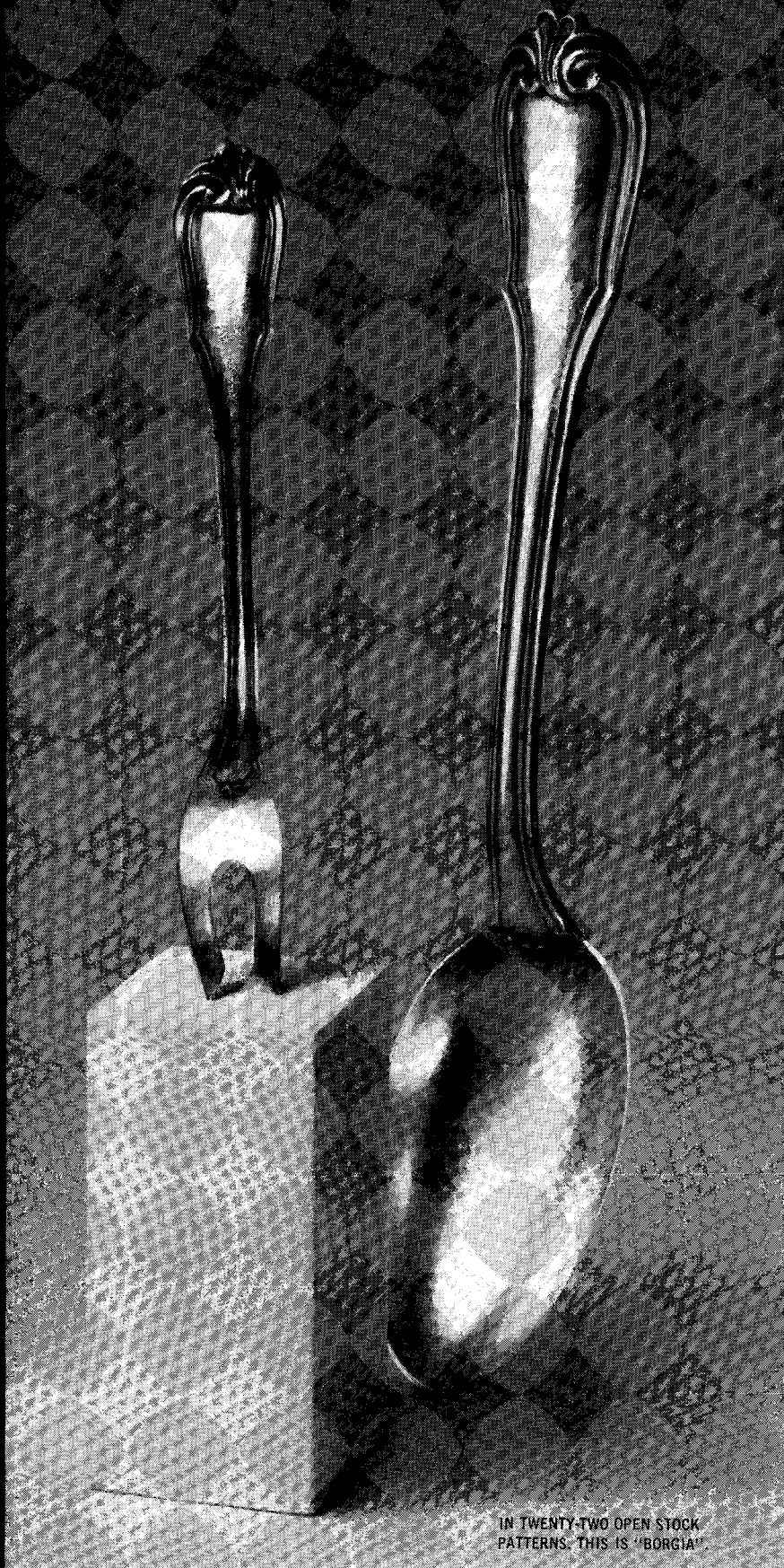
The worst aspect of plea bargaining is that it inevitably leads to flagrantly unequal treatment under the law. Since there is no statutory requirement, as there should be, that such deals be recorded and made available for public inspection, we shall probably never know how unequal, and unfair, some of them may have been. What is known, though, gives some idea of how differently various lawbreakers have been treated. For example, the Office of the Special Prosecutor had enough evidence to file felony charges against a sizable number of businessmen who illegally contributed campaign donations out of corporation funds. Those who have been charged by Jaworski have been allowed to plead guilty to misdemeanors rather than felonies, and after paying fines of no more than five thousand dollars apiece they have gone free. The excuse for this leniency toward white-collar criminals was that it would encourage other guilty executives to come forward, so that the shabby tale—an important one, for illegally donated political money is the prime source for illegally used political money—could be laid out for the public to see. Unfortunately, others did not come forward, and the story got little attention. Another example of what can happen occurred in a Watergate-related case that was *not* handled by the Office of the Special Prosecutor—the trial of former Secretary of Com-



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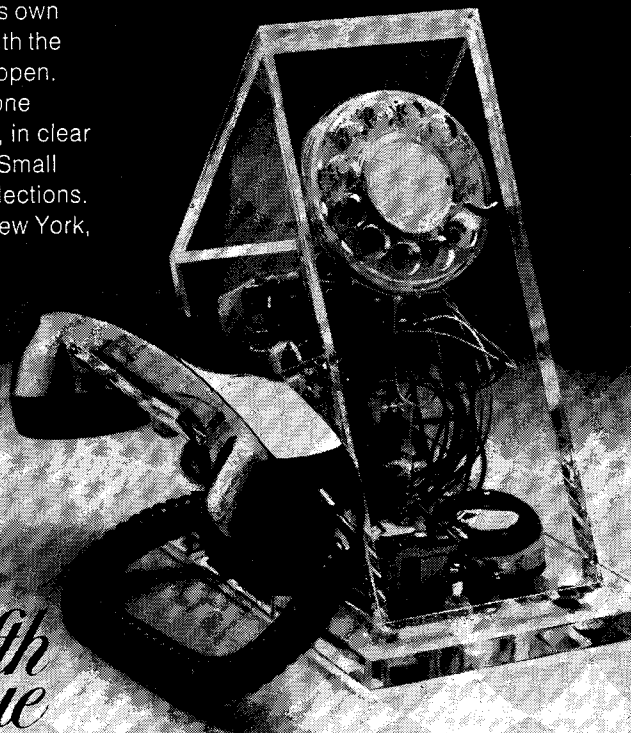
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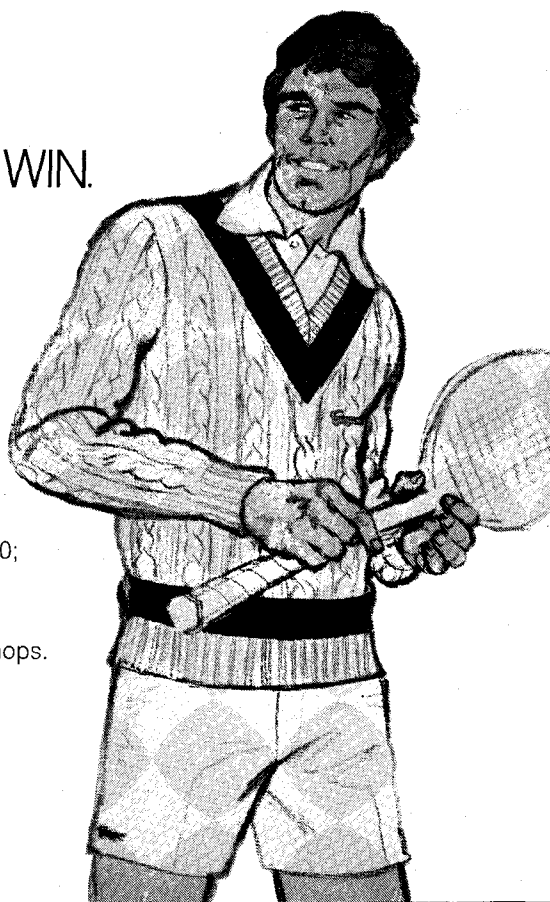
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merce Maurice Stans and former Attorney General John Mitchell on charges of perjury, conspiracy to obstruct justice, and obstruction of justice in allegedly trying to help the financier Robert Vesco fix a case pending before the Securities and Exchange Commission. One of the principal witnesses was George Bradford Cook, who had bargained a promise of immunity from prosecution in exchange for his testimony. He admitted in open court that he not only had committed perjury on several occasions earlier but had maneuvered—in effect, blackmailed—his way from being the S.E.C.'s lawyer to being its chairman; according to his own account, he suggested to Stans that while he could not do much for anyone in the Vesco matter as the S.E.C.'s general counsel, he could do plenty as its chairman. In other words, the witness confessed to crimes at least as bad as those the defendants were charged with—obstructing justice, using a government position for partisan purposes, promising a government favor in return for concealing a large campaign contribution to the President who would appoint him, and perjury. Cook was not prosecuted, and Stans and Mitchell were acquitted on all counts.

Herbert L. Porter, the scheduling director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, committed perjury before the original grand jury investigating the break-in at the Watergate office of the Democratic National Committee and before the petit jury trying that case. He was prosecuted for neither offense, each of which was a felony, punishable by up to five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine. Instead, the Special Prosecutor had him indicted for lying to the F.B.I., as he had admitted doing when he testified before the Senate Watergate committee. Title 18, Section 1001, of the Federal Criminal Code makes it a felony for any citizen to lie to a federal agency. Such a law seems preposterous on its face, for it means the government is free to lie to its citizens, while citizens can go to prison for lying to it. Of course, our legal system depends on its ability to get the truth from people who are involved in legal contests. At the same time, though, that legal system is Constitutionally required to provide the kind of due-process protections that every citizen is guaranteed when testifying under oath before a grand jury or a court of law. Under Title 18, Section 1001, any person who answers untruthfully, or even seems to a jury to answer untruthfully, any ques-



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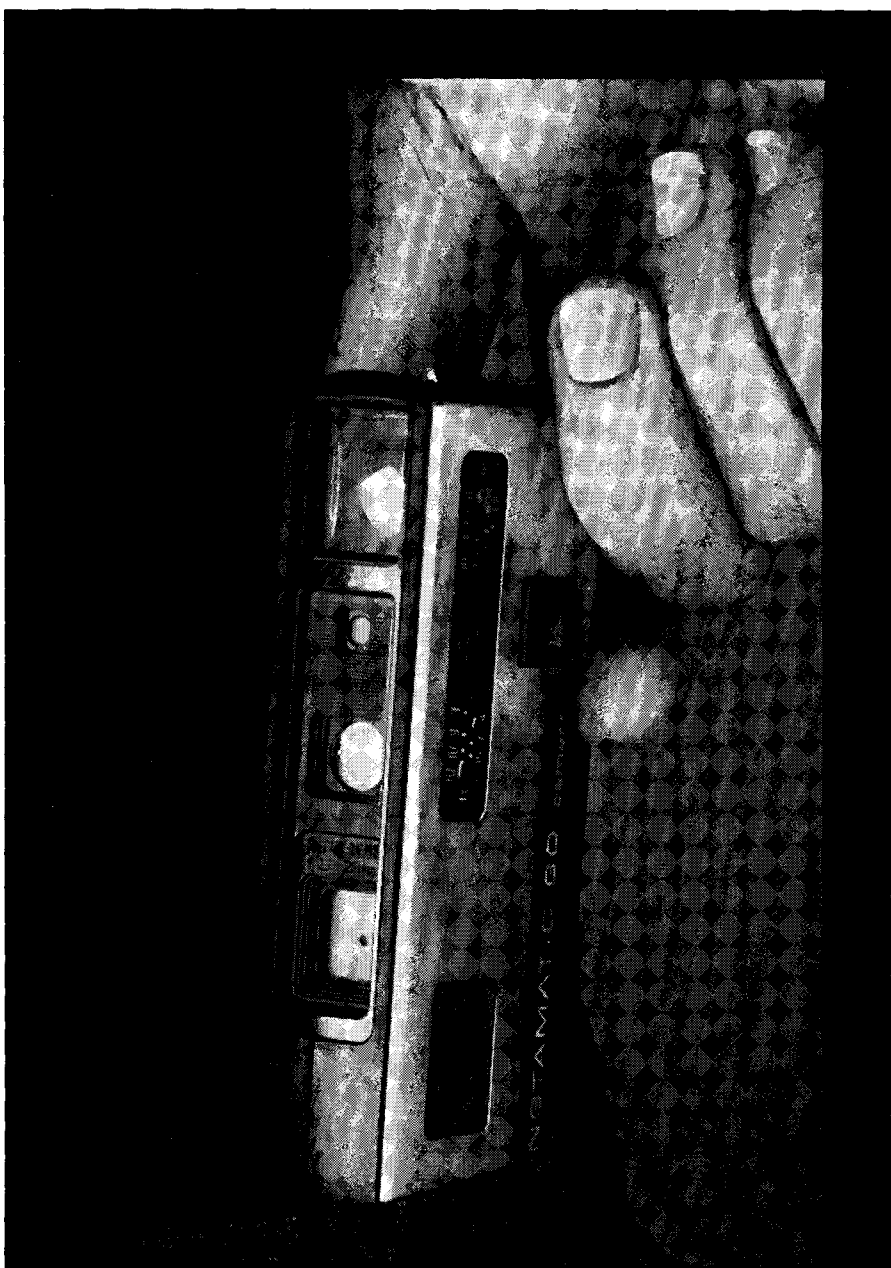
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tion put by any official of any government office—from the Census Bureau to the Internal Revenue Service—can be sent to prison. A vicious law like this, which should not be on the books in any form, makes a mockery of the law as a whole. And the use of it to provide leniency is a travesty of justice. Porter, who could have been sent to prison for ten years and fined twenty thousand dollars on two counts of perjury, or five years and ten thousand dollars for lying to the F.B.I., was sentenced to fifteen months in prison; all but one month was suspended by the judge, and Porter got out after serving twenty-seven days in a minimum-security “camp.”

On March 8, 1972, Acting Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst was testifying under oath before the Senate Judiciary Committee during its hearings on his nomination to be Attorney General. At one point, Senator Edward M. Kennedy asked the nominee whether he had been under any White House pressure to drop or to alter the anti-trust cases against I.T.T. that were then under way in the Department. Kleindienst answered, “In the discharge of my responsibilities as the Acting Attorney General in these cases, I was not interfered with by anybody at the White House. I was not importuned. I was not pressured. I was not directed.” A few weeks ago, Kleindienst admitted that a year before this testimony he had been ordered by John Ehrlichman, on the President’s authority, to drop the cases, and that when he refused the President telephoned him and personally ordered him to obey. Ordinarily, lying under oath to a congressional committee is called perjury. Kleindienst said that he regretted having been “less than candid.” After a lengthy round of plea bargaining—during which, it was widely reported in the newspapers, Kleindienst’s lawyer held out for a charge that would not result in disbarment of the former Attorney General—the Special Prosecutor’s Office found a solution: a misdemeanor that even the most experienced lawyers in Washington seem not to have heard of before. It was charged that Kleindienst “did refuse and fail to answer accurately and fully questions” asked by a member of a congressional committee. Kleindienst pleaded guilty, but has not yet been sentenced; the penalty ranges from one month to one year in jail and a fine of up to one thousand dollars, any or all of which can be suspended.

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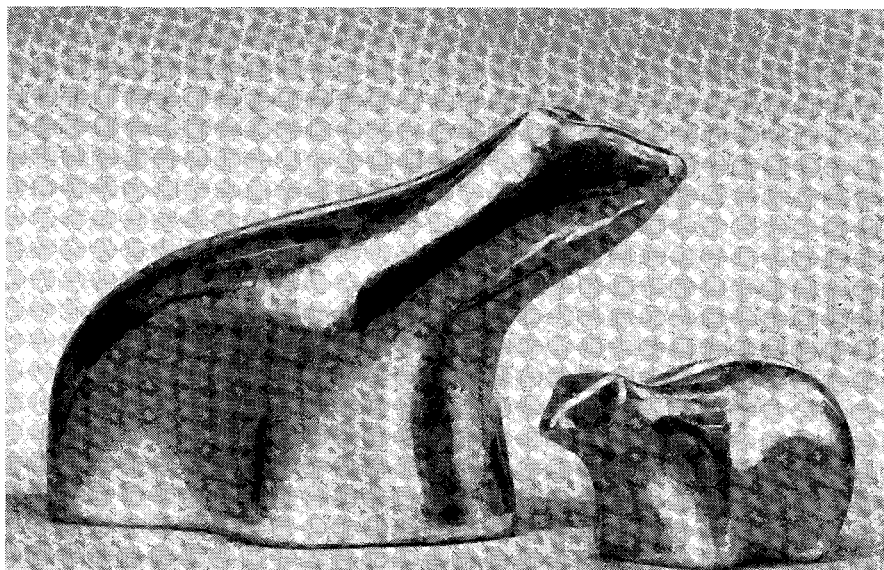
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Nixon Administration; apparently, he was not directly involved in the Watergate scandals or in the President's malevolent political vendettas. Moreover, Jaworski pointed out, he had come forward voluntarily to confess his guilt. (It was not revealed whether that confession concerned perjury or the misdemeanor he was finally charged with.) In any event, Jaworski clearly saw no advantage to be gained from dealing harshly with the former Attorney General, who, he reported, had agreed to talk about the I.T.T. case and other matters. The Special Prosecutor's decision in this affair has been angrily denounced in some quarters, and Joseph J. Connolly, the lawyer in charge of the case in the Special Prosecutor's Office, and his two assistants have resigned, reportedly because they believed that Kleindienst should have been prosecuted for perjury. Others who oppose Jaworski's move point out that Kleindienst was the nation's highest law-enforcement officer when he committed what would normally be called perjury; that he would never have been confirmed as Attorney General if the members of the Senate Judiciary Committee had known that he lied to them on such a fundamental matter; that the principal instrument provided by the Constitution to the Senate as a check on the executive branch is the advise-and-consent power over Presidential nominations; and that, as Senator Birch Bayh, a Democrat on the committee, complained in a letter to Jaworski when rumors of the pending deal got out, "a guilty plea to a minor charge in this case would suggest to the American people that a man nominated to the highest law-enforcement position in the nation could, with relative impunity, intentionally deceive the Congress and its committees on a highly material matter when we are attempting to carry out a Constitutional function that is crucial to maintaining a check on arbitrary power." As for Kleindienst himself, he said after pleading guilty to the misdemeanor charge, "I do so out of respect for the criminal-justice system of the United States and the indisputable fact that the system must have equal application to all." The confused and deceived Cubans who broke into the Watergate office went to jail. Bernard L. Barker, one of their commanders, was originally sentenced to prison for thirty-five years—later reduced to up to six years—for a crime that failed.

MOST of the major figures in the Watergate case, who have been indicted but not tried, have been

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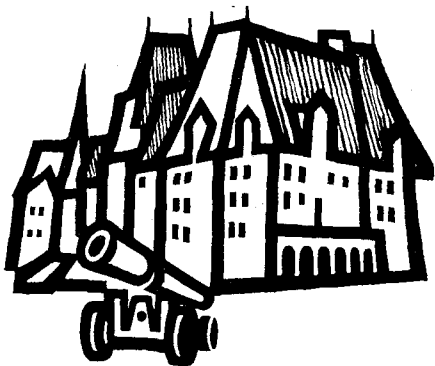
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charged with conspiracy, among other crimes. Since the entire Watergate affair was a conspiracy—in the ordinary sense of that word—such charges may seem quite proper. Under the law, however, conspiracy is nowhere near as dire a crime as it may sound to the layman. Ordinarily, a conspiracy charge is brought against a defendant by a prosecutor who fears that he may not succeed in proving in court the criminal act that he wants to prove. For instance, if two or more people are believed to have committed a crime, they conceivably could be charged with committing that crime, with attempting to commit that crime, with conspiring to commit that crime, and with conspiring to attempt to commit that crime. The last charge, of course, is the weakest; it is also the easiest to prove; and it is one that the Special Prosecutor has used. In the view of most civil libertarians, conspiracy laws are basically pernicious, and should be either rewritten or taken off the books altogether. To begin with, they explain, the illegal act of conspiracy may be the result of a series of wholly legal acts that a prosecutor can string together to demonstrate a plot that may never have existed. Under the law, those who engage in a criminal conspiracy need not have met or have communicated with one another; they need only have agreed in some fashion (even tacitly, if that seems borne out by their subsequent actions) to commit an illegal act, and then to have actually committed one overt act that could be reasonably construed to serve that end. In the Stans-Mitchell case, for example, if the defendants had seemed to have agreed to aid Vesco improperly, and one of them, without the knowledge of the other, had placed a telephone call to the S.E.C. for some other reason but did not get through, each of them could have been fined ten thousand dollars and sent to prison for five years—even though they had done nothing wrong and, in fact, had not even tried to do anything wrong. During conspiracy trials, moreover, prosecutors are permitted wide procedural latitude in presenting evidence, such as the right to introduce information that is based on the assumption that a conspiracy existed, though its existence has not yet been proved, while defendants are deprived of ordinary courtroom protections, such as the inadmissibility of hearsay evidence. In the end, the only safeguards against official abuse under these laws are the decency and good sense of ordinary jurors, who often find them so repugnantly unfair that they refuse to convict those who are shown to have violated them. But such a refus-



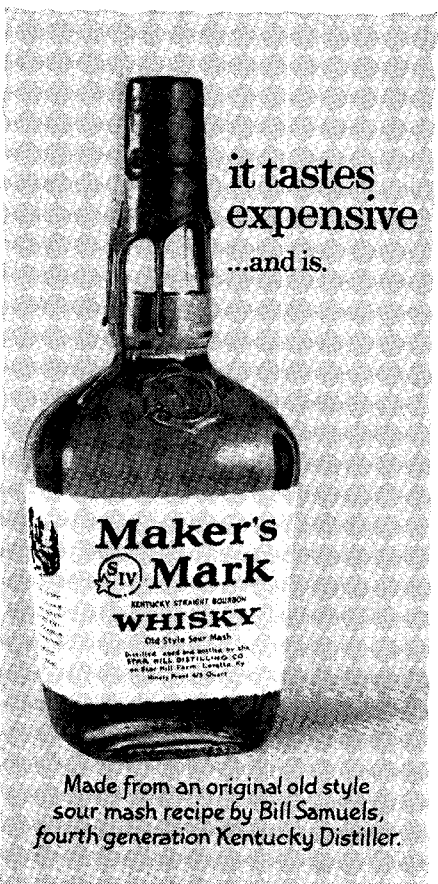
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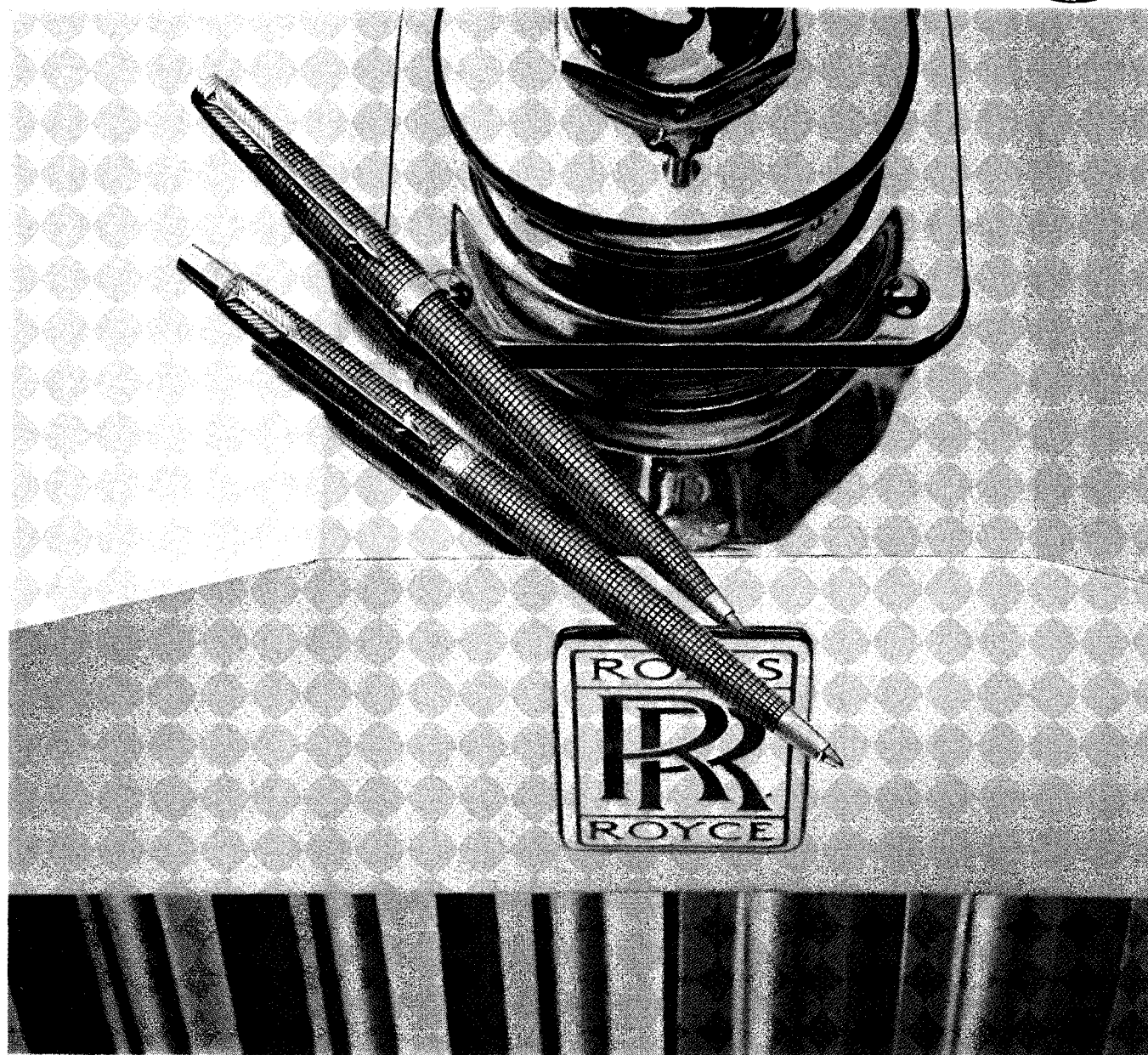


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Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.



al further debases the law, because it depends on jurors' willingness to break their oath to uphold the law. Also, once they have done that, the entire case may become contaminated, and charges of substance may be rejected, too. In other words, conspiracy charges not only are viciously unfair but often don't work, and may wreck a whole case.

ONE need not be vindictive to wish that the deepest lessons Watergate might teach us would be taught as publicly and persuasively as possible. While there is no point in sending the Watergate criminals to prison for long terms in order to rehabilitate them or to protect society against their future political depredations, there is good reason to punish them severely enough to deter others from pursuing a similar course in the future, and, above all, to assure the people that justice has been done squarely and fairly. Now that the crimes have been discovered and the threat to the nation averted, the crucial factor that remains is the impression the public ultimately will have about what happened during the most serious crisis this nation has ever faced. As the Watergate prosecutions have been conducted so far, the lessons are distressing. One of them is that if you are a lawyer, if you took orders rather than gave them, and if you are ready to be an informer, you stand a good chance of getting off lightly for even the gravest crimes against society. Another is that the government considers it suitable to play the role of black-mailer. Still another is that justice in America is unequal, and the "old boys" continue to get favored treatment. The fundamental purpose of exposing and punishing those who were involved in Watergate was to demonstrate that even the most powerful people cannot escape retribution for such crimes; so far, they have. If, in the end, those who concocted the various plots and gave the orders get off lightly, too, or escape altogether, the people will have little reason to trust their government again. Perhaps an even greater danger is that if another usurper ever takes power, he will have both the precedent of unfairness and the techniques by which it can be used—not for leniency but to destroy anyone who stands in his way.

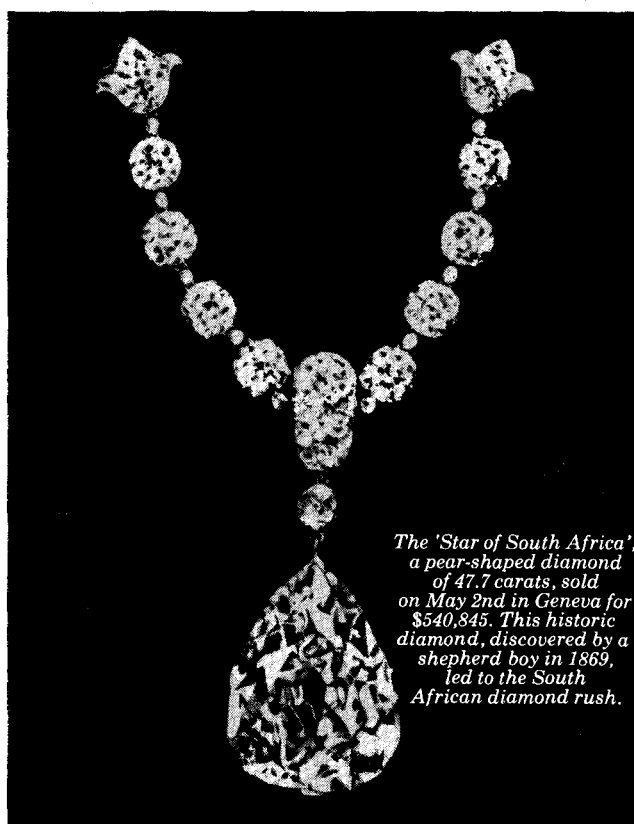
—RICHARD HARRIS

BOSTON, April 26 (AP)—It will cost "approximately \$6 million" to replace the 10,344 window panes in the new 60-inch story John Hancock Tower, officials say.

—The Times.

Well, those little folk have to be able to look out.

Jewelry is worth more in Geneva



The 'Star of South Africa', a pear-shaped diamond of 47.7 carats, sold on May 2nd in Geneva for \$540,845. This historic diamond, discovered by a shepherd boy in 1869, led to the South African diamond rush.

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THAT HALF-THERE FEELING

THE MAGIC SHOW," at the Cort, is an attempt to combine the resources of the magic acts that used to be a staple of vaudeville with the resources of musical comedy. Whether such a thing can be done successfully remains moot; what the present experiment makes unmistakably clear is that a first-rate magician has a lot to lose and nothing to gain from allowing himself to be encapsulated in a fifth-rate musical. The magician in question is a pleasant, skinny young man named Doug Henning, who has long hair and a toothy smile and who assumes, in place of the formal gear and lofty manner of the old-time magician, the garb and ingenuous demeanor of a rube at a country fair. As for the musical, it has a book of mind-numbing mediocrity by Bob Randall and some bland, forgettable songs by Stephen Schwartz. The costumes, by Randy Barcelo, are so ugly that they prompt one to suspect that the ugliness is intentional, but, if so, to what purpose? The direction and choreography, by Grover Dale, are deplorable. In such circumstances, Mr. Henning's best trick would be to disencapsulate himself and, with a snap of his fingers, vanish into thin air. On opening night, I intended to perform that very feat at the intermission, but the management outwitted me by not *having* an intermission.

Not another word about the musical, but a word or two more about Mr. Henning. His illusions are so nearly perfect that I haven't the slightest idea how any of them are brought about. He not only saws a woman in half but leaves her in halves, the two portions of her body being kept plainly visible and at a considerable distance from each other throughout much of the evening. He separates a second woman into thirds and later, in an illusion too ghastly for my taste, places her in a coffin and incinerates her; when the flames are extinguished, only a skull and a few charred bones remain. The climactic illusion consists of putting a woman into a cage, covering the cage with a cloth, and then—presto magico!—whipping the cloth away, to reveal that the woman has become a menacing, tawny mountain lion. These illusions require complicated and ex-

pensive apparatus, but the trick I enjoyed most is a product of sheer manipulative skill and requires only a copy of the *Times* to perform. Mr. Henning holds up a double page of the *Times* for us to scan and identify, then tears it into smaller and smaller segments, gathers the segments into a heap of scraps, and causes to emerge from the scraps the identical double page, in mint condition. Holy cow!

Mr. Henning is assisted by Dale Soules, a doleful girl, and David Ogden Stiers, who plays with verve the role of Feldman the Great, a drunken, down-on-his-luck magician in the top-hat-and-opera-cape tradition. One wishes his poor little tricks to succeed, and they never do.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Reunion

FRANK CHIN, whose first play, "The Chickencoop Chinaman," of a couple of years ago, instantly launched him as a dramatist, and launched his leading man, that magnetic marvel Randy Kim, as a potential star, has now done a second play. "The Year of the Dragon," again presented under the auspices of the American Place (subscribers only), again has Mr. Kim as spokesman and pivotal character. The setting is an apartment in San Francisco's Chinatown, the time is just before and during the celebration of the Chinese New Year, and the people under consideration are the family who live in the apartment. The father, born in China and now the mayor of his community, is dying and knows it; he is the absolute ruler of his household, insistent upon filial obedience. The mother, much younger and born in this country, jokes and grins a good deal, and tends to escape all domestic tensions and blowups (of which there are many) by ducking into the bathroom with a good book. The older son—Mr. Kim, as Fred Eng—is a man of forty who works as a tourist guide. (Stepping in and out of the action, he is also our guide to the family.) The daughter has lived for many years in Boston, where she runs a string of successful Chinese restaurants; she has just returned to San Francisco with her white Ameri-

can husband to promote a cookbook ("Mama Fufu's") that she and Fred have written. And there are others, in the family and out of it.

The plot is filled with incidents, entertaining distractions, and a couple of revelations, but at its core is a struggle for power between the father, who is the embodiment of tradition and is determined to keep the family together, and in that house, after he is dead, and Fred, just as determined to leave and pursue his career as a writer and to set the others free as well. The play, which could be loosely compared to Odets' "Awake and Sing," is absorbing, and only partly because of its unfamiliar subject matter. Still, it is not yet as strong as it could be. There are moments when the action seems to get out of hand, and too many essential scenes are introduced by such feeble, transparent lines as "I want to have a talk with you." Also, I think it may have been a mistake to make Fred a writer, forcing the audience to autobiographical conclusions. There can be no question, though, about the ability of the gifted, passionate, funny Mr. Chin; his characters are playable, complex, and always convincing, and the words they speak are theirs and theirs alone. The acting, under the direction of Russell Treyz, is very good. Pat Suzuki, delightful as the mother, always makes clear the panic and sadness under the chuckles and snatches of songs and jaunty airs. Conrad Yama is perfect as the stubborn, dying old autocrat, and so, for that matter, are beautiful Tina Chen, as the tender, loyal, but somewhat alienated daughter; Doug Higgins, as her husband, whose every joke misfires or peters out, and whose earnest camaraderie cannot conceal his bewilderment at the squabbles that go off like firecrackers around him; Keenan Shimizu, as a rebellious younger brother; and Lilah Kan, as a mysterious outsider—an older woman known as China Mama. As for Mr. Kim, he is the indelible Chickencoop Chinaman come to life again, unpacking his soul in one blistering, sarcastic monologue after another, flinging every cliché about the Chinese into the face of the audience, and boiling over with rage and love and temperament. Mr. Kim makes the play into a vehicle for Fred every time he opens his mouth—but then, earlier this season, he even made "The Tempest" into a (sporadic) vehicle for Trinculo. Admirable scenery, lighting, and costumes by Leo Yoshimura, Victor En Yu Tan, and Susan Hum Buck, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER



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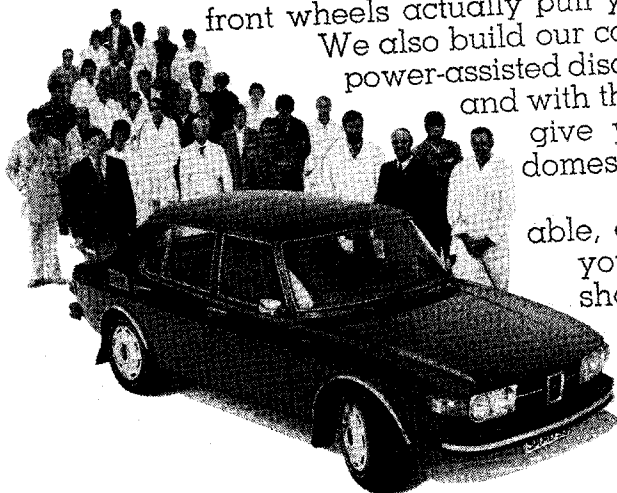
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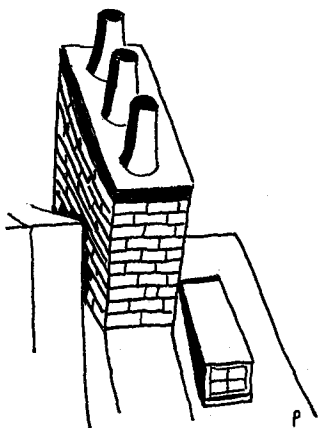
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 29

YESTERDAY's news that the great democratic experiment in Northern Ireland had been violently toppled to the ground almost before being allowed to take its first steps forward was a devastating defeat for Mr. Wilson's Government and an alarming shock for the country. Ordinary confused citizens are not being helped at this anxious moment by the unfortunate vacuum of information and interpretation at the top caused by Parliament's absence for the Whitsun recess, from which it is expected to be recalled to Westminster shortly. But the Northern Ireland crisis took its headlong turn for the worse over the spring bank-holiday weekend, when not only M.P.s but all Britain had shut up shop, when the roads

out of London were clogged with the cars of families contentedly crawling on their first ritual exodus to the sea and people did not want to be asked to think of anything more serious than weather prospects for their outings. Into this placid, apathetic atmosphere the sudden, abrupt announcement that the Prime Minister would give a television address to the nation on Saturday evening broke with maximum effect, because such direct reports to the people are made only when events are moving too rapidly to allow a moment's delay. His listeners therefore felt a mixture of astonishment, relief, and letdown when he did not give the important and agitating news they expected to hear—that British troops had already moved in to try and keep a semblance of life going in Ulster—and the apparently postponed order, issued on Monday, only hastened the collapse of the power-sharing Executive. Mr. Wilson's performance is still being angrily criticized and discussed as having been both weak and blustering, containing no words of conciliation, and giving great offense in Ulster with his seeming to brand all the striking Ulster workers as "thugs and bullies," and his amazing, insulting reference to the people of Northern Ireland who "spend their lives sponging on Westminster and British democracy." It is a phrase that his political opponents will certainly not let him forget. Last night, when the B.B.C. put on a hastily assembled

and excellent program in which Belfast politicians and trade unionists gave their triumphant, bitter, or apprehensive views of the day's events, the voice of Westminster was represented only by Jeremy Thorpe, the Liberal Party Leader, and Ian Gilmour, the Conservative shadow Minister of Defence. Not a single Government minister could be found, it seemed, who felt like going on the air to give viewers an illuminating, authoritative argument, or even a faint flicker of hope for the future.



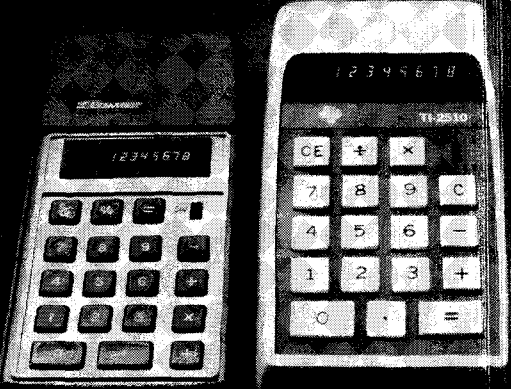
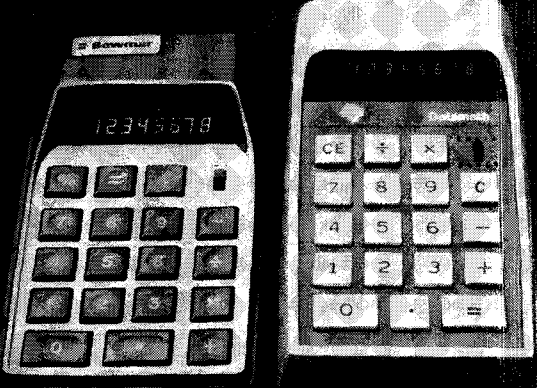
Whether yesterday's news will result in an increase in the already sizable and vocal number of those British who are all for getting shut of the troublous province entirely and leaving the Irish to try and settle their own affairs remains to be

seen. Though the Government and Opposition front benches remain solidly bipartisan over Ulster, popular opinion is as violently split as it is over the desirability of pulling out of the European alliance. Particularly in the Labour Party, voices will probably now be raised louder than ever for bringing our boys home before both sides start shooting at them. No responsible citizen takes this view, but it is present, and could grow. Not surprisingly, it has not escaped the ironic notice of many Conservative observers that the Government's denunciation of the Ulster workers' successful use of the strike to obtain a smashing political victory contrasts oddly with its earlier, out-of-power backing of militant industrial action right here at home—however harmful to England—and its scathing attack on all attempts to curb it by legislation. The scandalized refusal of Mr. Merlyn Rees, the not very dynamic Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, to meet and open talks with the victorious strikers certainly sounded strange to thoughtful citizens, for it is well remembered how Edward Heath enraged Labour opinion two years ago, when the striking miners were holding up the country, by his failure to ask their leaders along earlier for tea and conciliation in Downing Street. What has happened in Belfast is clearly a setback for law and order here. Amid the present fears and uncertainties, people find it really hard

to remember how short a time has passed since Mr. Willie Whitelaw, the architect of the Sunningdale agreement, whereby Britain, the Irish Republic, and Northern Ireland set up the Council of Ireland, was being hailed gratefully in Parliament and by the public as the man who seemed to have brought off the impossible by reconciling the irreconcilable.

THE British Museum is showing until the end of June a remarkable exhibition that unites two Yorkshiremen of genius who apparently knew and admired each other but seemed to have little in common until a woman friend of both (so the catalogue tells us) suggested their collaboration—W. H. Auden and Henry Moore. The result of the lady's happy idea is the magnificent de-luxe volume, shown here in an advance copy presented by Moore to the museum, of a selection of Auden's poems illustrated by the lithographs Moore made for them last year and has now dedicated to the poet's memory. It will be published later in the year for the lucky bibliophiles rich enough to afford the thousand pounds it will cost. The exhibition is arranged around the book as a sort of fascinating voyage of discovery around the artist's mind. Henry Moore's notes, clearly and beautifully written, accompany and explain first his choice of a few drawings and prints by past masters (mainly from the museum's collection) that most influenced him as a young man, and then those of his own drawings—some little known or never before shown—that he says brought him, at the age of seventy-five, to the new adventure of the Auden lithographs. Among the first group, the draftsman to whom he gratefully owes the greatest debt was apparently Georges Seurat, whose blurred black-crayon drawings carry the viewer's eyes into what seems unrelieved night, where they suddenly begin to see, like those of a cat. Henry Moore's own "Black" series of sketches, which, as an official war artist, he made of Yorkshire miners and their murky, claustrophobic world in 1941, are mostly unfamiliar and extremely powerful, and show his growing preoccupation with the problems of darkness and light. When he first began to think about illustrating Auden's poems, he approached them, he says, "as if I were illustrating 'Alice in Wonderland' or any other story," but he soon saw that the equivalent of a rabbit hurrying to keep an appointment or a caterpillar smoking a hookah was not enough. His solution was to inter-

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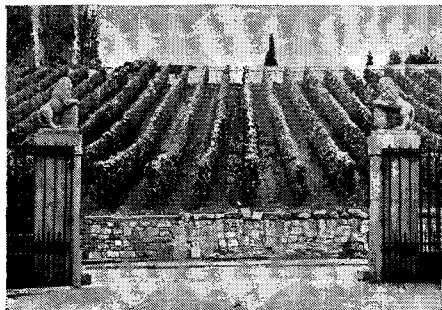
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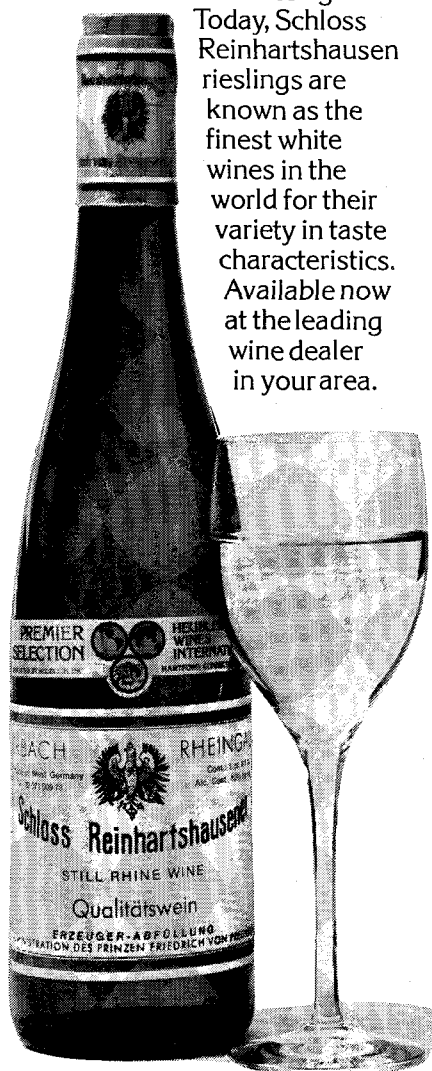
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pret the mystery of poetry as patterns of darkness, in which each man can grope and find what he wants or find nothing. The magnificent rich blacks of the lithographs sometimes suggest a rock or a tree or a bone, but it is the "element of the unknown that fascinates me in caves and the holes in the sides of hills," Moore observes, and it is on this shadowy, unmapped ground that he and Auden seem to have made a marvellous meeting. The exhibition includes some of Auden's notebooks and manuscripts, and the small, fragmentary sketches that Moore made from memory of Auden's crosshatched, craggy face—a mystery in itself—the day after his death.

It must be added that the exhibit at the British Museum that would probably give the deepest satisfaction (if they stopped to read it) to the crowds of visitors, young and old, once more pouring up its steps every day is the discreet framed notice at its gates stating what was previously taken unthinkingly for granted: "Admission Free." After Mr. Heath's Government introduced legislation ruling that all national collections were to charge for entrance—in the view of many furious Conservatives the most small-minded of all the unimaginative bits of policy their party was guilty of—attendance at the museums fell off sharply, so the unpopular measure did not even make money. The Labour Government immediately rescinded it, among loud cheers from all. The directors of the Tate Gallery were so delighted that they caused gala balloons to be sent soaring into the air over surprised passengers peering from Millbank buses and Thames barges. Like flights of jubilant Picasso doves, they proclaimed not "Peace" but "Free."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

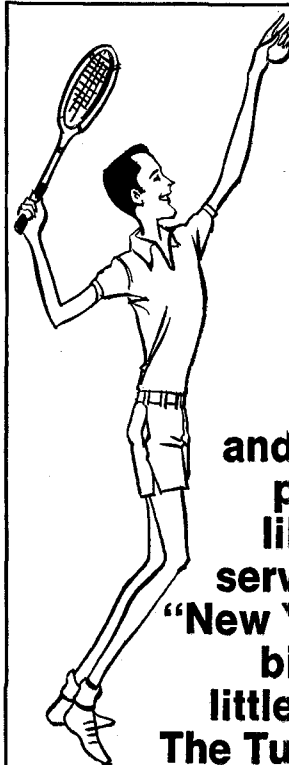
If Jason Robards were to take pen in hand today, there would be so much to tell: His near-fatal auto accident in 1971... professional disappointments, including the humiliation of not being able to play hockey, his most famous O'Neill role, in the television film version of "The Iceman Cometh"...—*Newark Sunday Star-Ledger*.

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THE ART WORLD

Reality at Cockcrow

AS a legend, Giacometti is a match for Duchamp, though of an opposite order: against the celebrated impresario of non-works ("ready-mades"), he represents the absolute worthwhileness of engaging in the processes of creating sculptures and paintings. His elongated thin figures, axe-blade heads, and portraits in oil and pencil have aroused more notions about their meanings than have the works of any other artist of his generation. Giacometti turns the human body and physiognomy into a metaphysical substance. Picasso, who regarded him as his sole competitor in fame, said that he had conceived "a new spirit in sculpture." Breton, Genet, and Sartre—names outside those that usually swell the bibliographies of museum catalogues—have written of him as one who enlarged their points of view. He was close to Beckett, and is said to have realized the theory of perception of Merleau-Ponty, the Sisyphean vision of Camus, and the narrative reductionism of the *nouveau roman*. In the introduction to the catalogue of the large retrospective currently at the Guggenheim Museum,

Reinhold Hohl, also the author of the exhaustive "Alberto Giacometti," feels obliged to deny that the thinness of Giacometti's personages (who include an emaciated cat and dog) has to do with war, famine, or concentration camps, "as has often been proposed." Nor, in Hohl's opinion, does a work such as "The Cage," in which a bodiless male head on a long, stringy neck confronts an erect, pencil-thin mummy of the same height, stand for "existential solitude." Yet, for all his objections to inflated interpretations, Hohl identifies Giacometti's women with "the myth of Life"—a myth that culminated in the monumental group that was planned for the Chase Manhattan Plaza but never executed—and he concludes that "Giacometti belongs among the artists who set a milestone not only for their own century but for a millennium."

Hohl's conception of Giacometti as a thousand-year artist is in line with the overtones of fable of Giacometti's art itself. His sculptures and paintings are overlaid with intimations of antique mysteries: Egyptian tomb deities, sentinels in the desert, darkening caverns.

Giacometti's imagination is anthropological. His giant buried up to the shoulders at the feet of an array of entranced vestals ("Composition with Seven Figures and a Head [The Forest]"); his erect nudes with bodies and faces eroded by time ("Large Figure"), and others with tiny heads but features starkly detailed, as in a dream ("Woman of Venice II"); his male heads poised piteously on stakes, like victims of a jungle massacre ("Head of a Man on a Rod")—all these are evocative less of the art of the past than of its rituals, celebrants, and talismans. Giacometti "museumizes" his subjects; in "The Cage" and "Figure Between Two Houses" the figures appear in display cases, and his completer portraits are built into frames drawn on the canvas—often a succession of frames, one inside another, receding into the distance. His sitters, including his brother and his wife, who modelled for him continually, as well as passersby on the street, are taken out of time and transformed into exhibits. Yet the museum into which they have entered is not an art museum but a museum of man, of ways of life alien to Western idealizations.

Extending into fable, Giacometti's theatre without words reaches at the same time into contemporary fact. The rigid, hieratic women, arms pinioned to their sides, suggest temporal remoteness. But they are also women of our day, seen according to certain spatial hypotheses, and the sitters for his portraits, for all their odd staring and removed location, wear sweaters and business suits and pose in the artist's messy studio. Basic to Giacometti's vision is the phenomenon of distance, in actual space and in the psychology of seeing. Observed from afar, a standing figure appears to be fused into a narrow, compact monolith, armless and with legs grown together into a tree trunk, while a walking figure is surprisingly slender and long-legged, as are Giacometti's reedlike men. In his art, stick figures of the kind incised on the walls of caves become pedestrians in chance combinations on busy street corners. The celebrated wedge-shaped heads of his brother, Diego, with their uncanny likeness, are demonstrations of Giacometti's notion that where the gazes of the right eye and the left intersect, the width of ob-



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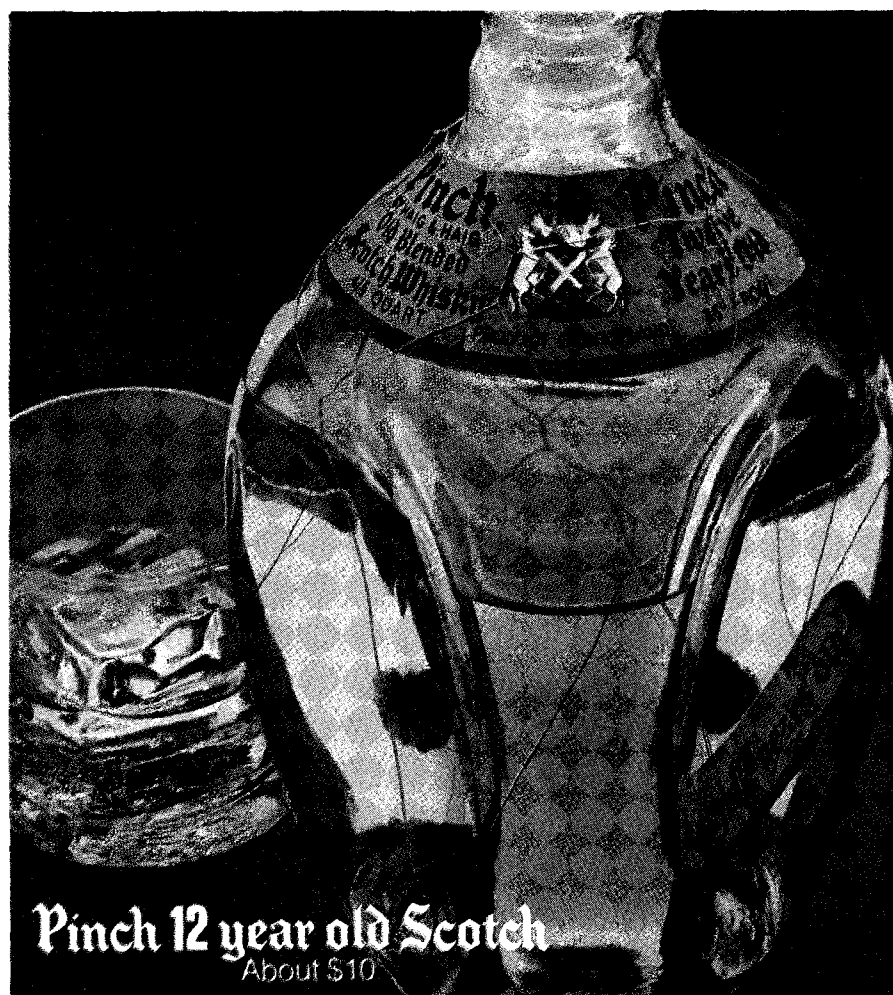


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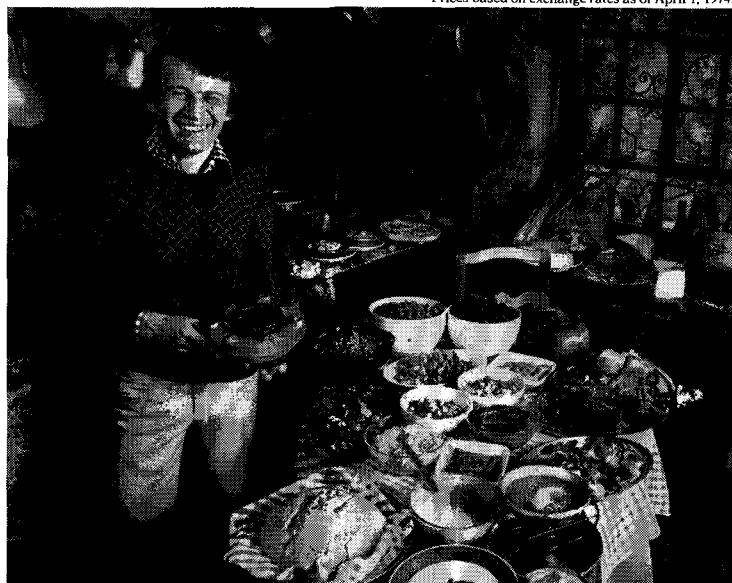
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jects diminishes toward zero and a head consists of a wafer of two profiles, a ketchup bottle of a vertical red line. Narrowing and elongation, accompanied by a strange fixity and transparency, occur, too, in faces seen reflected in a bottle or a convex mirror.

With Giacometti, one may also speak of metaphysical distance—the space by which the dead are separated and in which they are enveloped, and the space of apparitions. Throughout his life the artist recalled two decisive experiences when he was about twenty, during a trip to Italy; each resulted in a radical transformation of his apprehension of size and distance. One was the sudden death of a travelling companion, who thought he would be better the next day but of whom Giacometti recalled that “by late afternoon I had the feeling his nose was growing longer.” Then his friend was dead, “had turned into an object,” and things “started to fall apart.” The dead are smaller and less material than the living; they weigh less. Giacometti’s sense of the separation and motionlessness of objects, of space as a void in which all physical contact has foundered, was what impressed Sartre. Giacometti himself described in rather melodramatic terms (“I looked at my room in terror,” “cold sweat ran down my back”) the way he saw the furniture in his studio become weightless and immobile, the legs of the table not resting on the floor but barely touching it. Later, it occurred to him that weightlessness was the explanation of why his sculptured figures were so thin. He also associated this impression with the absence of weight of people who pass one on the street—a way of saying that the flowing crowd is a throng of ghosts, as in Eliot’s “The Waste Land.” “All living things,” said Giacometti, “were dead, and this vision often recurred, in the Métro, on the street, in restaurants.”

The other experience that changed Giacometti’s apprehension of things came while he was walking through the streets of Padua, painfully trying to resolve conflicting feelings aroused by the impact of Giotto on his admiration for Tintoretto. “These contradictory feelings shrank to nothing when I saw two or three young girls walking in front of me. They appeared immense to me, all out of proportion to normal size. . . . I stared at them like a madman, fear shot through me. It was like a fissure in reality. . . . The connections between things had changed.” For Giacometti, the “two or three” oversized girls (it is notable that he is

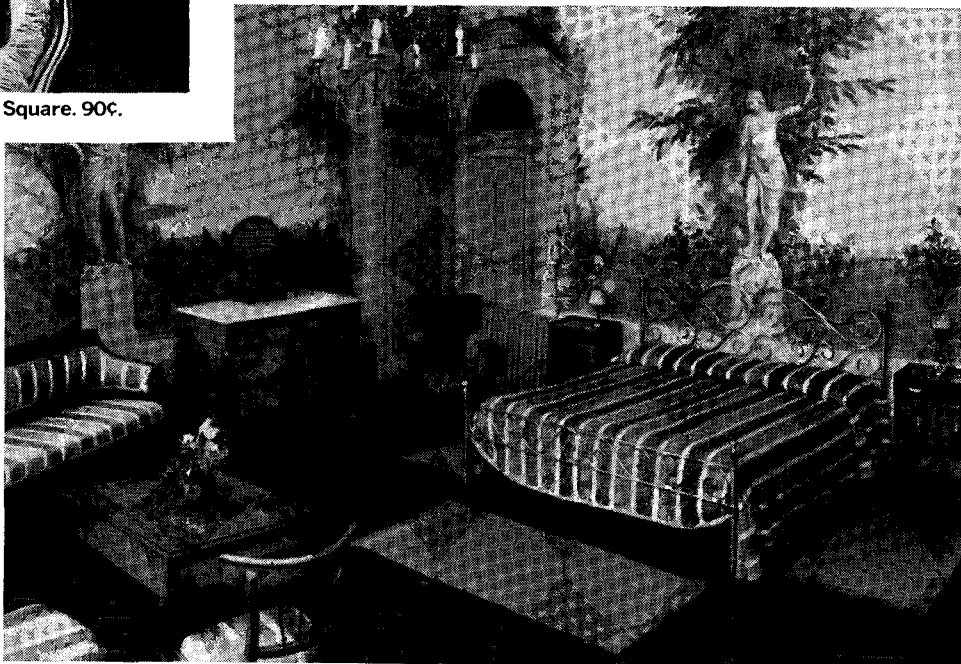
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vague about the number but absolutely positive about the total impression) became the representation of "reality"—a reality that stood against art, even at its highest (Giotto), and nullified it. The vision of the girls and the vision of the companion alive one moment and turned into an object the next had in common the suddenness and unexpectedness of the metamorphosis. Reality became defined for Giacometti as a flash struck from dead space by an ecstatic apprehension of particulars. This dual theme of death as an impassable distance and of reality as a transcendental glimpse recurs in each phase of his career, accompanied by episodes of shock and illumination. One day he leaves a movie house and sees the Boulevard Montparnasse "as I had never seen it before. . . . Everything appeared different to me and completely new." Twenty years later, James Lord, after numerous sittings for his portrait, observed that "if Giacometti cannot feel that something exists truly for the first time, then it will not really exist for him at all." The identifying mark of the newborn reality, painfully sought in the portraits through repeatedly painting out likenesses, is an evanescent presence; he had hold of it, he told Lord, but "stopped five minutes too late." Giacometti's formal devices consist of his otherworld stagings of his subjects, as in the live-wire highlighting of the blackened faces of his portraits and in their backgrounds that sink into nowhere, or the amazed staring of his busts of Annette, as if she had been transported to some nonterrestrial realm, or the truncated and incomplete bodies on which his heads are mounted. In his search for their final image, Giacometti portrays his sitters in the process of being lost, and barely prevented from disappearing like ghosts at cockcrow.

GIACOMETTI's moods, his rhetoric of fear and despair, his symbolism of death and isolation associate him with the Existentialists. In addition, his major style—the elongated sculptured figures—belongs to the period of Existentialist prominence, the years immediately following the last great war, although he had been a well-known Surrealist in the thirties and his "Palace at 4 A.M." is an outstanding Surrealist masterpiece. In the journalism of art, all new creations of 1945-55 are "Existentialist." (The label has been applied also to the American Abstract Expressionists, and with much less justification.) Actually, however, there is no such thing as Ex-

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istentialist painting and sculpture. Existentialism, a tendency in philosophy and literature, never developed a style in the plastic arts. "People talk so much . . . about Existential anxiety," Giacometti remarked, "as if it were something new! Everyone at every period in history felt it. You only have to read the Greek and Latin authors!" He broke with Surrealism in 1935, but his practice as an artist owes more to Surrealism than to Sartre, Camus, or Merleau-Ponty. The glorifying of surprise in his seeing and as an aim in his work was basic to Surrealism, too; like his Padua girls, Breton's Nadja identified herself as a super-reality by the suddenness of her presence. Mystery, dissociated images, primitive signs, exaggerated and distorted perspectives, chance meetings, fabulous coincidences belong to the Surrealist prescriptions for circumventing the everyday. "The state of expectation," wrote Breton in 1934, "is wonderful, no matter whether the expected arrives or not. That was the subject of a long chat I had with my friend Alberto Giacometti." Giacometti parted with the Surrealists on the issue of "reality," but his conception of how to attain that reality drew upon the heritage of Surrealist conjurations. His new style emerged through a species of automatism: "I wanted to make her [the model] about eighty centimetres [thirty-one and a half inches] high. To make a long story short: she got so small that I couldn't put any more details on the figure. It was a mystery to me. All my figures stubbornly shrank to one centimetre high." Later, his figures reversed themselves, and, with the same autonomy, became tall and thin. In his application of Surrealist processes to non-Surrealist ends, Giacometti is a post-Surrealist—or, preferably, since he extended Surrealism by contradicting it, an anti-Surrealist. More important in regard to his work than the ideology of Existentialism is the fact that his art carries the psychic revolution of Surrealism into new regions of experience. The postwar American abstractionists had a parallel relation to Surrealism, but they developed their styles on a narrower theoretical basis.

Surrealist aesthetics presupposes a dual world—that of the ordinary and that of the mythic. For Breton, actuality could be taken for granted: its reproduction had been successfully assumed by the camera. Relieved (or deprived) of his old function of looking, the artist had become a "seer," according to Rimbaud's prophetic vision. Giacometti's defection from Surrealism came

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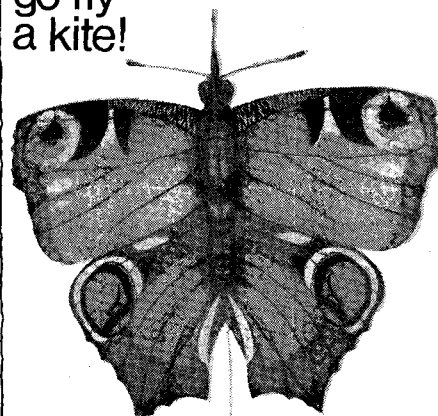
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with his return to nature, to the study of the model. To Breton, this could mean nothing but abandonment of the imagination and a surrender to the conventional view of things. "A head," he protested. "Everybody knows what a head is!" It was precisely the Surrealist notion of a reality exhausted by common knowledge which Giacometti had resolved to challenge. Everybody knows what a head is at first glance—but that glance has grasped only an abstraction. A head looked at for a long time becomes increasingly strange and inaccessible. What is more "arbitrary" than a nose—and the way it is attached to the face? Or that human faces are wrapped in skin, a cat's face in fur? Giacometti had discovered the "fissure in reality," the change in the connections of things, that made ordinary subjects more imaginatively prolific than the dream.

There is a hiatus of seven years in Giacometti's accomplishment after 1935; apparently his break with Surrealism touched him deeply. When I met him in Paris in 1951, his new style in sculpture had become famous, yet he was still replying mentally to Breton. Reality, he assured me, had by no means been commandeered by the camera; there was an absolute difference between people on a movie screen and people in the street. His ambition was to paint a café or a taxi just as it was. "I can be boring. Reality never!" was his rejoinder to Breton's fear of the banal. His sculptured groups of pedestrians possessed, in his view, a political content distinct from both Surrealism and Marxism: in them the individual appeared neither as the isolated ego of the dreamer nor as the regimented marcher of totalitarian politics but as a participant in the ever-shifting relations of actual existence. This concept is visually confirmed by a sculpture such as "City Square," whose five figures create the illusion of constantly changing places.

In Surrealist paintings and collages, art images mingle with impressions of daily life, as they do in the Freudian analysis of dreams—for example, Ernst's gentlemen in dinner jackets but with the heads of Egyptian bird deities. For Giacometti, with his goal of "reality," art was the obstacle that stood in the way of truth. "The more I studied the model, the thicker the veil between its reality and me became. At first one sees the person posing, but little by little all the sculptures one can imagine interpose themselves." Thus, in each work the artist begins his task by putting himself in the condition of one

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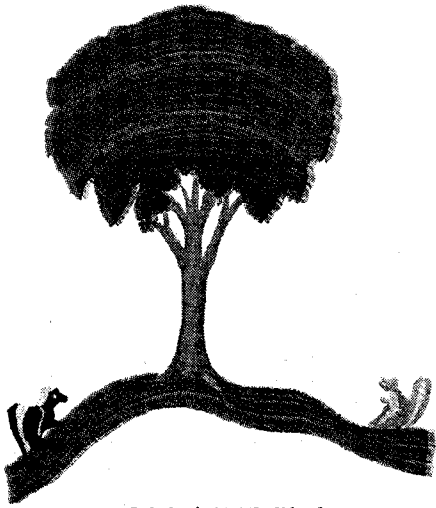
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totally lacking in the technical means for carrying it out. In his anti-Surrealist mode, Giacometti sought to impose upon himself the limitations of the primitive or naïve artist. Like a self-educated painter, he placed himself at the mercy of his subject. His assumption of naïveté in his day-to-day drama of incapacity and failure is the subject of James Lord's remarkable notes on posing for the artist over a period of almost three weeks ("A Giacometti Portrait"). Lord questioned Giacometti about his "technique" for translating his "vision into something which is visible to others." "That's the whole drama," Giacometti replied. "I don't have such a technique." He then said that despite his excellent training he had never been able to paint what he saw. "So I had to start all over again from scratch... and things have been going from bad to worse."

THE struggle for perceived reality is a struggle against inherited styles—an extreme reversal of values introduced by modern art. The effort to realize images independent of known art forms has long been a feature of American painting, as part of the aim of depicting the New Land; this experience may account for the emergence of American artists after the war as leaders in the final phase of modernism. Giacometti was ideally qualified for the modernist role of divesting himself of his training and talent in order "to see a landscape instead of seeing a Pissarro." The other current exhibition at the Guggenheim—"Three Swiss Painters"—of canvases by Giovanni Giacometti, Alberto's father, by Cuno Amiet, his godfather, and by Augusto Giacometti, his father's second cousin, shows the skill, sensitivity, and sophistication of the artists among whom Giacometti was brought up. Augusto in particular stands at the aesthetic peak of his time, with an individual Art Nouveau style and pioneering excursions into abstract art; "Summer Night" is a lyrical anticipation of Hans Hofmann. Giacometti was literally born into an avant-garde academy; he had only to go forward under the influence that surrounded his cradle. Before he was fourteen, he was able to draw so well from nature that he was convinced he could "copy absolutely anything." At sixty, he could only repeat, "It's impossible to reproduce what one sees... I've been wasting my time for thirty years. The root of the nose is more than I can hope to manage."

It is Giacometti's practice of art as ignorance in the Socratic sense that has



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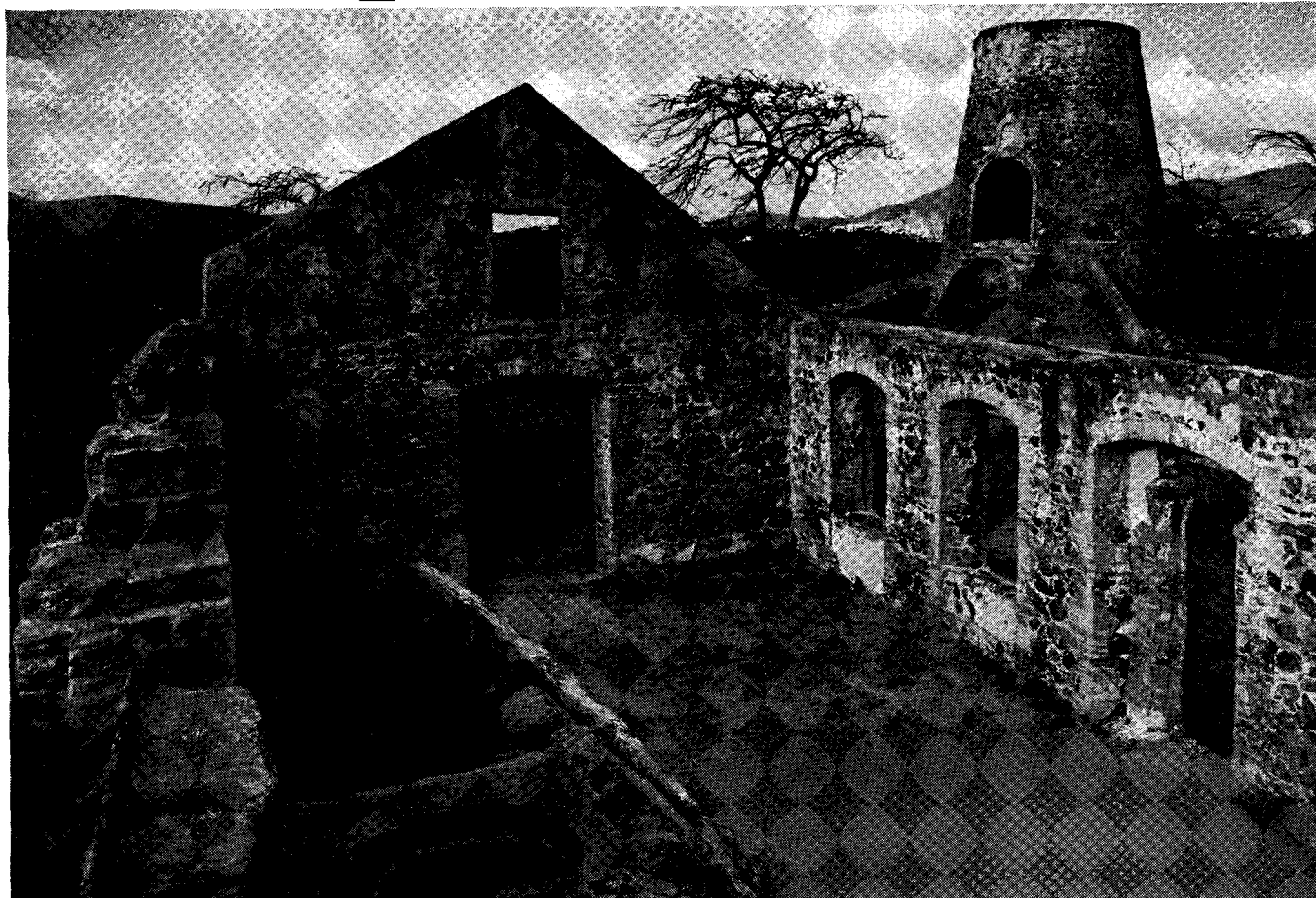


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endeared him to philosophers and poets. He had found the means for attaining to the springtime of direct intuition, the vision of "the first man." Sartre spoke of him as placing himself "at the beginning of the world," a contemporary of the cave painters of Altamira. Painting and sculpting are transformed into a process of knowing and self-knowing; "whether an art work is a failure or a success," Giacometti said, "is, in the end, of secondary importance." The repudiation of aesthetic objectives makes finishing a painting impossible, since reality has no formal goal. The artist is "only working for the sake of the experience that I feel when working," and he could keep busy forever on a single canvas, producing a rubble of feelings, sensations, perceptions, all passé, like those in a stack of rejected photographs or the chaos discovered at the end of Balzac's "The Unknown Masterpiece." Giacometti brought work on Lord's portrait to a finish when he was given a deadline for shipping it to an exhibition. Basically, the artist paints the struggle between himself and his subject. In the Lord portrait, the struggle is represented in the circling lines, the darkening tones, the background masses, the white neon highlighting. There are intervals in this transaction in which the painting comes to life. The reality of James Lord keeps appearing and slipping away. Yet each act of return is a further separation from the mere appearance of the sitter. Liberating himself from the habits of the eye and the preconceptions of the hand, the artist attains an automatism that is the opposite of letting go.

An artist who interprets his own creations rarely lacks collaborators. Giacometti's legend focusses on his inability to attain the real, a legend consistent with the literature of Existentialism. With or without Existentialist editorializing, his striving to circumvent existing forms continues the tradition of self-estrangement from nature and society that is inherent in advanced art. That there was nothing in art that he could not do lent significance to his complaints that he could do nothing—for this consummate craftsman to exclaim, "If one could only paint a tree!" was to raise bottomless questions as to what painting a tree means; it calls to mind Magritte's Surrealist painting of a pipe with the legend "This Is Not a Pipe." Like Duchamp, Giacometti was aware of the impression he was creating, and he kept recounting the chief episodes of his history and revising them. In their sum, they achieve a greater unity and

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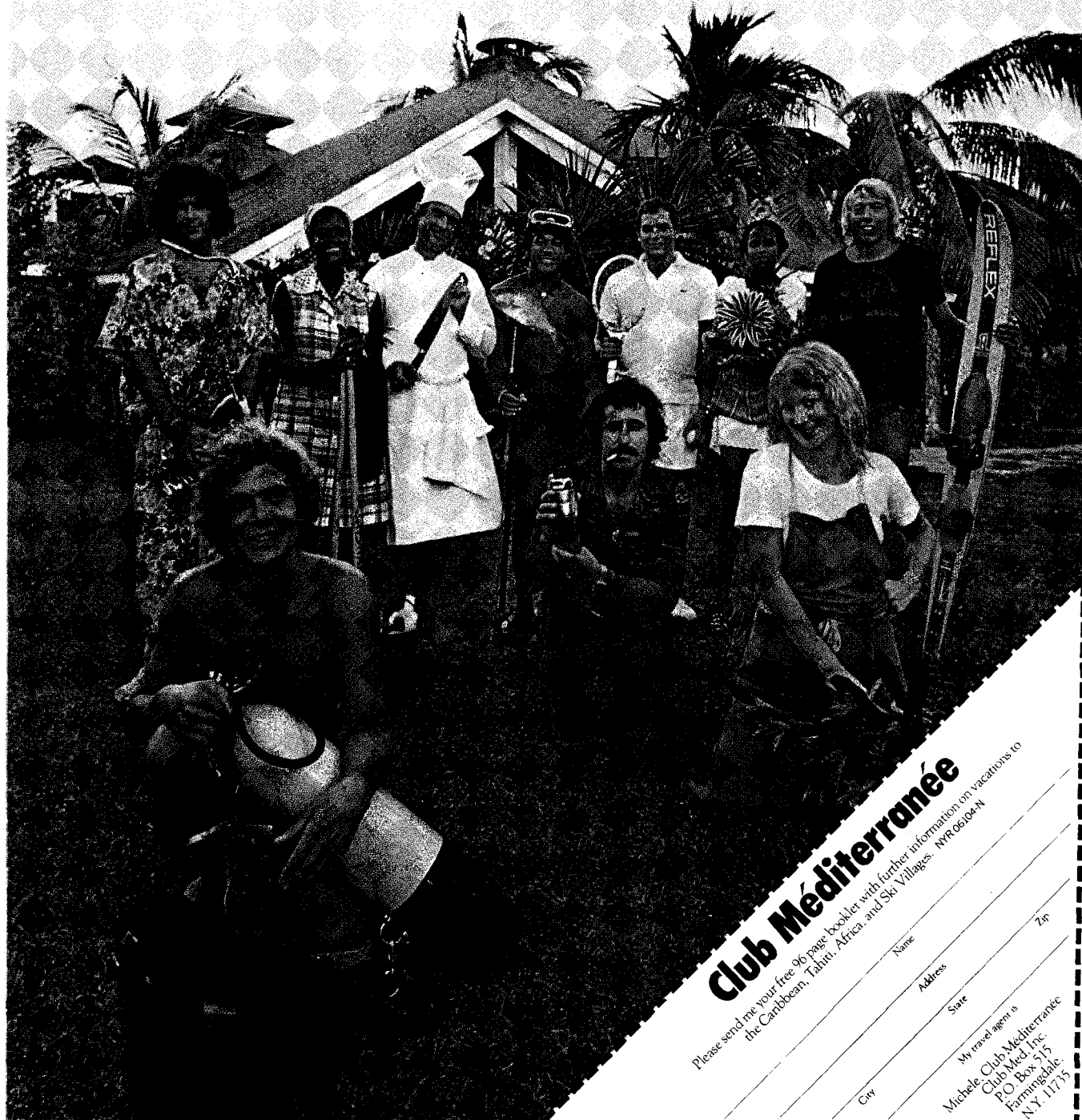
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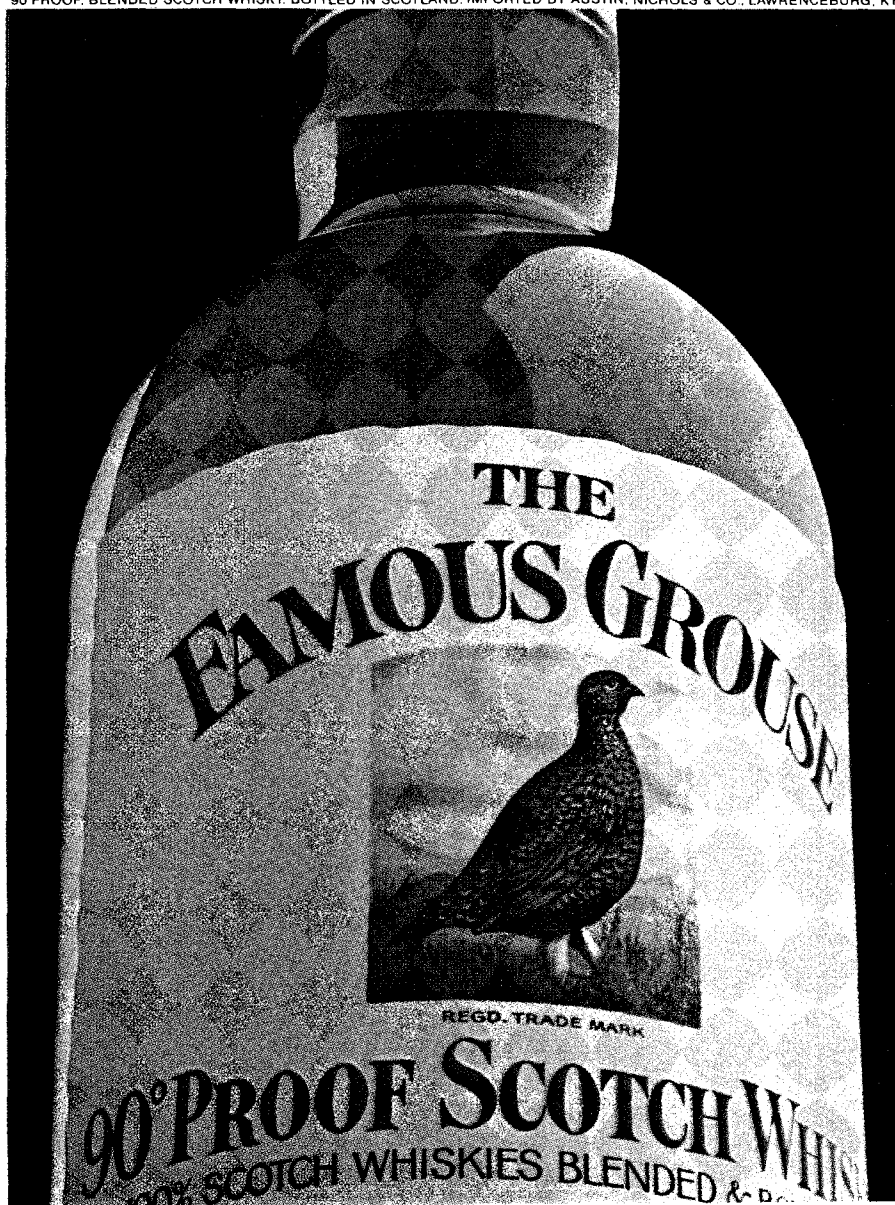
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coherence than are possible in autobiography. "Giacometti," writes Hohl, "corrects 'yesterday's facts' with 'today's truths.'" For an artist to whom past art is no longer available as a standard of reference, mythmaking and myth management are essential in order to shape the aesthetic identity that gives meaning to his creations.

THE exhibition at the Guggenheim of more than two hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, prints, and other items covers the entire career of Giacometti and, through the accompanying "Three Swiss Painters" show, extends into early-twentieth-century styles that he absorbed and surpassed. The Guggenheim ramp, which prevents the sculptures from being seen from behind, is favorable to the frontality intended by the artist. But the spiral ramp and the Museum's open center are totally destructive of the aura of an enclosed silence which Giacometti's hieratic figures generate. The show emphasizes the degree to which the Guggenheim Museum was designed to display artworks for people moved along by the descending curve, and its imperviousness, by no means accidental, to any atmosphere but that emanating from the aesthetics of Frank Lloyd Wright. The ramp assembles works in a linear order like the glass-covered bins of the Automat, with which Wright's work is contemporaneous. Giacometti's sculptures call for an environment of a different order—one in which space is taken out of circulation. Related in their mysteries to semblances once glimpsed in shrines and sacred groves, they require four walls or a raised platform.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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ONE of the pleasantest dividends, for me, of attending the challenge match between Northrup Knox and Pete Bostwick for the World Open Court Tennis Championship a few seasons ago was the chance it provided to make the acquaintance of Pierre Etchebaster, the court-tennis professional at the Racquet & Tennis Club of New York, where the match was held. A small, trim, sprightly Basque, Etchebaster, who himself held the World Open title for twenty-six years before he retired, undefeated, in 1954, at the age of sixty-one, must surely rank alongside the likes of Ben Hogan, Bob Cousy, Ted Williams, Jim Brown, Joe Louis, Gordon Howe, Hashim Khan, Roger Bannister, and Pancho Gonzales as one of the athletic marvels of our time. However, because his game was court tennis, which very few people get to play or see, let alone discuss at the neighborhood bar-and-grill, he is comparatively unknown. Today, at eighty, Etchebaster remains extremely active: he continues to teach court tennis daily at the Racquet Club except in the summer months, when he teaches lawn tennis at the Piping Rock Club, on Long Island. He retains the enthusiasm of a boy for these games—indeed, for all games—but in our talks it seemed to me that his animation was brightest and most boyish whenever he spoke of *mains-nues* and the other *pelote* games he had played as a boy back in Saint-Jean-de-Luz. “The next time you are in Europe, you must find time to go to the Pays Basque,” he told me more than once. “They are still playing the old games there—the children and the grown men, in all the villages. Fascinating games—*mains-nues*, *grand chistera*, *petit chistera*, *pasaka*, *pala ancha*, many others. You see them no place else. How much longer the people will play these games I do not know. Even the Basques, they are

PELOTE

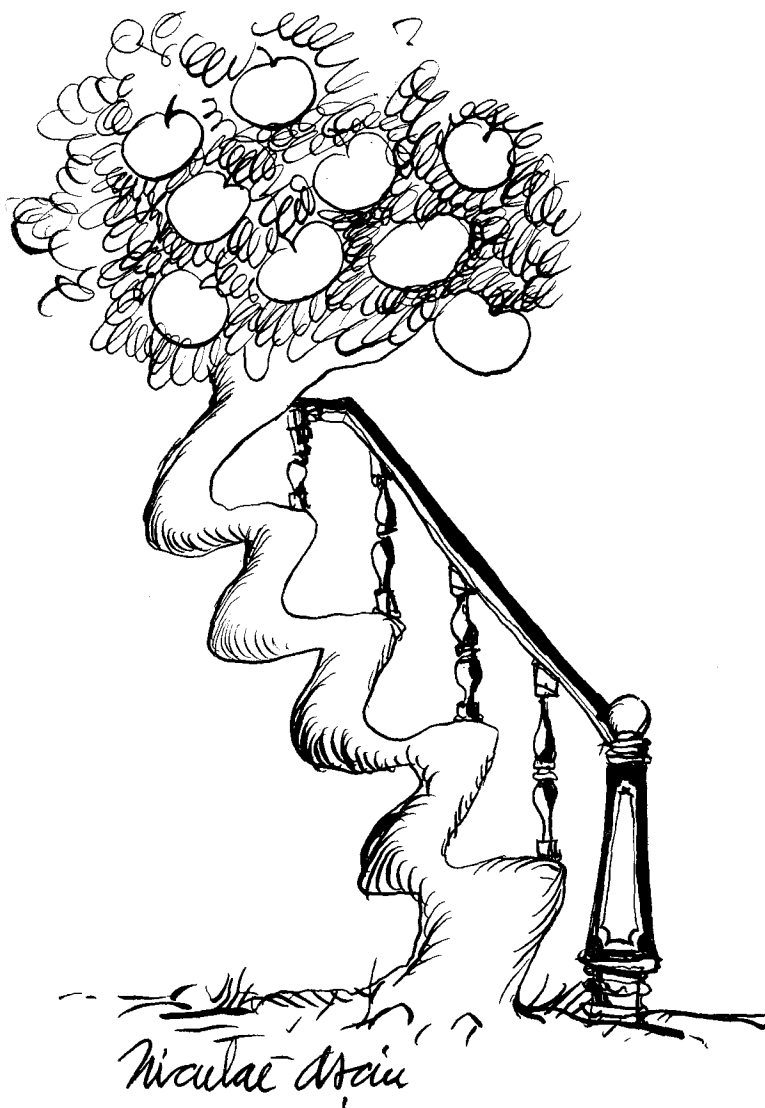
changing fast now, like the rest of the world.”

Etchebaster is a persuasive man, and not long ago, when I found myself in Europe with a free week at my disposal, I headed straight for Saint-Jean-de-Luz, which is at the southeastern corner of the Bay of Biscay, a few miles above the Spanish border. There I put up, as Etchebaster had recommended, at the Hôtel de Chantaco, an elegant country inn about a mile from town and overlooking the finishing holes of the Golf Club de Chantaco. More important, Etchebaster had arranged for his son Michel, who runs a *pâtisserie* in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, to act as my guide during my stay. The late-spring and summer months, when the tourists and vacationers pour in, are rough on *pâtisseries*—during that season Etchebaster *fil*s starts his baking at 4 A.M.—but somehow he was able to modify his schedule so that we went to at least one *pelote* game every afternoon

or evening. He speaks creditable English, and without him I would have been lost, for there are no bouquets on my French and my Basque begins and ends with “*Egun on*” (“Good morning”), “*Goentzi*” (“Au revoir”), and an occasional chirpy “*Milesker hainitz*” (“Thank you very much”).

The better to understand *pelote* and its place in the regional culture, I had done a little homework on the Basques before visiting Saint-Jean-de-Luz. Today, Eskual Herria, the land of the Basques, consists of seven provinces—three in France (Labourd, Basse-Navarre, and Soule) and four in Spain (Vizcaya, Álava, Guipúzcoa, and Navarra)—occupying the western ridges of the Pyrenees and the southeastern shore of the Bay of Biscay. The Basques were there before the first written records were kept, but how they got there and where they came from are a mystery—one of the great unsolved mysteries of the Western world. Scholars have variously concluded that they are descendants of pre-

historic Iberian tribes, of the primitive Aquitani, of Bronze Age settlers from Phoenicia, of the Hebrews, of the Chaldeans, of the Etruscans, of the Egyptians, of the Finns, and of the Japanese, while some of the more imaginative theorists have traced their origin to Cro-Magnon man, Tubal (the grandson of Noah), and the survivors of the lost continent of Atlantis. The Basque language, the only one in Western Europe that does not belong to the Indo-European family, has served only to compound the mystery. Here, again, scholars have ridden off in all directions, some philologists carefully tracing the resemblances between Basque and the dialects of the Caucasus Mountains, others its resemblances to Gaelic, Welsh, Finnish, Japanese, and Eskimo. The main point, however, is that the Basques are a quite separate



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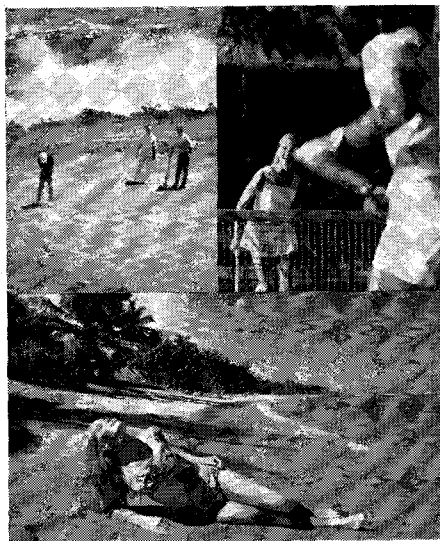
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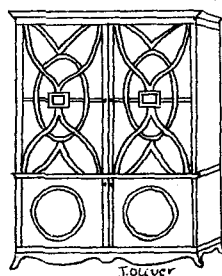
ethnic group (in no other European people, for example, does the Rh-negative blood type occur anywhere near as frequently), and they have always demonstrated a fierce disinclination to mix with outsiders—a disinclination that until comparatively recent times was carried so far that the young men customarily married girls from their own village. Down through the centuries, the Basques successfully resisted a long parade of invaders, which included the Romans, the Visigoths, the Franks, the Normans, and the Moors. They take immense pride in this and at least an equal pride in the fact that, despite their manifest competence at warfare, they have never sought to subjugate anyone else. The Basques have traditionally been just as redoubtable on water as on land. The Santa Maria was commanded by a Basque, Juan Viskaino de Mundaka, on one of Columbus's voyages, and when Magellan was killed in the Philippines the officer who took over command and completed that first circumnavigation of the globe was a Basque, Juan Sebastián de Elcano. While the Basques were among Europe's first whalers—nowadays their fishing fleets concentrate on tuna and sardines—by and large they have been and remain an agricultural and pastoral people. In the flattish stretches of the valleys, they raise maize and vegetables, poultry and cattle; on the higher land, they tend vineyards and apple orchards; and on the steep mountainsides they herd sheep. The Basque farmers are rugged and industrious, but, in a way, they have it pretty easy. The old-style Basque wife does more than her share of the farm work, she never disputes her husband's decisions, she waits on him at table and eats afterward, and at church she kneels with the other women on the ground floor while the men sit together in the balcony.

Today, there are about a hundred and twenty thousand true Basques living in France and about seven hundred and fifty thousand in Spain, where the largest numbers are clustered around the region's two biggest cities—San Sebastián, the crescent port that has long been Spain's unofficial summer capital, and Bilbao, now a most un-Basque agglomeration of shipyards, industrial plants, and sprawling low-rent housing projects. There are differences between the French Basques and the Spanish Basques—the latter, as you might expect, are more intense and demonstrative—but the similarities are far more compelling. The two branches

of the family look much alike: in the typical Basque face, the eyes are set deep, above very high cheekbones and near the bridge of a long, semi-aquiline nose; the lower part of the face is narrow, the mouth firm and tight, the jaw straight and unprojecting. Both the French and the Spanish Basques are fairly dour by temperament, but (like the Scots) they explode into song and dance on festive occasions. Both are Basques first and Frenchmen or Spaniards second. It is not to be wondered at that the pastimes of such an individual people should be a little different from those of anyone else. One speaks of "*le particularisme Basque*," and it shows in their games. None of the games were actually invented by the Basques; they just changed existing games into better ones.

IT should be explained before we proceed any farther that *pelote* is the generic term the French Basques use to cover handball and about a dozen kindred games played with gloves, wooden rackets, and wicker baskets. Some of these games take place indoors in a four-wall court called a *trinquet*, the others outdoors in a *fronton*, a large, one-wall court that in most villages is situated in *la place libre*, a combination of village green and games-playing area. The balls used in these games vary in size, weight, and construction, but they are all called *pelotes*. At the first match that Michel Etchebaster took me to, in the *fronton* in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the attraction was *grand chistera*, which is most easily

described as the French equivalent of the Spanish *pelota* game that we now know as *jai alai* (literally, "merry festival")—the name the Cuban entrepreneurs gave it when they imported it around 1900. *Jai alai* and the other Spanish *pelota* games differ essentially from the French



pelote games in that they are played in an indoor *fronton* with three walls: a front wall and a back wall each from thirty to forty feet wide, and a wall along the left about a hundred and sixty feet long. In both *jai alai* and *grand chistera*, each of the players catches and throws the ball in a long, banana-shaped wicker basket strapped to his hand (it is called a *chistera* in France, a *cesta* in Spain), but the Spanish game is much more dramatic. First, the ball is livelier. A bit smaller than a baseball, it has a pure Pará-rubber center wrapped with linen thread and covered with two layers of

goatskin, whereas the *grand-chistera* ball has a smaller core of gum rubber, a wrapping of elastic and woollen strips, and a cover of either sheepskin or dogskin. Second, in a Spanish *fronton*, which has a concrete floor, the bounce is considerably faster than it is in an outdoor *fronton* in France, where the first fifty to sixty-five feet of the court, near the wall, are paved with flagstone and the remainder of the playing surface is simply hard-packed earth. Because of the blinding velocity at which the ball travels in *jai alai*, there are few movements in sport as exciting as the gymnastics of a first-class player when he traps a rebound off the back wall, catching the ball on the reverse (or backhand) side by using both hands on the *costa*, and then spins and flings the ball toward the front wall at a speed of over a hundred and fifty miles an hour. He puts so much into it that he is literally lifted from his feet and hurled to the floor. In no other game, except possibly in golf, does the ball travel so fast.

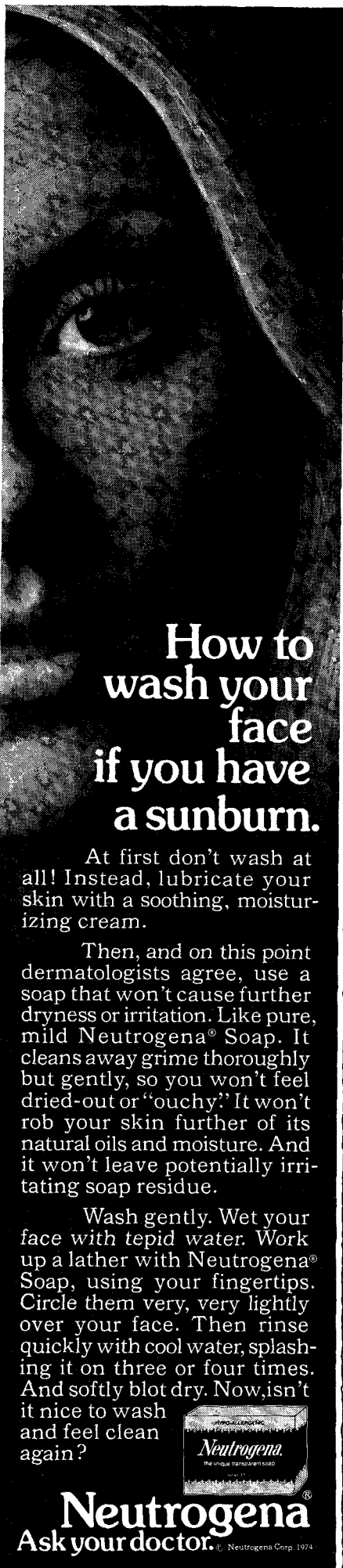
In Saint-Jean-de-Luz, a lovely fishing port and summer resort with a permanent population of about ten thousand, the *fronton* is cut into a mildly sloping hillside a quarter of a mile from the heart of town. There are stone bleachers, ten rows high, extending along both lengths of the court, and these are partly shaded by plane trees, which is helpful, since the summer sun in southern France can be brutal. When Etchebaster and I arrived, about three hundred people, who had paid a dollar admission for adults or sixty cents for children, were watching a preliminary match between two teams of boys about ten years old. As is standard in *grand chistera*, there were three players to a side, and, as is also standard, the members of one team wore blue sashes and their opponents red. These youngsters, Etchebaster told me, were students at the local *École de Pelote*, a comparatively new institution set up to develop young talent. One reason that *jai alai* has come to eclipse *grand chistera* in most places is the superior skill of the players, and this is directly attributable to the acumen of certain Spanish promoters of the game, who, around 1900, began to select the most promising boys when they were eight or nine and put them through years of rigorous training. A player has to start as early as that and work that sedulously if he is to develop the eye, the speed of foot, and the reflexes necessary to compete at the top level in the so-called *frontons mur-à-gauche* of Spain, Cuba, Mexico, Argentina, the Philippines, and Florida. French

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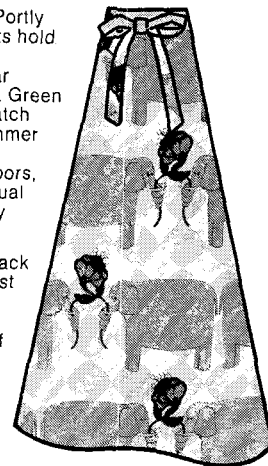
boys are not pushed that hard—they receive only four hours of coaching a week—but I thought the ones we were watching handled the *chistera* very well. After their match was over and the female announcer had sung out over the loudspeaker, "*Victoire pour les Bleus, trente à seize*," there was a brief intermission, during which an elderly woman in a red dress circulated through the stands selling assorted nuts. Two gray-haired men in bottle-green berets fired a toy cannon to notify the outside world that the main event—between two local professional teams—was about to start. A moment later, a trio of musicians came trudging across the empty court—a young man playing a small drum called a *tambourin*, and two old-timers in flat, wide black Basque berets, each fingering a *chistu*, or shepherd's pipe, with his left hand and beating a *tambourin* with a drumstick in his right. They were playing a bright, up-tempo *chant du pays*, and continued their music until the game got under way. Etchebaster told me, smiling a little, "Nearly all the spectators, I would guess, are tourists. The music is for them—you know, a touch of local color. However, at *pelote* we observe one picturesque tradition even if there is not one tourist present. When the Angelus is tolled at noon, play stops, directly. Everyone stands up and removes his beret, and there is a minute for prayer. This is not put on for anyone's benefit. This is Basque."

There is not much to be gained, it seems to me, in going beyond the elementary rules of play in describing the game of *grand chistera*. The court is approximately three hundred and twenty-five feet by fifty or sixty feet. (There are no fixed dimensions.) The commanding feature of the court, naturally, is the front wall, which is made up of blocks of granite fitted tightly together and sometimes covered with a thin, smooth coating of cement. The size of the wall varies from *fronton* to *fronton*, but on the average it is about fifty feet wide and thirty feet high, except in the center section, where it arches several feet higher, so that it has something of the look of a small mosque in silhouette. The server puts the ball in play off the wall, and, as in *jai alai* and most other wall games, the opposing team must return the ball to the wall either on the volley or on the first bounce. It is not a bad game to watch. In some rallies, there are as many as twenty exchanges before the point is won, either on a placement or on an opponent's error. In truth, though, once you have become accustomed to

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the players' virtuosity with the *chistera* and to the dramatic crack that the ball makes when it strikes the wall, *grand chistera* tends to be somewhat repetitious and dull, particularly if you compare it, as I inevitably found myself doing, with *jai alai*. Its most satisfying moments come when the *arrière*, the player who covers the back court, is forced very deep—say, a hundred and thirty or a hundred and sixty feet from the wall—to retrieve a hard-hit shot, and then is kept dashing all over the place as the opposing team continues to pound the *pelote* past his two front-court teammates, the *avants*. The best man on the field in the match we saw (the Bleus won, 50-39) was the *arrière* on the winning team, a supple, dark-haired young man with the grand old Basque name of Hirigoyen, and I was not surprised when Etchebaster told me that he had been on several championship teams. "He is no Chiquito de Cambo, though," Etchebaster went on, mentioning for the first time a name I was to hear endless references to during my stay. "See that small back wall? That's a hundred yards from the front wall. Well, Chiquito de Cambo could smash the *pelote* with such force that on the rebound it would carry clear over the back wall—forty yards farther than we saw anyone hit it today. An outright point, unreturnable. No one before or since has been in a class with Chiquito." I asked if Chiquito was an especially large man, thinking of Babe Ruth, Jack Nicklaus, and other power hitters. "Not when he first came to attention, back in his home town of Cambo," Etchebaster said. "He was about fifteen then, and was rather small in build, which is why he was given the nickname of Chiquito. His real name was Joseph Apestéguy. But even when he was just a boy, I gather, he had exceptionally strong arms and wonderful timing and body moves. Later, he put on a good deal of weight. He was a national hero, and he lived very well, if you know what I mean. Mind you, this was all before my time. Chiquito was born about a dozen years before my father, and he was in his prime in the first decade of the century. He was tremendous at all forms of *pelote*, and at *grand chistera* he was the complete player—*tout ce qui fait un joueur*. His reputation was international. Whenever royalty came to Biarritz on holiday, they made a special point of going to the *fronton* to see Chiquito in action. They showered him with presents. Alfonso XIII of Spain gave him a jewelled ring. The ending of the story is not too happy. Like many heroes of

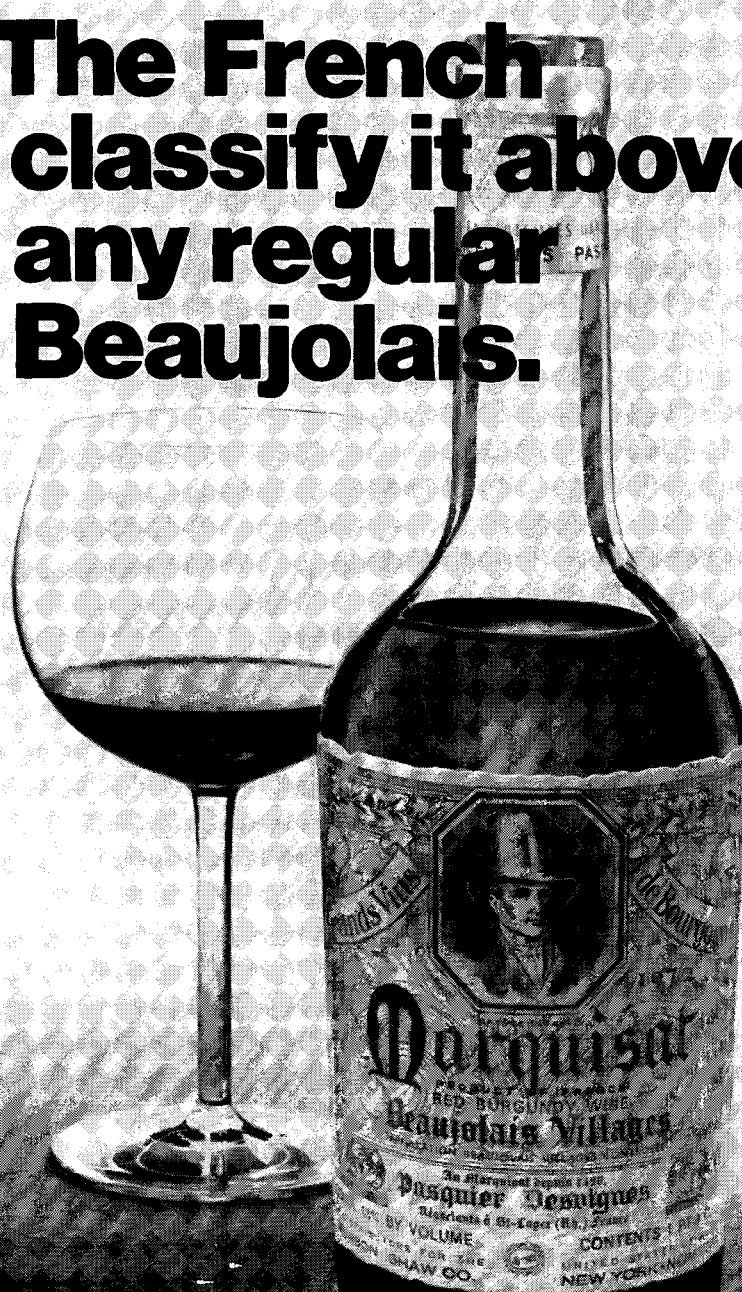
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sport, Chiquito de Cambo made a fortune and threw it out the window. In the late nineteen-thirties, he was really in bad shape. He had pawned everything he owned except the ring Alfonso had given him. That he would never part with. Finally, during the '39-'45 war, the municipality of Saint-Jean-de-Luz came to his rescue and gave him a job as a policeman. That helped, but I remember how when my father saw him on the street in 1949—and he knew Chiquito well—he didn't recognize him. Chiquito had changed that much. The next year, he was dead." Etchebaster paused a moment. "The important thing was that Chiquito had such a genius for *pelote* and such personal magnetism that he brought the game to the attention of all Europe. There is a memorial to him in just about every Basque town and village in France. Today, even the little boys know about Chiquito de Cambo."



THAT evening, Etchebaster took me to see some *mains-nues* (literally, "bare hands") in Urrugne, a village a few miles south of Saint-Jean-de-Luz. In a way, it was a quiet evening—we watched two games of handball and drank some cognac—but, because of the thumping authenticity of the setting, I look back on it as one of the most enjoyable evenings in a misspent life of games-watching. You get to Urrugne by taking a right off the highway that leads to Hendaye and the Spanish border. You climb a road, bordered by plane trees, for half a mile or so, and at the top of the slope you find yourself in a small village square of overpowering charm. The façades of the buildings rimming the square are whitewashed concrete rectangles, three or four stories high, dominated by rows of brightly painted shutters, most of them the brownish-red called *grenat*, which the Basques favor above all other colors, and the rest either a deep blue or a deep green. Just off the square, a massive stone church, erected in the time of Louis XI, rises high above everything else, including one or two small sidewalk cafés, their tables set out on the cobblestones. Everything is as clean and crisp as Switzerland. (I was to discover that this is true of nearly all the Basque hill villages.) However, I am inclined to think that I became an Urrugne man on the spot because I had gone there expecting nothing—certainly not the vitality that pervaded the square and the main street as everyone in town (or so it seemed) converged on the

trinquet for the evening's sport. If the afternoon had been touristy, this was the real thing. There wasn't a flowered sports shirt, a camera, or a dog-eared Fielding in sight.

Most *trinquets* are situated at the rear of a restaurant-bar. Sport in the Basque country is a convivial occasion, and a man needs a coffee and a cognac to make the hours shine. To reach the *trinquet* in Urrugne, Etchebaster and I threaded our way through the crowd jamming the main room of the Café Dongaitz, moved down a passageway

to the ticket-seller, mounted a narrow stairway to our seats (more accurately, our bench), at the rear of the upper gallery, and,

from there, looked down on a beautiful white-walled court enclosed on three sides by a two-tiered wooden gallery and covered by a peaked roof supported by rough wooden beams gray with age. The court, Etchebaster told me, was as old as the village church. It was a most bizarre-looking court—nothing like the cube of unbroken white walls in which conventional handball (a game the Irish are credited with inventing) is played. What it did look like was a junior-size court-tennis court. This was what it was, in fact, for indoor *mains-nues*, apart from deriving from outdoor *mains-nues*, which dates from the Middle Ages, also derives, in a strange and circuitous way, from the ancient game of court tennis. A refinement of early handball, court tennis was originally played in the courtyards of châteaux and monasteries in France and Italy, which explains why the asymmetrical court that evolved resembled nothing so much as a medieval cloister; there is a buttress-shaped projection (the *tambour*) and a shedlike structure with a slanted roof (the *penthouse*) running around three sides of the court and having large netted rectangular openings in its walls into which winning shots can be played. When court tennis reached its peak, in the year 1600, there were over eighteen hundred courts in Paris; a number of them were "championship" size (roughly a hundred and ten feet by thirty-eight feet), but most of them, called *tripots*, were appreciably smaller. Court tennis declined during the reign of Louis XIV and all but died out during the French Revolution, so the deserted *tripots*, in Paris and elsewhere, were converted to other uses. (Some, in an early Off Broadway trend, became the homes of acting troupes specializing in Molière.) In the Basque country, however, certain *tripots*, like the one in Urrugne, were left as they

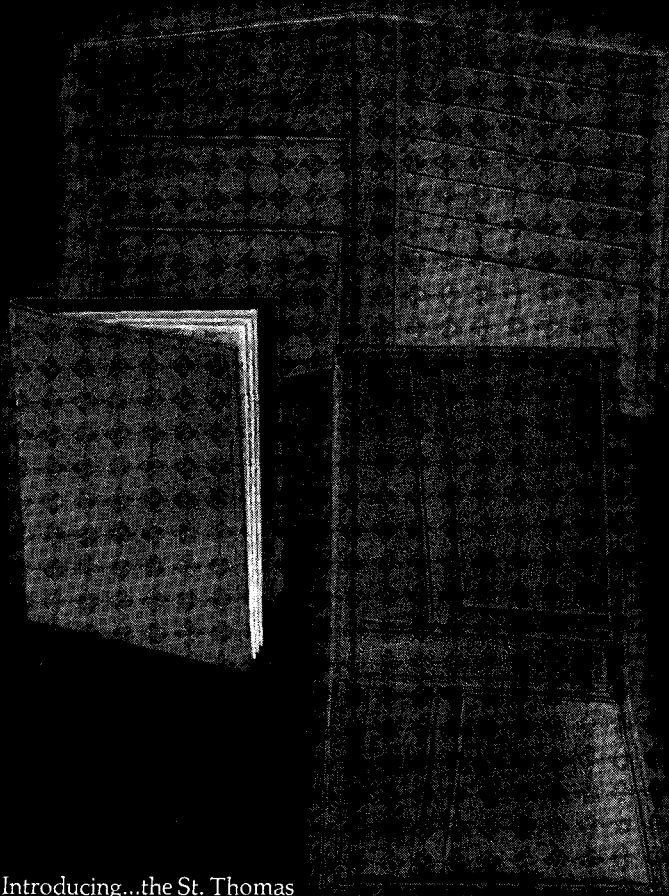
were and used for *pasaka*, a two-against-two game—played across a center net and scored the same as court tennis—in which the players use *gants de cuir*, or huge, stiff leather gloves. Accordingly, these courts were available for demonstration purposes when, in 1892, a gifted Argentine athlete of Basque descent who used the sobriquet of Porteño (a vernacular term for an inhabitant of Buenos Aires) returned to the mother country and introduced indoor *mains-nues*, a game that had been invented in Argentina by Basque immigrants. The new game enchanted the French Basques, and before long, as the number of enthusiasts multiplied, new *tripot*-size courts called *trinquets* were erected in the cities and villages. *Mains-nues au trinquet*, then, is handball played on a modified court-tennis court, about ninety feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. The prominent buttress has been reduced to a *pan coupé*, or slanted wall, thirty inches wide, which runs at a forty-five-degree angle from the front wall to the right-hand wall; it is painted some bright color—at Urrugne, a chrome yellow. The penthouse runs along only two sides—the left and the back. Its pitched roof is four feet wide, with the lower edge about five feet above the court; the side opening, or *flet de côté*, is roughly forty-five feet long and three feet high, and the rear opening, or *flet de derrière*, is about eighteen feet long and three feet high. The penthouse is generally painted a spruce green. One more thing: there is no center net.

Mains-nues is not a complicated game. It is customarily played by two two-man teams, each composed of an *avant* (the front-court man) and an *arrière* (the back-court man). On the serve, the ball must strike the front wall above a black line about three feet off the floor, and on the rebound it must carry beyond a white line that crosses the gray concrete floor sixty-five feet from the front wall. Service, as a rule, is made by the *avant*, who can run as close to the wall as he wants to before bouncing the ball and swatting it; sometimes he aims it down a side wall, sometimes for the side roof of the penthouse, and now and then for one of the netted openings under the penthouse. Wherever he places the serve, it is up to one of the two men on the opposing team—usually the *arrière*—to take the ball either on the volley or on the first bounce and return it so that it hits the front wall above the three-foot-high horizontal line. At this stage of a point, as in lawn-tennis doubles, either man on the server's team can play the ball,

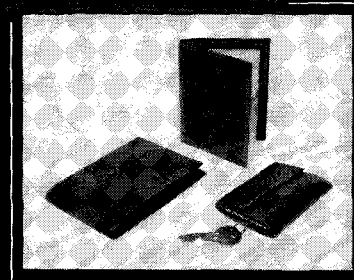
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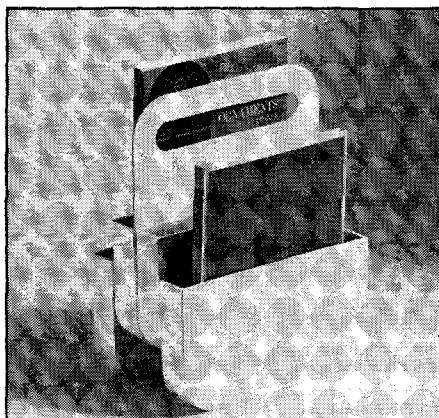
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either man on the other team can play the answering shot, and so on, until the rally is terminated. A point is won whenever a player blasts a shot into one of the openings under the penthouse, or when his opponent fails to reach the ball on the first bounce, flubs his return short of the front wall, or hits it out of court. On the face of it, *mains-nues* wouldn't seem to be any more fascinating than ordinary handball—a game that is all proletarian grunts and awkward movements—but I found it absolutely absorbing. I am speaking of the fabric of the game itself, though I am sure I was prejudiced to a considerable degree, as I say, both by the antiquity of the court at Urrugne and by the exuberance of the crowd. It is something to be caught up in the fervor of a *trinquetful* of village workingmen and farmers, in their black berets and maroon sweaters, eying each rally like hawks, noisily voicing their approbation of a well-played point, expressing their disgust at an unforced error just as clearly, and, since the Basques cannot watch a game without betting on it, continuously crisping the air with cries of “*Vingt à quinze*,” “*Cinq à deux*,” and the like as they seek to make new bets or hedge on old ones as the match progresses. The realness of it all transported me. It was like being in the pit of the Globe Theatre during the opening run of one of Shakespeare's plays.

Before the main match went on, there was a preliminary singles that held particular interest for Etchebaster, since one of the two contestants was a stocky young man who worked in his bakery—a former national junior champion named Jean-Baptiste Ezcurra and known as Battit (pronounced “Ba-cheech”), which is the Basque familiar for Jean-Baptiste. (When I was introduced to him in the bakery, I had found my hand swallowed up in a cavern of flesh; Battit's palm was as thick as a beefsteak, and, after years of *mains-nues*, the skin had an almost crustacean toughness.) He started out quite well, against an opponent who moved somewhat faster than he did but hit the ball less hard, but when the score was 9—all the power suddenly went out of the shots Battit made with his right hand. In between points, which he now began to lose with rapidity, he tugged continually at the fingers of his right hand with his left and massaged the upper palm. I turned to Etchebaster for an explanation. “He has *mal à la main*,” he replied with a sad shake of his head. “He has a blood clot—*un clou*. It is bad luck. It happens in *mains-nues*.” I could understand



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how it might. The ball, about the size of a tennis ball, is constructed, like the ball in *grand chistera*, of a rubber core wound with elastic and woollen strips and encased in a sheepskin cover. It is a hard ball, and when you have to whack it thirty yards or more from the back court to the front wall, small wonder the sound the ball makes against the bare hand is like the crack of a rifle—nearly as loud and sharp as the sound it makes against the front wall. In any event, Battit, in conspicuous pain, played out the game with his left hand. The final score was something like 40-17.

In the feature match, the reigning national champions, François Zugasti and Ferdinand Dagerre, wearing red ribbons attached to their upper sleeves, came up against Charles Etchart and Jean-Baptiste Elissalde, wearing blue ribbons. (All four wore white sports shirts, white duck trousers, and tennis sneakers. For outdoor games, the players dress the same, except that some prefer to wear rope-soled Basque *sandales*.) Zugasti and Etchart, the two *avants*, were chunky men with well-developed shoulders. Most front-court specialists have that kind of physique, for they must have exceptional arm and shoulder power not only to be effective servers but to be able to return a head-on smash with a quick smash of their own. Since they play fairly close to the front wall—ten to twenty feet back on the average—conditioned reflexes are more important for them than speed of foot; accordingly, many front-court men can continue to hold their own in top-class competition when they are well into their thirties—as both Zugasti and Etchart were. The two back-court men, Elissalde and Dagerre, were leaner, more agile, and younger—in their mid-twenties—for the *arrière* must cover a tremendous court area. The two *avants* invariably take up their position close to the left wall, because the fundamental strategy is to play the ball down the left—*toujours, toujours à gauche*. Should an *avant* unintentionally direct a shot toward the center of the court, he sets up the other *avant* with a fine angle for hitting a clean winner cross-court off the front wall and ricocheting into the long side opening, the *filet de côté*. A ball that hugs the left wall, though, offers the opposing *avant* no angle whatever on the *filet de côté*, and, besides, a wall-hugging ball is hard to return.

The basic pattern of *mains-nues* will probably emerge if I reconstruct the kind of point that brought cheers from the gallery and had the old-timers nar-

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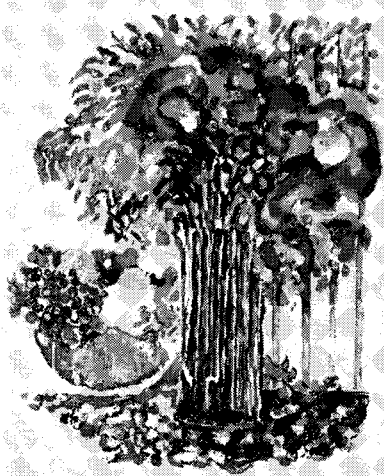
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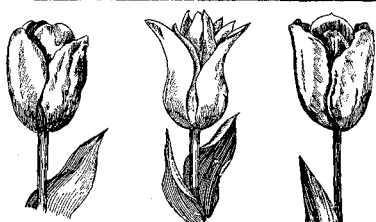
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rowing their eyes and bobbing their long chins in exchanges of approval. Let's say the *Blues* have the serve. The *Blue avant* sends it deep, off the back wall, and the *Red arrière* returns it well, getting his body behind the shot by swinging his rear foot forward in a wide arc as he steps into the ball. His shot rebounds from the front wall onto the side roof of the penthouse; it comes trickling down so softly that the *Blue arrière*, rather than risk an unplayably low bounce, decides to volley the ball with his left hand. (A *mains-nues* player has to be ambidextrous.) His shot, however, is a rather weak one, and the *Red avant*, seeing that the ball will rebound short off the front wall and into the center of the court, positions himself to smash it for the *filet de côté*. Anticipating this

maneuver, the *Blue avant* sets himself up an arm's length from that opening, about fifteen feet back from the front wall. The ball comes off the front wall like a streak, right at the *Blue avant*, and, with a quick shoulder-high flail, he volleys the ball hard and fast down that side wall; the *Red avant* reaches it with a desperate lunge, but the best he can do is play a defensive stroke, a looping shot to midcourt, which the *Blue arrière* slaps with such force that the *Red avant* cannot touch it as it heads straight for the *filet de côté*. However, the *Red arrière*, who has raced in to back up his partner, intercepts the ball with a brilliant move. The only trouble is that his return is a soft one. The *Blue arrière* pounds it deep to the back of the court. Backpedalling fast, the hard-pressed *Red arrière* catches up with the ball as it comes off the back roof of the penthouse, and manages to slap it all the way to the front wall, but, not surprisingly, there is no steam on the shot. It comes meekly off the front wall to the right side of the court—a perfect setup for the *Blue avant*. He eyes the slanting tambour for an instant, and that glance, plus the knowledge that the *filet de côté* must be defended, anchors the *Red avant* to the left wall. With the *Blue avant* disguising his intentions until the last moment, there is no knowing just where he will place the ball. There is a good chance, though, that, with the right forecourt open, he may put it there, close to the right wall. As the *Red arrière* moves up to protect that open area, the *Blue avant* lobs the ball over his head and deep into the back right-hand corner. The *Red arrière* reverses himself and digs to retrieve it, but before he can

reach the ball it has bounced twice, and the point has been won. In the game we watched, there were a dozen points of this quality and perhaps another dozen that were close to it. The *Blues*, by the way, were the winners, 50-43.

We found Battit at the bar in the *Café Dongaitz*, his puffed-up hand inside his jacket pocket. He was in a solemn mood. Part of the reason was economic. For playing a singles, Battit received only six dollars—the principals in a feature match got about fifteen dollars each—yet for a French workingman six dollars was quite a bit of money. Battit averaged four matches a

month. Now he would be out of action for four to six weeks, waiting for the hand to heal.

We were joined by Léon Dongaitz, the owner of the café and the *tringuet*, and one of the greatest *mains-nues* champions of all time. He was eighty-two. Sharp-featured and bright-eyed, he looked like a sort of Basque Casey Stengel. His manner also was Stengelian—spry movements and jerky gestures accompanying staccato bursts of animated conversation. He studied Battit's hand sympathetically, and then, slapping him on the back, smiled and told him that the rest would probably do him good. "You young fellows all play too much today," he said, with a wink. "That's why you don't improve." He turned to Etchebaster. "Back in the days when your papa and I were active, how often did we play a big match? Once a month, that was all. The leading players today schedule three matches a week. The hands won't support it."

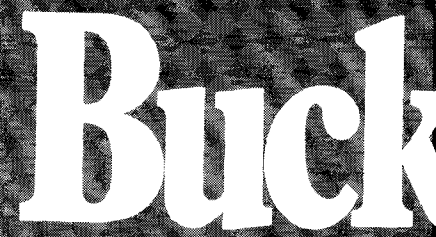
I asked Dongaitz his opinion of the match we had just seen. He smiled slowly and seesawed his palm back and forth a couple of times. "Not good, not bad," he said. "Not good by the best standards. Our modern players are not great players. But *mains-nues*, believe me, is a great game."

DURING the next six days, Michel Etchebaster shepherded me all over the French Basque country. I found him the perfect guide—good-natured, companionable, and very well informed. A man much larger in build than his father, young Etchebaster has the same love of sports. As a schoolboy in Paris, he was a good tennis player and a champion oarsman. Nowadays, he plays *pala ancha*—excellent *pala ancha*—and in the autumn he goes into the mountains for quail and wild dove. He was a tireless cicerone. He took me to hill towns like Sare, Ascain, Amotz,



Itxassou, Louhosson, Bidarray, and Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, an ancient Roman fortress near the mountain pass of Roncevaux, where Roland died; to the sister city of Saint-Jean-de-Luz, Ciboure (where Maurice Ravel was born); to the spa of Cambo (the birthplace of the peerless Chiquito and the site of the spreading estate of Edmond Rostand, the playwright); to Bayonne (and the Musée Basque) and Arbonne (the home town of Jean Borotra, the famed Bounding Basque of lawn tennis); to Biarritz, a shell of its former self (the old luxury hotels glitterless, the Victorian-baroque villas boarded up or converted to cheap commercial uses, and not an E. Phillips Oppenheim character in sight); to Guéthary (where the best *pelotes* are made, by hand), Bidart, Ustaritz, Hasparren, Espelette, Ainhoa, Dancharia, Biriou, and Hendaye; and to Urrugne again. Wherever we went, we watched some form of *pelote*, and one afternoon, for good measure, we crossed the border into Spain and took in some *remonte*, a cousin of *jai alai*, in a covered *fronton* in San Sebastián. In between trips, I talked with numberless *pelote* experts in Saint-Jean-de-Luz—they are about as numerous and as easily flushed out as pro-football experts on Madison Avenue or tennis experts in Beverly Hills—and in Bayonne I spent a most instructive morning with the reigning authority on Basque games, one Roger Lagisquet, who writes a weekly column about them for the *Sud-Ouest de Bordeaux* under the nom de plume Bota, the term for the server in the game of *rebot*. I learned from all this that it is a lot easier to trace the family tree of the Forsytes or the Snopeses than the family tree of *pelote*. Rather than get lost in its ramifications, it is better, I believe, simply to note that today *rebot*—a five-against-five game occasionally played in the public *frontons*—and *pasaka* are the only surviving forms of *pelote* in which the teams defend separate ends of the court and directly face their adversaries. *Rebot* is a modernization of an old game called *le lachua*, which, in turn, was a modernization of *longue paume* ("long palm"), a medieval delight, and I mention this only because *le lachua* was the game of Perkaïn, the first larger-than-life Basque sports hero. In 1793, Perkaïn bravely opposed the Reign of Terror, and the Jacobins condemned him to death. He fled across the Pyrenees into Spain, but when he received a challenge from a longtime rival, Currutchet, to a game of *le lachua* he did not hesitate to recross the frontier. He met Currutchet

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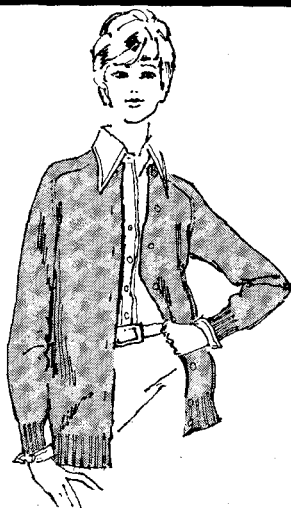
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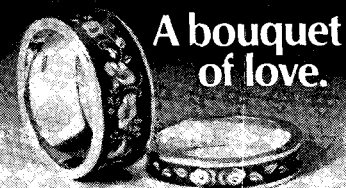
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at the village of Aldudes and defeated him soundly. Basque legend has it that just after Perkaïn put away the winning shot, the local Jacobin chief approached to arrest him. Perkaïn took the *pelote* he had in his hand and threw it with such force and accuracy that it struck his enemy squarely in the forehead and killed him instantly. Perkaïn then escaped over the mountains into Spain.

In *le lachua*, a centerline across the court divided it in half, and the two players (or the two teams of players) opposed each other face to face, as they did in the other traditional games. In the middle of the nineteenth century, about halfway between the heydays of Perkaïn and Chiquito de Cambo, a drastic revolution occurred, brought about by the discovery of rubber—or, strictly speaking, of the modern vulcanization process. The old ball, which consisted of heavy flax or wool strips wrapped around a marble, gave way to a ball with a solid-rubber core around which elastic and woollen threads were wound much more tightly. The new ball—livelier, faster, and with far greater longevity—suggested a new form of *mains-nues*, in which the ball was hit against a wall. In every Basque village, a wall was erected in the old *place libre* (it now became a *fronton*), and the present-day versions of *pelote* began to evolve. In earlier times, to speed up the old game the villagers had taken to hitting the ball with rough wooden rackets, and the well-to-do had trotted out the monstrous *gants de cuir*, leather gloves reinforced with iron, which they normally used for *le lachua* or *rebot*. Now the Basques turned to this equipment in order to make the fast new against-the-wall game even faster. For the average village boys, however, the leather gloves were both expensive and too heavy to manipulate, and, in a fascinating way, necessity became the mother of invention. One morning in 1858, a boy named Gantchiki, who lived in the village of Saint-Pée-sur-Nivelle, was inspired to see if he could catch a rebounding ball in his mother's long, slim wicker fruit basket and then hurl it back to the wall. It worked. Since practically every Basque household had just such a fruit basket, every youngster in Saint-Pée-sur-Nivelle outfitted himself with one overnight. In a matter of weeks, the same thing had happened throughout the entire Basque country. Then the refinement of the basket into a more efficient instrument for *pelote* began. The first step was to attach a glove to the back of the basket, for



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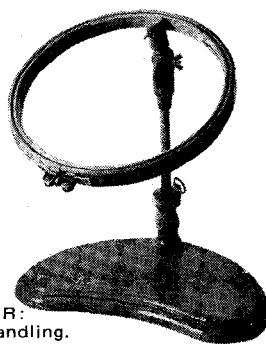


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surer control and increased power, and thereafter the shape and construction of the basket were gradually improved until the *petit chistera* emerged—a curved basket twenty-one and a half inches long, with inch-wide steam-bent strips of chestnut used for the ribs, over which willow reeds were woven closely. Later, the *petit chistera* was elaborated into the *grand chistera*—six inches longer, the curve exaggerated, and the pocket at the base of the curve considerably deeper. Although the die-hard traditionalists had reservations about the game of *grand chistera*—as they saw it, by separating the catch and the throw into two distinct movements it replaced finesse with grandstand stuff, like the high-parabola, long-distance swat and the two-handed reverse, or backhand—it was these innovations that enraptured both the Basques and the foreign visitors, elevated Chiquito de Cambo to the position of a regional Babe Ruth, and sent the Spanish version of *grand chistera* off on its conquest of the Western world under its new name of *jai alai*.

Over the last hundred years, the finest athletes in the French sector of the Basque country—men like Chiquito, Léon Dongaitz, and Pierre Etchebaster—have been fairly well versed in all the forms of *pelote*, which are *grand* and *petit chistera*, *pasaka*, *rebot*, *mains-nues*, and the several extensions of *mains-nues*: *grosse pala*, played in the *fronton* with an all-wood paddle-shaped racket about fifteen inches long; *pala ancha*, a *trinquet* game, played with a smaller wooden racket and an all-rubber ball; and *racquette Argentine*, another *trinquet* game, in which the racket looks like a fanciful snowshoe, its face a network of resilient reeds. In Spain, similarly, the leading lights of the three-wall *fronton* have generally been quite adept at all the forms of *pelota*, which are *jai alai* and its cousins *cesta punta* and *remonte*, handball, and the Spanish extensions of handball: *pala ancha*, *pala corta* (the equivalent of *grosse pala*), and *pala larga*, in which an even larger wooden racket is used. New offspring of the family continue to appear. During the Second World War, the rubber shortage led to the birth of *paleta*, in which a cloth ball is struck with a racket about the size of a Ping-Pong paddle. The most recent addition to the family is *frontenis* (from *fronton* and tennis), which amounts to *jai alai* played with a lawn-tennis racket and ball. Today, the average Basque adult steers clear of the games that demand a high degree of skill or physical conditioning,

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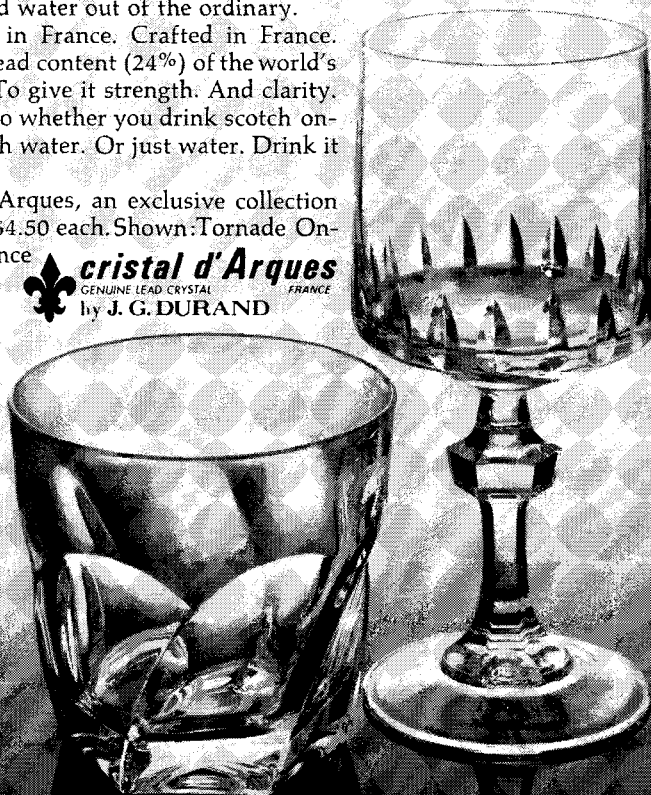
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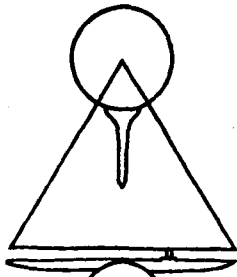
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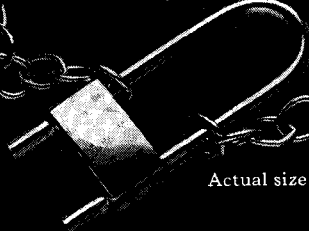


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and contents himself with some form or other of *pala ancha*. He approaches it as a sociable workout, the way an American approaches squash racquets, with the loser picking up the tab for the post-game drinks or dinner. By contrast, young Basques with professional aspirations must begin to specialize early and work long hours, just as the champions of the past did. Chiquito started early in his career to devote the bulk of his attention to *grand chistera*. Dongaitz's game was *mains-nues*; he played *avant* and continued to compete in the championships until he was sixty-one. Pierre Etchebaster's game was also *mains-nues*, which he learned as a child in the Saint-Jean-de-Luz *trinquet* owned by his maternal grandmother. His story is a little different. In 1922, when he won the national title in partnership with Amedée Arcé, he was recognized as the best *arrière* in the country, and the reports of his ability were so glowing that the man who ran court tennis in France, the Paris couturier Jacques Worth, journeyed to Saint-Jean-de-Luz expressly to inspect him. G. F. Covey, of England, had held the world court-tennis championship since 1916, and Worth was looking for a French hope to wrest the title from him. He was most impressed by Etchebaster and induced him to come to Paris and learn court tennis at the Jeu de Paume. After three years of training, Etchebaster challenged Covey and was defeated, seven sets to five. Two years later, in 1928, he challenged Covey again, and this time he won with ease, seven sets to two. Worth had succeeded better than he had dared dream: France reigned supreme in court tennis for the next twenty-six years, until at length Etchebaster retired, undefeated.

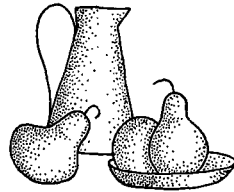
DURING my week of almost total immersion in *pelote*, there were, in addition to that first visit to Urrugne, three trips that stood out with special vividness. The first was our expedition to San Sebastián to see *remonte*, in the Fronton Urumea. It takes only forty minutes to drive from Saint-Jean-de-Luz to San Sebastián, entering Spain at Irún, but although you remain in Basque country, the change is decisive. The atmosphere in the covered *fronton* seemed much heavier, far more Latin. The air was clouded with cigar smoke, the glass roof over the court was coated with dirt, and the paint on the dark

walls needed touching up. The spectators, naturally, were much more citified than the country types I had been sitting among, and they were so wrapped up in their betting that for them the game per se appeared to be little more than a means to an end. (In the colorful Spanish method of betting, which goes on while a game is in progress, a commissioner inserts a slip of paper with the odds as of that moment in an old tennis ball with a slit in the cover; he throws the ball to the customer, who removes the slip, stuffs his money in the ball, and throws it

back to the commissioner.) I suppose, too, I was somewhat let down by *remonte* itself. Played with two on a side, it is very similar to *jai alai*, but the *cesta* is quite a bit shallower and straighter, the

players receive and dispatch the ball in one sweeping motion, rolling it quickly to the tip of the *cesta* with an educated flick of the wrist that takes years to master. The trouble is that the tremendous artistry inherent in *remonte* is not really visible, so the average *pelota* aficionado prefers the more obvious, not to say spectacular, charms of *jai alai*. Michel Etchebaster loves *remonte* and drives to San Sebastián to watch it at least a half-dozen times a year, but he believes that it is a dying game, and is resigned to the fact that ten years from now it will have faded away almost completely.

The second memorable trip was one I made by myself late on a Saturday afternoon to Sare, a hill village twelve miles inland from Chantaco. I needed to buy some toothpaste, and I thought I might save time in the end if I ran up to Sare instead of tangling with the traffic in Saint-Jean-de-Luz. A lovely summer's evening was coming on, and en route to Sare I stopped for a moment in the village of Ascain and watched some kids playing *pala ancha* in the *fronton*, switching their wooden, paddle-type rackets from the right hand to the left and avoiding the backhand, as is the style in *pala*. I could have bought the toothpaste in Ascain just as well as not, but I had developed a fondness for Sare, as I had for Urrugne, so I pushed on through the rolling green countryside, with its clean white farmhouses, peaked like chalets, toward the ridges of the Pyrenees rising in the distance. Sare appealed to me for a number of reasons, all of them romantic. To begin with, it is close to the Spanish frontier, and has a long-standing illustrious reputation as a headquar-



ters for smugglers. Another thing is that, of all the memorials to Chiquito de Cambo, the one in Sare is the most affecting. A bas-relief affixed to the side of the *fronton*, it is actually a memorial to all the local men who fought in the First World War, but it depicts Chiquito in his Army uniform and Basque beret, his right arm drawn back and throwing a grenade, and, parallel with it, a second right arm drawn back and hurling a *pelote*. (You cannot look at the plaque without thinking of a Perkaïn-type legend that still circulates about Chiquito—how during one battle he kept lobbing grenades into the enemy trenches with his *chistera*, confounding the Germans, since they knew they were well beyond hand-grenade range.) On top of this, Sare epitomizes the peculiar poetry of the Basque country: the church and the *fronton*, the two centers of village life, are set almost side by side. Since the *fronton* in Sare has no back wall, a hard-hit ball will keep rolling until it bobbles against the building that houses the mayor's office. This is not too probable on most days, though, for the far end of the *fronton* is used for public parking. I parked there, did my errand, and returned to find a group of young fellows setting up a high burlap screen around the back and sides of the court. Then an announcement came over a tinny loudspeaker that a *pelote* match was scheduled for that evening and would be starting at any moment. I asked the ticket-seller for some details, and learned that a team representing Sare would be meeting a team representing the neighboring village of Hasparren in a *petit-chistera* match, and, in the hope that this might produce an occasion as appealingly authentic as the *mains-nues* at Urrugne, I bought a ticket and took a seat in the stone bleachers beneath a spreading plane tree. Well, what it produced was a good long wait. At five-minute intervals, the ticket-seller, a young man of perhaps twenty-three who was patently enjoying himself, picked up a microphone and announced, "*Dans quelques minutes il y aura une grande partie de pelote...*" He described the door prizes, and then played accordion records until he was ready for his next spiel. Shortly after he had made his ninth announcement, the village clock struck six, and two three-man teams meandered onto the court—Hasparren with red ribbons, Sare with blue, all the players around twenty years old. A crowd of about two hundred had collected by this time, half of them "townies" and the rest apparently vaca-

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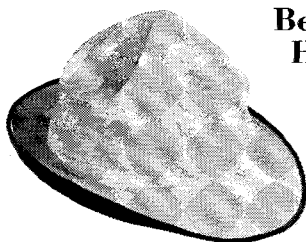
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tioners from other parts of France. I don't know how they felt about it, but I thought the match well worth waiting for. It proved to be the genuine article—a contest between two honest-to-goodness town teams. I was happy, too, that it was *petit chistera*. Contrary to my expectations before my visit, I had found the simpler games much more to my taste. There is nothing ornate about *petit chistera*; the catch and the release are made in one continuous motion, the standard stroke being reminiscent of the sidearm-underhand motion that a second baseman makes in baseball when he whips the ball to the shortstop at the start of a double play. The most talented and hardest-working player on the court was the Sare *arriere*, a shaggy, indefatigable young man with the fluid moves of a natural athlete. Evidently, he was extremely well liked, for whenever he made an error his contemporaries in the bleachers ribbed him with lighthearted taunts on the order of "You're supposed to keep your eye on the ball" and "My grandmother could have handled that shot." At one point, after this *arriere* just failed to bring off a beautiful scrambling half volley, the young promoter got into the act. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a straight voice over the loudspeaker, "it looks to me as if the back-court man for Sare has been spending too many late nights." That got a great laugh. In order to keep an appointment with Etchebaster, I left when the clock struck seven, surrendering my shot at a door prize. Sare was then in front, 36-32. I think I was the first person to leave.

The third trip was one I made with Etchebaster to Amotz, a backwoods town, toward the end of my visit. The attraction was a *mains-nues* match in which four of the top old-time stars appeared. These *parties des vieux* take place infrequently—every four or five years—and a special occasion is required to bring them about. This time, the occasion was the release from prison of Jean-Baptiste Harambillet, an outstanding champion in the nineteen-forties and early fifties, who had recently served a three-year sentence for smuggling. (As I understood it, the frontier guards had detected a thin gold coating inside the bottom of the gasoline tank in his auto.) Harambillet, whose father was an even more celebrated *pelote* player, had been out of jail long enough to get back into practice—he operates a *trinquet* in Biarritz—and as he stepped onto the court at Amotz, wearing a blue ribbon, all eyes were fixed on him in admiration: a Basque

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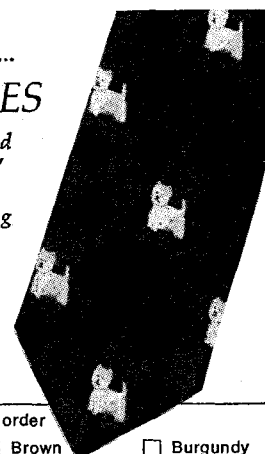
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who makes the big time in both national pastimes, *pelote* and smuggling, is no ordinary mortal. A handsome, sturdy man of fifty-one, with graying hair, Harambillet, who played *arrière*, had as his *avant* Joseph Laduche, forty-nine, a giant with bushy black eyebrows, who ran the *trinquet* in Ascaïn. They were opposed by Jean-Baptiste Aguer, fifty-six, a slight, neat Camboan, who ran the *trinquet* in Bayonne, and by Pierre Vivier, forty-four, who had somehow not drifted into the *trinquet* business and, instead, had become affiliated with a company that sells and repairs farm equipment. Both of them were wearing red ribbons. The only player who didn't look to be in shape (he had a prominent bay window) was Vivier, yet he was far and away the fastest of the four, and he outplayed Laduche so markedly in the forecourt that his team would have won with ease if his partner had not been outplayed just as decisively by the rival *arrière*, Harambillet. Harambillet did nothing sensational. He just placed ball after ball where it should be placed. He was always in position. He never lapsed into a careless shot. As Etchebaster remarked, he had a will of iron. His firmness and soundness eventually turned the tide for his side, and they won, 50-41. As the four players walked off the court, the gallery burst into cries of "*Vive les vieux!*" I was tempted to join in myself, for by my lights they had played a brand of *mains-nues* much superior to that played by any of the current champions I had seen. It is true that because of their age they had paused momentarily every seven minutes or so to catch their breath and mop the sweat from their faces, but when the game was on, Vivier had ranged the forecourt with more abandon and dispatch than any of the young *avants*, Harambillet had made far fewer errors than any of the young *arrières*, and in many of the rallies all four had hit the ball with more fire, brilliance, and control than the heroes of the moment. As we were driving back to Urrugne, where Léon Dongaitz was expecting us, I asked Etchebaster if the old-timers were really as good as they had seemed to me, or if I had allowed myself to be carried away by sentimentality. "I grew up listening to my father and his contemporaries," he replied, thoughtfully. "For them, the golden days of *mains-nues* took place when they were the players. That would be natural. From what I have observed, though, I would say their claims are correct. The level of play was higher—considerably higher.



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We saw that today, didn't we? Anyhow, we'll ask Léon about it."

Dongaïtz was sitting with some customers in the front room of his café playing *muss*, a Basque card game that calls for a lot of hard-eyed bluffing. On the wall above him hung a framed photograph, taken early in the nineteen-twenties, of Dongaïtz and Charlie Chaplin. Dongaïtz was built like a bull in those days and wore a fierce black mustache. The thin, angular, clean-shaven man sitting beneath the picture now seemed to me, for the first time, to look his eighty-two years. At the conclusion of the hand, he came over to our table, and a few minutes later we were joined by Battit, who had been practicing in the *trinquet* by himself, trying out his convalescent right hand. Instead of waiting for nature to take its unhurried course, he had gone to a doctor on the outskirts of San Sebastián, a sort of Basque Bonesetter Reese, who enjoyed a unique reputation for repairing the injuries of athletes. The doctor had heated up Battit's palm with some implements of his own devising and then injected a secret fluid with a syringe. He had bandaged the hand and told Battit he could begin light workouts in four days and would be ready to play matches again in a week or ten days. The treatment had been painful and costly, Battit said, but he had been to the doctor twice before, and each time his hand had healed quickly and well. "It is worth it," he told us. "I can't stand not playing."

"Battit," Dongaïtz said kindly, "you will not be offended, I know, if I tell you that you are merely a good *mains-nues* player, and not a great one. But you have a great player's love of the game. There you remind me of the players of my era."

These remarks put the conversation just where Etchebaster wanted it. He told Dongaïtz how impressed we had been by the *vieux* at Amotz, and asked him directly why the standard of *mains-nues* had slipped.

"Because the whole way of life has changed," Dongaïtz replied, slowly and somewhat hoarsely. "You come here," he said, pointing a lean finger at me, "and you say to yourself, 'What a charming old country is the Pays Basque! Nothing has altered for centuries!' But a great deal has. When I was a boy, back in the eighteen-nineties, we seldom, if ever, got out of our village, Saint-Palais. My three brothers

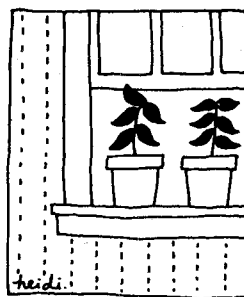
and I lived to play games. There was nothing else a boy could do. I always had a *pelote* in my pocket. We played morning, noon, and night, wherever there was a wall. That is why in every village in those days you saw the same words printed on the walls of the churches and the stores and the other buildings: '*Défense de Jouer à la Paume Contre Ce Mur.*' We became skillful. Practice makes perfect, eh? The young boys today are a different breed, because they live in a different land. Nowadays, compared to when I was growing up, there are twenty times as many tourists pouring into Saint-Jean-de-Luz and the mountains in the summer. The young Basque boys have a chance to get out of their villages. Countless jobs have opened for them in the hotels, the shops, the cafés—everyplace. They make good money. They buy gasoline-operated motorbikes. They get around. They get interested in other things. The boys who are athletically inclined—some of them still play *pelote*, but the big new sport is Rugby. And basketball is beginning to penetrate. You saw that on your travels: a hoop here, a hoop there." He looked at us to make sure that his words were sinking in. "We were better *pelote* players, because it was our whole life," he went on, speaking softly. "Everyone, not just the players, lived for the matches. Why, I can remember going up to play in the small mountain villages. You never saw such excitement. Those farmers, you had to watch out for them—they were always trying to get you drunk before a match, so that they could pull off a betting

coup. They'd bet their cows, their sheep, their chickens—anything they owned. You understand me? *Pelote* was our movies, our radio, our television, our automobiles—our everything."

As Dongaïtz was speaking, I found myself thinking of America—America before the turn

of the century, before the automobile. More or less trapped in their home towns, the young Americans of that time had had to make the most of what they had handy. They had baseball—that was the big thing—so a young man's passion was channelled toward getting good enough to make the town team, to travel with the team when it played away from home. After the automobile came along and broke up the old isolation, this world disappeared, gradually at first and then in a flash.

"I have not had my exercise today,"



Dongaïtz said, springing to his feet. "Come on, Battit. Your hand is well enough. We will play a short game, right?"

Etchebaster and I followed them down the narrow passageway and into the *tringuet*. Dongaïtz pulled a *pelote* from his pocket and stood at the rear of the court, facing the left-hand wall. "We will play crosswise, Battit," he said. "That line"—he indicated a line on the floor about twenty feet from the back wall—"will be the right-hand boundary." The next instant, he had swatted the ball off the "front wall," and then he was retrieving Battit's return, lofting it gently onto the edge of the green penthouse, slapping Battit's "get" to the "back wall," scurrying around totally engulfed in the game. Etchebaster and I watched from just outside the boundary. It was interesting *mains-nues*. Battit sensed the pace Dongaïtz could handle, and at that pace Dongaïtz went on without a break for ten minutes, twenty minutes, a half hour, thinking out each shot, moving Battit in and out and from side to side, hopping Stengelianly around the small court. "You know, Léon is amazing!" Etchebaster declared at one moment. "He still has the legs, the hand, and the eye!"

We interrupted the game five minutes later, for Etchebaster was due back at the *pâtisserie*. After we had said our goodbyes and were walking out through the empty café, Etchebaster stopped short. "In another fifteen or twenty years, I suppose it will all be gone," he said. "Oh, there will be *grand-chistera* exhibitions for the tourists, and probably *jai alai*, but that will be about it. In the autumn, winter, and spring, the boys will be playing Rugby in the *frontons*, or basketball, or softball, or something. It won't be the Basque country."

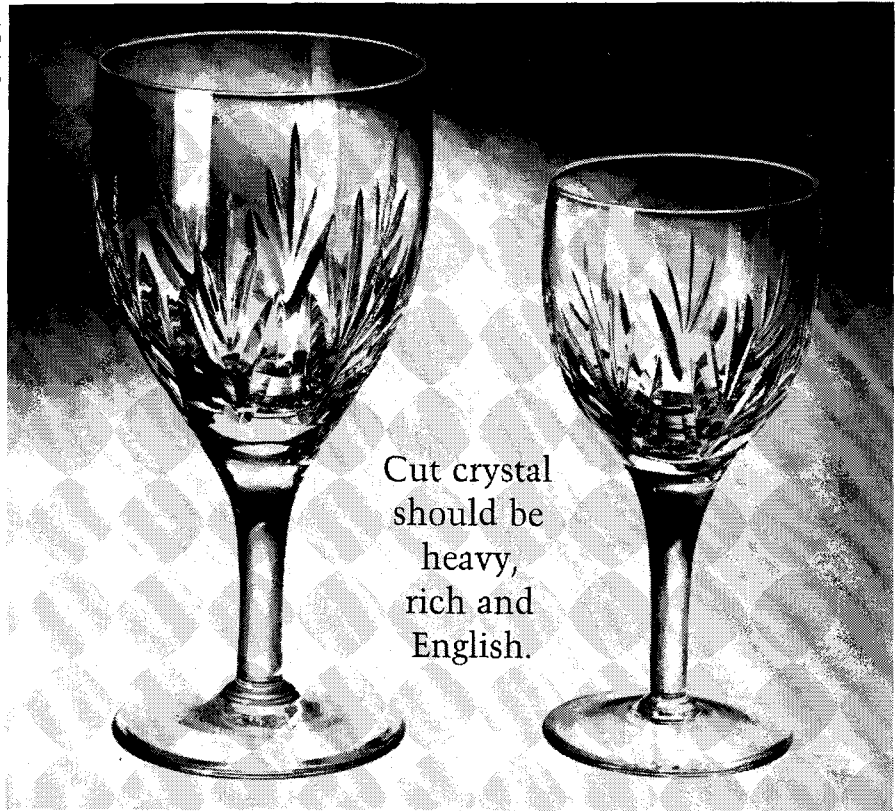
He stood in the café lost in thought, and for a long moment the only sounds were those coming from the *tringuet*—the slap of the ball and the echoing crack it made against the wall.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

And he's not even that much of a drinker: "My favorite drink is a Rusty Nail (a mixture of Scotch and Drambuie). I drink one of those a week. The dealer tested it, and got 19 miles to the gallon."

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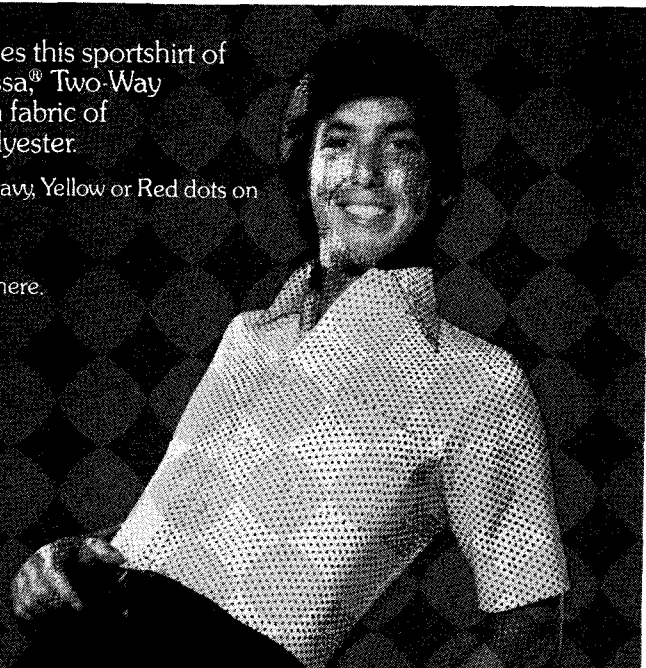
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Thus Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in a montage in "That's Entertainment!," a movie made up of clips from M-G-M's favorite old musicals. The montage is a run of comically similar Garland-Rooney scenes from the "Gee, let's put on a musical!" days. "That'd be different"? Well, if it wasn't different but much the same each time they met, their eyes glittered anew with the idea in every film. They never failed to collect a Pied Piper audience that followed them in a conga line in a school (or over city fences, or through country barns, or whatever difference there was), and the procession injected glee: Mickey Rooney, with his satanic infant face and tiny stature, looking as if a giant had pressed a hand on the top of his head from behind his stool at a soda fountain; Judy Garland walking like a drum majorette; everyone in tune and no one pushing. It was a dream of order, of innocent goals pursued with sweet, pent-up energy, of redressal in troubled times. The clips date from the decades just before and after America's entry into the Second World War. The diversions were reviving to audiences, and in this film they still are. Solve everything by putting on a musical, and by using all the members of the chorus with equality (as long as they're white); get them to sing in unison fit to lift the skies. Step out briskly to nowhere, even though the reality outside the movie house is that a pace could take you to the edge. March without thought of the Nazis; talk about electric lights to forget wartime blackouts in Europe; claim success as your birthright, even if the Depression is hardly over. Use a song to get a purchase on the cliff face.

There are moments of striding in "That's Entertainment!" which recall

Jeanette MacDonald stalking operatically out of the earthquake in "San Francisco." Tragedy is presented in this film as being entirely soluble by seeing a show. And perhaps it is. Certainly it seems to be by seeing one as nearly perfect as "Singin' in the Rain,"

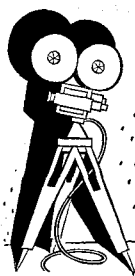
for which the incomparably intelligent and heartening Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay, with Arthur Freed as lyricist, Nacio Herb Brown as composer, and Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly as co-directors. But none of the Comden-Green mass of work is mentioned in the commentary: nothing about their creativity in "On the Town" and "The Barkleys of Broadway" and "The Band Wagon" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," which are all represented; and no clip at all, mysteriously, from "It's Always Fair Weather" or, even more strikingly, from "Bells Are Ringing," though there is quite a lot of Debbie Reynolds where the great Judy Holliday might have been slipped in. There is a vast, hasty honor roll shown at the end, but most people except actors get short shrift on the sound track of the huge anthology. It misses out all mention not only of Comden and Green but also of Leonard Bernstein, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, S. N. Behrman, Oscar Hammerstein II, Jule Styne, Jerome Kern, and dozens and dozens of famous others; Gene Kelly's choreography, you suspect, gets into the commentary only because we see him act and dance.

Mr. Kelly did his own stunts, to the horror of the bosses when they found out. We see him swinging from rooftop to rooftop. He joyfully stands under a water pipe and splashes into six-inch puddles in "Singin' in the Rain." Of all dancers, Gene Kelly must be the one who has best fulfilled children's wishes. Oh, to be wet, to jump off the sidewalk into rainwater well over your socks, to get the undersides of umbrellas as gloriously sopping as the tops, to put the cautious things generally in their place by using them as walking sticks and magic wands and rifles and railing clatterers instead of dreary little bungalow ceilings! Oh, to dress up as a clown! ("The Pirate," directed by Vincente Minnelli; music by Cole Porter; screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, from S. N. Behrman's play.) Gene Kelly,

the muscular acrobat who leaped up lampposts and tricked cops and sometimes danced like a Russian muzhik, is a dream of children as much as Fred Astaire is of grownups.

At a retrospective shown in Astaire's honor last year at Lincoln Center, the lean, grinning man of seventy-three told the audience about an unnamed reporter who had asked him that day if he had used his cane as a crutch. Anyone who has ever been less in need of a crutch would be hard to think of. In "That's Entertainment!" there is a clip from "Royal Wedding" (story, screenplay, and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner; music by Burton Lane). The clip shows Astaire on his own two wonderful feet, rehearsing a routine with a hatstand that turns into an agile dancing partner. It is certainly no crutch, this unwieldy piece of furniture that becomes his magicked accomplice. When Astaire is performing with Gene Kelly—the debonair essence and the trapeze artist in amazing unity—both seem unforgettably light and sweet. In "The Babbitt and the Bromide," from "The Ziegfeld Follies"—a number composed and written by George and Ira Gershwin—Astaire and Kelly dance first in white suits with straw boaters and co-respondent shoes, then in beige suits with bowler hats, spats, and bow ties, then in dark-gray trousers with black jackets, gray ties, white carnations, and little pointed beards. Astaire seems to be able to make anyone move as lightly as a moth. Eleanor Powell in a glittery white dress in "The Broadway Melody of 1940" (lyrics and music by Cole Porter; directed by Norman Taurog) looks as featherweight as Astaire. So does Cyd Charisse in "Dancing in the Dark" (from "The Band Wagon," directed by Vincente Minnelli; music by Arthur Schwartz, lyrics by Howard Dietz). So does Ginger Rogers always.

But how can Astaire sing so marvellously, too? What about the way he and Jack Buchanan sing and dance "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan" (from "The Band Wagon"), in top hats and tails, with canes? We watch him singing "By Myself," also from "The Band Wagon," wearing a gray suit, a pale-blue shirt, a darker pale-blue tie, and a boater, half dancing beside a train past piles of luggage on the platform. It is one of the most stirring moments in "That's Entertainment!" when we suddenly see the same train rusted and gone to rack and ruin on the M-G-M lot, with Astaire walking the same route in his part as one of the comperes, looking as



dashing as he ever did, dressed in dark-gray trousers, a black blazer, a pale-blue shirt, and a wide silver-gray tie. "Steel stands," Brecht once said polemically. No. Steel rusts. People stand, some of them.

The celebratory film is strung together maladroitly, like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M. Astaire lends his part of the commentary his own sense and sagacity, but most of the other link passages sound plump, like commercials. They are spoken by house stars, including Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Gene Kelly, Liza Minnelli speaks for the new generation. (She "made it all on her own," so Astaire is made to say.) But never mind: not in the presence of such gaiety and good will in the film clips. Never mind the inclusion of "Hallelujah!," an overblown number with Russ Tamblyn, Tony Martin, Vic Damone, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, and what seems to be dangerously much of the United States Navy withdrawn from active service to surround Ann Miller in "Hit the Deck" (music by Vincent Youmans; lyrics by Leo Robin and Clifford Grey; dance numbers staged by Hermes Pan). There is the beautiful Lena Horne singing "Honeysuckle Rose" (from "Thousands Cheer;" lyrics by Andy Razaf, music by Fats Waller). There is the marvellous sloshed duet called "Well, Did You Evah?" between toffs in black ties and dinner jackets played by Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, the characters' politeness exacerbated by their having had a good three or four too many (from "High Society," directed by Charles Walters; words and music by Cole Porter). And there is Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable double dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning. We see them watching the camera out of the corners of their eyes while yelling love for each other in "Rose Marie" (book by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II; lyrics by Gus Kahn; music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart). There is also the regally wet Esther Williams, whom her compere reports to have been found working in a department store by a talent scout. She is shown with bigger and bigger swimming pools, diving in a magenta costume, starting up fountains graciously as she swims, plummeting into a rosette of girls and men synchronized to drop into the water to make a humble receiving pattern to greet her. The film commentary has one of its few moments of wit when it names some of the men who "swam opposite" her. She always



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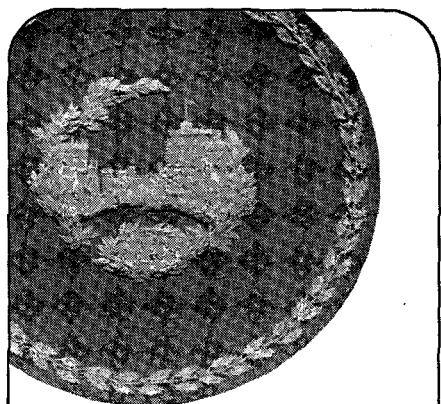
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looks very fine, cropping up out of the chlorinated M-G-M ocean bearing fairy fireworks and an untroubled smile, as if she were royalty opening a fête. Many a small girl child may still be reaping encouragement from her old movies, and now from this film, to plunge off the high board for the first time in the hope of coming up looking as full of breath as she does, and as ready to be painted on the half shell by, if not Botticelli, at least Annigoni. All the same, any child's favorite number in "That's Entertainment!"—any grownup's, too—is likely to be Donald O'Connor's "Make 'Em Laugh" routine in "Singin' in the Rain." That fine battle on the sofa with the rag doll that hits back. That crash which O'Connor's offended nose has with a brick wall lurking just behind a closed door. That final leap at the enemy wall which seemed solid enough at least to support a somersault and suddenly turns out to be paper.

"That's Entertainment!" brings us a beguiled world of clowning and love and things going right. Walls suddenly melt, crashes cause no wound, water doesn't really wet you, enemies are inanimate fellow-jokesters who punch you without malice. It is a brilliant universe of perpetual amnesty. The reality behind it of the skill and tears and fights, the nights spent up until five in the morning on vodka and hard-boiled eggs, the ruthlessness of studios bartering stars: nothing has left a scar. It looks like a joke now—and James Stewart, narrating a part of the film, treats it that way—that the thirties were a time of panic in the studios, when straight actors were forced into musicals even if singing and dancing were the last things they were suited to do. When, after dancing and singing, Clark Gable is carried offstage by a group of chorus girls, it is in an unintentionally exhausted position: he tries to look his dandy self even when he has to be handled like a broken bicycle ("Puttin' on the Ritz," from "Idiot's Delight," directed by Clarence Brown; a number composed and written by Irving Berlin). Even the more irresistible James Stewart becomes mildly resistible when he is made to sing "Easy to Love" ("Born to Dance," directed by Roy Del Ruth; words and music by Cole Porter). The film, in what was then a concession, let him use his own voice. Joan Crawford, announced with a string of laudatory and strongly unsuitable adjectives, courageously sings and dances "Gotta Feelin' for You" for the studio's sake in "Hollywood Revue" (words by Jo Trent, music by Louis Alter) with



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a gawkiness that makes her look like an uppity milkmaid who has stayed out too late. Her oblong smile, into which one could surely post books for fourth-class mail, represents an attempt made in a brave spirit to carry things through, even though she is so obviously bound for an unshown harridan-Gothick future of terrorism ("A severe wound, I hope?" she is to say later to an injured Nazi officer) and of suffering by wheelchair, by doomy love for scoundrels, by schizophrenia, by death through drowning dressed in black sequins after listening to the "Liebestod," and by gastronomically served rat.

I don't suppose it was the realities of life outside the studios that made them put the right elements into musicals. It was the writers, the composers, the directors, and M-G-M's Arthur Freed. They quickly realized what pure, skillful showbiz could best provide, perhaps because they were in Hollywood and protected to an extent from the world beyond in the thirties and the forties. The arm of blight today has a longer reach. It touches the now scattered people who made this movie what it is: not an exercise in longing for a gone life but a present astonishment. Everyone contributed then. There is an astute and calm man named Saul Chaplin, wonderfully gifted but not widely known, who was a musical arranger. He was perfectly ready to stand all day under the sound stage when Ann Miller was tap-dancing her way around the tops of trumpets that were to be played by deafened players; Mr. Chaplin's job, meticulously carried through, was to judge the right moment to say, "Trumpets, go." This film wonderfully demonstrates that entertainment doesn't depend on doses of pure ozone or on the pumped-up female-star energy that present-day Broadway often leans on. Nor is the movie a feast for people hungry for an imagined past. It beautifully shows us what entertainment really is, and what American show business can uniquely manage even now when it equals its beloved heyday: a mixture of fun, buoyancy, courage, invention, energy without strain, a jamboree of wit and high spirits that leaves no trace of itself for the garbage men to clear up the next morning.

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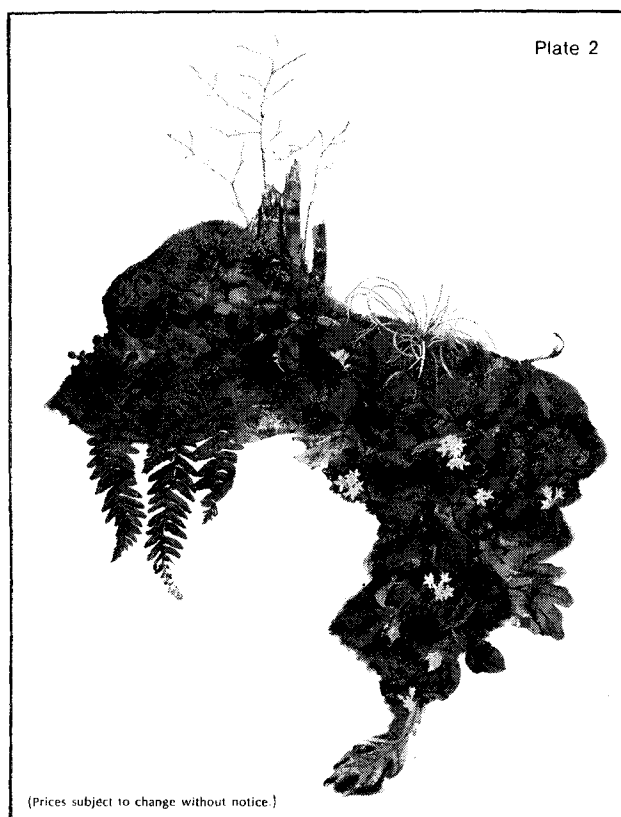


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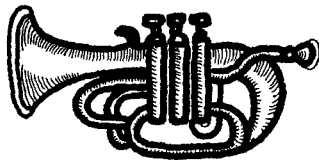
Acts of Impiety

MOZART's first mature work for the theatre was "Idomeneo." Commissioned by the Bavarian court to produce an opera for the Munich Carnival season of 1781, the twenty-four-year-old composer for the first time in such a context deployed his full powers, and on the grandest scale. From his travels as a child prodigy, he knew all about opera as practiced in the major European capitals: he knew and admired the orchestra that played for the Munich opera—the brilliant Mannheim band, which had moved south when its employer, the Elector Palatine, succeeded to the Bavarian throne in 1778—and several of the singers; his librettist, Giambattista Varesco, was a Salzburg neighbor, available for consultation; and he spent three full months in Munich completing the opera and attending to its production. "Idomeneo" was to make Mozart's reputation in the most prestigious genre of the day, serious opera. Its hoped-for success might free him from the tyranny of his provincial patron, the Archbishop of Salzburg.

The conditions were auspicious, and "Idomeneo" had, indeed, considerable success in Munich—but little sequel. Only one further performance—and that unstaged, in concert form—took place in Mozart's lifetime, and few thereafter. Mozart did not achieve fame and fortune in the composition of *opera seria*—fortune not at all, and fame only through the back door of *opera buffa*. At the end of his life, another court commission led him back to *opera seria*, but "La Clemenza di Tito," whatever its beauties, attempts far less than "Idomeneo," musically and theatrically. Surprisingly, this lesser work held the stage for some years after Mozart's death, while "Idomeneo" languished in relative obscurity throughout the nineteenth century and beyond. Occasional resurrections before the Second World War—usually in manhandled versions, such as the well-meaning but grotesque recomposition that Richard Strauss undertook in 1931 for the Vienna State Opera—had little effect, and only since 1951, when the late Fritz Busch prepared a reasonably authentic revival at Glyndebourne, has it occurred with any frequency in the international repertory. The best-publicized production to date in America

has been the one offered on May 23rd at the Kennedy Center in Washington, as part of a three-week Mozart Festival; it will be brought to the New York State Theatre next spring.

If any *opera seria* of the eighteenth century can be made to work on the modern stage, it should be "Idomeneo." The rigid conventions of the genre—action = recitative, contempla-



tion = aria—are treated even more flexibly than in Gluck's reform operas (of which only "Orfeo" is now much played), and the explicit discontinuities of

the tradition, between the unstructured declamatory recitative and the highly structured cantilena of the arias, are often smoothed over with masterly transitional skill. The chorus plays a major role, and so does the ballet, for the Mannheim-Munich operatic style was much influenced by Paris, where these aspects of operatic presentation were highly regarded (Varesco's libretto is actually adapted from a French text set to music by André Campra in 1712). Mozart's appetite for making drama out of music, rather than composing music to illustrate a drama that stands outside the sounds, is already much in evidence in his use of thematic and harmonic connections both referentially and structurally. A falling motive, introduced in the overture, recurs at crucial points in relation to Idomeneo's son Idamante. The key of D major begins the opera, underlies important scenes, and ends all the acts.

But connective devices do not of themselves generate, and the dramatic pace remains stately, sometimes halting. For certain purposes, nothing could be more suitable. One sequence in Act III of "Idomeneo" is in mood, continuity, and substance as nearly perfect as anything in the literature, even though its eventual resolution as powerfully reveals the fundamental limitations under which Mozart was working. The second scene of the act—a "large square, decorated with statues, before the palace" of Idomeneo, King of Crete, just returned, after the customary vicissitudes, from the Trojan War—is introduced by majestic C-major chords in the full orchestra. This regal music breaks off suddenly, to make way for a warm but serious phrase in the strings—a motive already familiar, al-

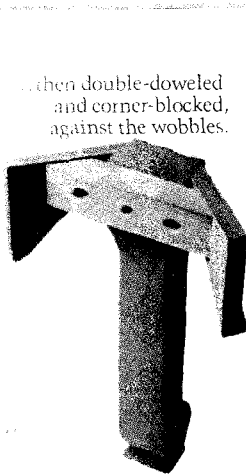
though not previously offered in this particularly sombre color. Within a few bars, Mozart has juxtaposed the significant elements of the conflict that is to follow. Idomeneo and his retinue are confronted by the High Priest and the people. In recitative punctuated by decisive gestures from the strings and winds, the Priest describes the havoc wrought in Crete by the sea monster Neptune has sent to punish the King. A sacrifice is required, and the King has impiously withheld the name of the victim that will appease the god. (It is in fact Idamante, for in order to escape a storm at sea, Idomeneo has promised Neptune the first mortal he should meet on land, and his misfortune was like unto that of the Biblical Jephthah.)

This recitation is absorbing and dramatic (provided always that the audience grasps the significance of the words), and so is the halting phraseology of Idomeneo's unwilling revelation, with the strings developing that falling phrase already mentioned. The full orchestra now sets up a funereal tread in C minor, over which the chorus responds: "O fearful vow! Dread spectacle!" The words are conventional, but the sounds powerful: winds tracing chromatic laments, muted trumpets and drums beating down between the choral phrases, violins ascending to keening repeated notes. (There are many premonitions here of Beethoven's "Eroica" funeral march. Curiously, in Vienna, on November 24, 1802, music from "Idomeneo" was played between the acts of Collin's tragedy "Coriolan," for which Beethoven, five years later, wrote an overture. Perhaps some Beethoven scholar can illuminate—or bring to naught—this suggestive coincidence. Only the piano score of "Idomeneo," which could hardly have contained all the relevant musical information, had been published at the time.)

At the end of the chorus, an exquisite consolatory phrase turns to the major—this, too, very Beethovenian—and then to the gentler tonal landscape of F major, in which key the strings and two oboes intone a sotto-voce march to begin the next scene, in the atrium of Neptune's temple (such scene changes, involving only back cloth and wings, were made almost instantaneously in eighteenth-century theatres). The tragedy has for the moment been put at a distance, and we are near the exalted expressive regions of Sarastro's music in "Die Zauberflöte." The winds rise in a slow, solemn phrase, and plucked strings begin running up and down, a more solemn kind



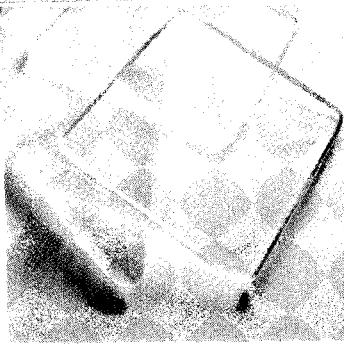
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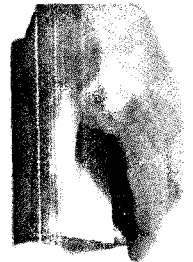
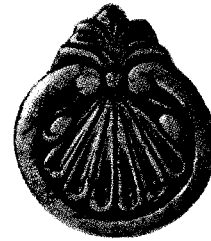
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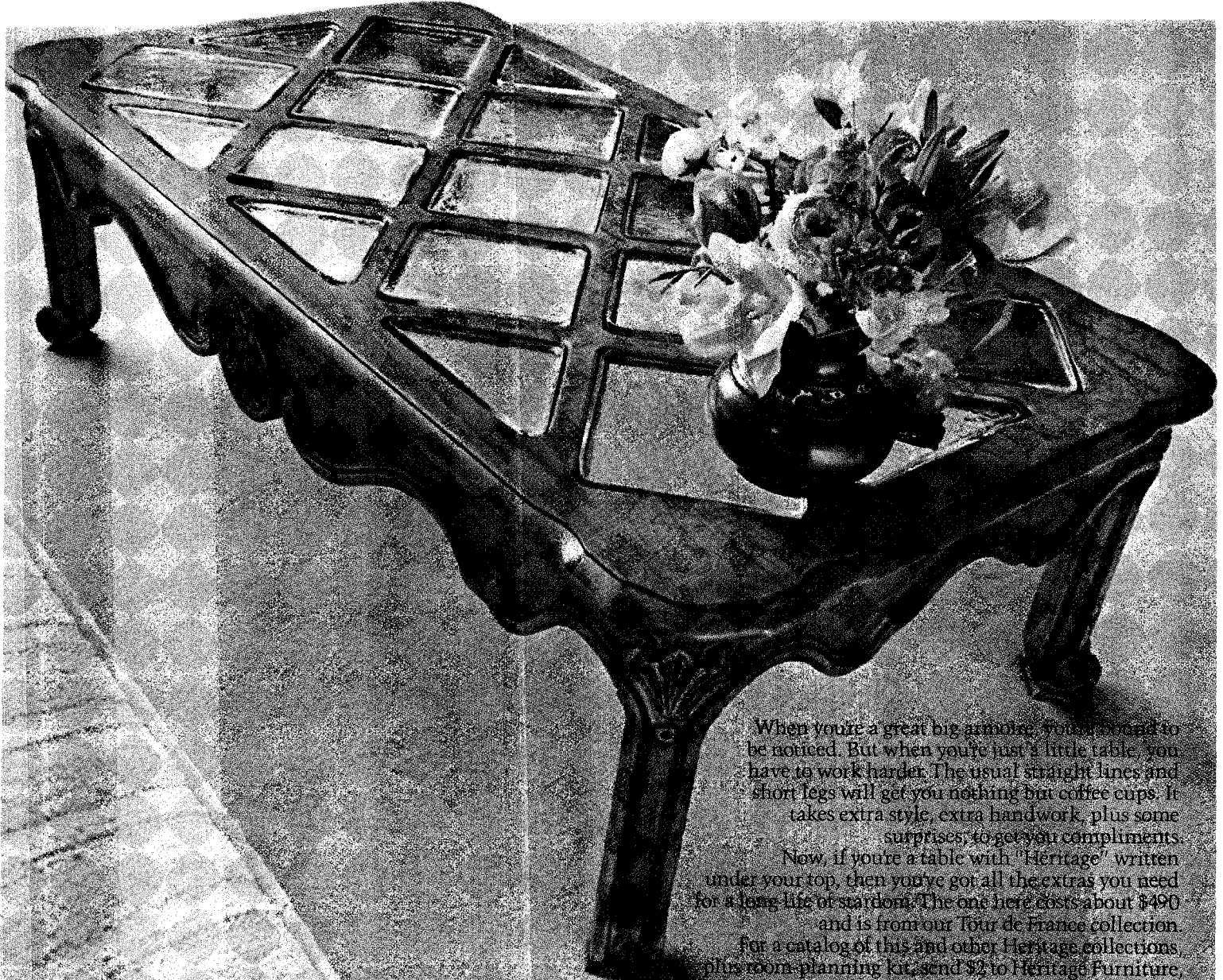
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of harp. Idomeneo invokes the god, rocking wind figures invoke his element. The singing line is exceptionally fluent, ceremonially incantatory; a group of priests answers with a monotone plea. Idomeneo resumes: "Let Eurys and Notus return to their caves, let Zephyrus return to the sea, let the furor cease!" In euphonious thirds and sixths, clarinets and oboes delight at the prospect, and, as the priests repeat their cadential chant, an oboe winds up through the rustling texture, only to descend again in the Idamante motive, reminding us of the ritual's sombre intent.

A sudden entry of trumpets and drums interrupts, as an offstage chorus is heard proclaiming a victory: Idamante has slain the sea monster. This, of course, only makes matters worse, as Idomeneo observes; now we are back to harpsichord-accompanied recitative, at considerable loss of intensity. The strings reënter as Idamante appears, dressed in white, ready for the sacrifice. He greets his father in incomparably sweet accents; he now understands why Idomeneo has shunned him since their first encounter on the beach. A dialogue ensues, with many expressive gestures in the strings. Just as the knife is about to fall, Ilia, the captive Trojan princess who loves Idamante, intervenes, offering herself instead—and at this point, incredibly, the accompaniment reverts to the harpsichord, immeasurably less expressive, less dramatic. After some discussion, during which the strings are again used, Ilia's unselfishness apparently causes Neptune to relent, for a voice from heaven is heard: love has conquered, Idomeneo is to abdicate in favor of his son, who will marry Ilia.

Any opera containing the first part of this sequence—and many other stretches of comparable grandeur—cannot be ignored, yet the climactic scene severely abrogates the continuity and tension that have been achieved. As Charles Rosen has pointed out, the situation closely parallels Leonora's intervention to save her husband in the dungeon scene of "Fidelio," where it interrupts the most intense, forward-moving kind of music. Beethoven was able to generate a context within which he could muster every kind of discontinuity—of rhythm, harmony, instrumentation, vocal register—to lift us from our seats at this moment. Parts of "Fidelio" may be awkward, slow-moving, but the drama lives in the music when it really matters. In "Idomeneo," alas, only the most limited resources are brought to bear at the comparable

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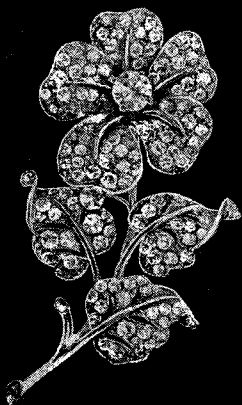
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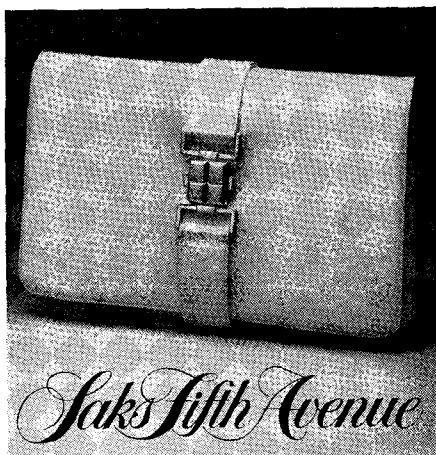
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point, and we moderns must turn away in sadness, even embarrassment. We expect more of musical theatre, and it was Mozart, especially, who taught us (and Beethoven) to do so.

We know that Mozart had his difficulties with this part of the opera, although he did not yet have the musical techniques at hand to break free of the conventions that were hindering him. Originally, Idamante expressed his willingness to die in a full-blown aria, wisely dropped in rehearsal ("It is out of place," Mozart succinctly explained to his father), and the original dialogue in recitative was also abridged before the premiere. There were troubles following the climax as well. What to do with Electra, the daughter of Agamemnon, who is made resident in Crete primarily to introduce some suspense into the Ilia-Idamante relationship (an Amneris to complete the necessary triangle with their Aida and Radamès)? Electra, too, had an aria, following the oracular pronouncement—a fine piece expressing her rage in sizzling, spitfire accents. This, too, had to go; instead, Mozart reinforced her recitative, so that she still had some brimstone at hand for an effective exit, en route to Hades. And Idomeneo's solemn monologue proclaiming the new king led to yet another aria that eventually fell under the axe. There was, after all, a lengthy ballet still to come.

Only recently has it become clear what music was actually played at the Munich premiere, for in order to keep Varesco happy, the printed contemporary libretto included every line he wrote—even some that Mozart never set at all. Wolfgang's correspondence with his father, who remained in Salzburg during most of the opera's composition and rehearsal, is a prime document for our knowledge of "Idomeneo"

(and, incidentally, for unique insights into how an opera was put together in those days), but it breaks off a week before the opening night, when Leopold set out to join his son in Munich. However, Daniel Hertz, the American scholar in charge of "Idomeneo" for the new complete edition of Mozart's works, not long ago came upon a second libretto, theretofore unnoticed, that must have been prepared after the final cuts, so that listeners would not be confused by all the superfluous wordage in the first publication. This libretto also includes more detailed stage directions, which, along with a few musical corrections, constitute the

major contribution of Hertz's new edition to our knowledge of the opera. (The complications do not quite end in Munich, because Mozart wrote two new pieces for the later Vienna performance, including a markedly better love duet between Ilia and Idamante; at this point, the role of Idamante was modified to fit a tenor voice rather than the male soprano used in Munich. Hertz prints the Vienna alternatives alongside his main text, which follows the final Munich recension; the omitted material is given in an appendix.)

THE Washington production hardly resolved the question of "Idomeneo's" stageworthiness. One need not agree with Rosen that revivals of *opera seria* are essentially acts of piety to feel that Gerald Freedman's production was an act of impiety. The dramatic function—emotional or scenic—of Mozart's music is always explicit, and the newly discovered stage directions should leave no doubt on this score. At the Kennedy Center, most of the opera took place in a nowhere of stone slabs and reflective plastic—a kind of Atlantis inhabited by refugees from all periods of antiquity. This was a world without decorum, where the King's counsellor felt free to rest his feet by sitting on the throne; where Idomeneo responded to Ilia's heartfelt affection by turning away and conducting business with ambassadors during her aria, and devoted the powerful ritornello of his "tempest in the heart" aria to removing his cloak; where a platoon of extras in Gestapo-style djellababs trooped in and out bearing Cretan porch furniture during the most solemn processions; where Electra's attendants industriously polished what appeared to be the royal Mycenaean coffeepots (although, mercifully, not



the family axe) as she expressed her fond expectations of Idamante's future love; and where the calm sea was celebrated by a chorus turning over palm fronds, domino-style, in a manner that would doubtless dignify one of Mr. Leonidoff's Easter pageants. Decorum aside, Mr. Freedman was not even kind; sitting down on a shallow step may be gracefully accomplished by some actresses, but it cannot reasonably be required of a soprano engaged in singing some of Mozart's most difficult music. At no point in the production was there a glimmering of evidence that Mr. Freedman had considered any of the material about staging and action

made available in Mr. Hertz's edition. At the awkward moment of Ilia's intervention, the "new" libretto specifies that she "runs to restrain the arm of Idomeneo"—and, indeed, even common sense asks for some visual drama at this point, to help out the faltering musical continuity—but Ilia just stepped forward from the crowd, up on a platform, and lamely urged the King to stop. This kind of help "Idomeneo" does not need, any more than Monteverdi's "Incoronazione" needed Mr. Freedman's sliding beds last year at the State Theatre.

Elsewhere, there were touches of what the conductor, Julius Rudel, tactfully described as "elements of the Japanese theatre." The first storm was represented by a billowing length of cloth, risible rather than terrible. At the start of the third act, wooden birds were waved about on sticks as Ilia sang her apostrophe to the breezes, though there is not a word in the text about ornithological manifestations; the audience was audibly amused by what it saw, thereby destroying the impact of what it heard. We know that musical directors in opera houses are often horrified by what is set before their eyes at rehearsals, when it is too late to make major visual changes, but the banishment of those mood-shattering birds would have been perfectly feasible and all to the good; that Mr. Rudel failed to demand it I account a serious failing in taste on his part.

The musical text of the Hertz edition was not very closely honored, either. Some of Mozart's Munich cuts were restored, including that awkward last aria for Electra, which holds up the proceedings but is understandably dear to sopranos undertaking the role. Other omissions were made instead, notably the two tedious arias for Idomeneo's counsellor, Arbace, one of which Mozart himself removed for the Vienna performance. The improved Vienna love duet was used, and the full, strenuously florid version of Idomeneo's big aria. A good deal of the final ballet was present, awkwardly danced in a clumsy imitation of Balanchine. One still wants to hear the opera more or less as Mozart produced it in Munich, after much trial and error; I have more faith in his judgment than in Mr. Rudel's. With Arbace's arias omitted, the running time should not greatly exceed three hours—no longer than "Figaro," in fact.

There was some good news on the audible side. In her first American operatic appearance, the Dutch soprano Elly Ameling carried herself with grace



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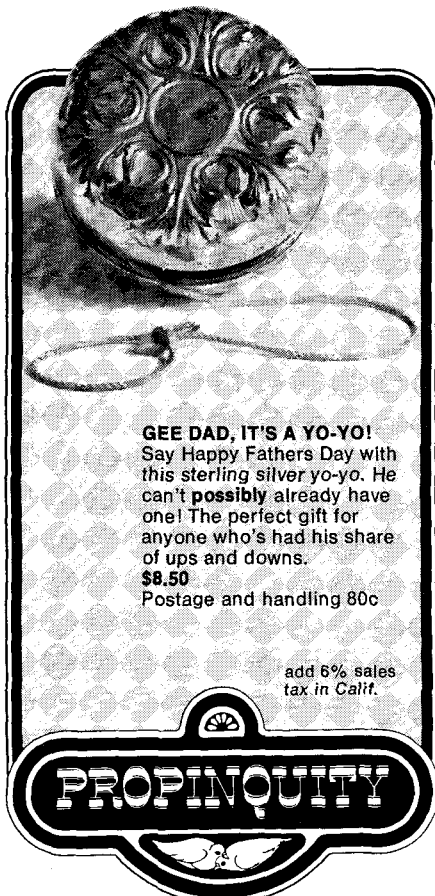
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and distinction; we already knew that she is a cultivated and expressive singer, and she did not disappoint us in Ilia's three beautiful arias. Maralin Niska had plenty of thrust for Electra's outbursts, failing only in her more sentimental second-act aria, for which she could not maintain a steady soft tone. Richard Taylor—a new name to me—delivered his crucial recitatives with much lively feeling for the Italian words, and even made a fair show with his bravura aria; his bearing lacked dignity, unfortunately. Leo Goeke, from the Metropolitan Opera, looked well but sounded uncertain of his music. The chorus made some rough noises, as did the orchestra, yet Mr. Rudel could not be faulted for letting the pace drag; indeed, he left his singers behind now and then in his efforts to generate excitement.

The lesson of this "Idomeneo," as of so many misguided recent productions of classic opera, is that we should first try to understand how these pieces worked in their own day. A neoclassical visual style is not mandatory—although it is probably a good starting point—and I was disappointed that the Washington set designer, Ming Cho Lee, did not conjure up a weightier version of his elegant sets for Handel's "Ariodante" in 1971. Before embracing gimmickry or camp, impresarios should give us a chance to encounter the operas of the eighteenth century on their own terms. —DAVID HAMILTON

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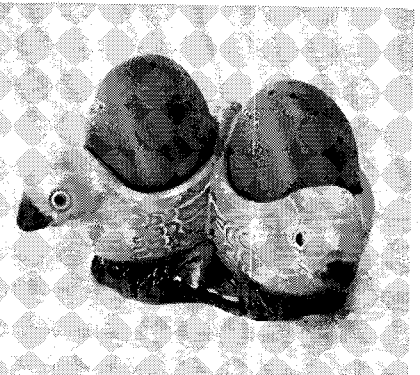
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U.S. JOURNAL: TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, N.M.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

IT has been a quarter of a century since Hot Springs, New Mexico, became Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. Some of the town's younger residents have been born and gone to school and got married and had families without ever knowing a time when their home town was not called Truth or Consequences. For twenty-five years now, Ralph Edwards, the man who created "Truth or Consequences" and "This Is Your Life," has helped celebrate the name change every single spring by arriving from California for the Truth or Consequences Fiesta with a group of entertainers—an annual busload of guests ordinarily referred to around town as "Ralph and the stars." As the Fiesta, the annual symbol of the name change, celebrated its silver anniversary this spring, there was widespread agreement that the name controversy—fought bitterly in four elections—is finally over. And yet there are a few people left in Truth or Consequences who allow themselves to hope, against long odds, for a return of the old name—like Russian émigrés in Paris dreaming Romanov dreams. Curtis Fowler, a retired building-supply merchant who was once a leader of the residents known as Hot Springers, has lived twenty-five years of his life in a town that most people call Truth or Consequences, and he still can't bring himself to utter the name out loud. "Tooter Consequences" is as close as he will come. He still has the same question for anyone who brings up the issue of the town's name:

"What'd you say your home town was?"

"Cleveland, Ohio."

"Well, how'd you like it if that was changed to People Are Funny, Ohio?"

When Hot Springs was given the opportunity of becoming Truth or Consequences, in 1950, a local paper said, "It sounds too much like a fantastic fairy tale to ask anyone to believe." The deal was simple: If Hot Springs would change its name to Truth or Consequences, the "Truth or Consequences" show, then on network radio, would broadcast its tenth-anniversary program from there. Hot Springs, the local paper said, had been given the chance of a lifetime—an op-

portunity for a million dollars' worth of free publicity that would at last let the world know about the town's hot-mineral-water baths and about the recreational opportunities available at nearby Elephant Butte Lake, once the second (or maybe the third) largest body of impounded water in the United States. No one had taken much notice of Hot Springs before. It was a quiet little health resort and county seat between Albuquerque and El Paso—which sounds like a convenient location, except that two hundred and seventy miles separate Albuquerque from El Paso and there is practically nothing else in between. Changing the name to Truth or Consequences, the Chamber of Commerce manager and some of the town's leaders said, would bring tourists and jobs and even industry. Through the national publicity Edwards could generate, it was said, Hot Springs was bound to become the leading health resort in the country. There was talk of Edwards using his influence with charitable organizations to make Hot Springs the location of a health facility that would transform it into the Arthritis Center of America. "There was a lot of propaganda," Curtis Fowler says. "The impression was left that if you did it you'd have a second Chicago within a few years."

The Hot Springers not only despised the name Truth or Consequences—even as it was shortened in conversation

by many residents to T or C—they liked the name Hot Springs. It was not as if the town carried the name of some forgotten lieutenant governor or of the man who happened to operate the first general store. A number of Hot Springers who operated bathhouses or tourist courts believed that it was important economically for the town to have a name that conjured up the vision of healing waters—although the Truth or Consequences backers argued that for most people it only conjured up Hot Springs, Arkansas, or Hot Springs somewhere else. The Hot Springers also included some people who believed they had a right to keep the name of the town they were born in and some businessmen who believed that real development required a name less easily ridiculed and some older people who preferred a quiet town to a second Chicago and some church people who associated show business with drinking or carrying on and some people who simply found it degrading to live in a town named after a stunt show. They were accused of being against progress.

The Hot Springers successfully challenged the original name-change election, which had been won easily by Truth or Consequences, on the ground that it had not been properly called, but Truth or Consequences won again in the new election ordered by the court. In the middle sixties, by which time "Truth or Consequences" was a

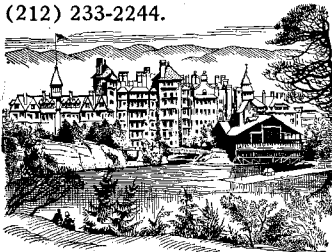


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daytime television show rather than a prime-time radio show, the Hot Springers tried twice again—losing a 1964 election by only a hundred and twenty-nine votes, and cutting the margin to a hundred and four, out of about fifteen hundred cast, in 1967. A letter to the editor in a local paper summed up the elections of the sixties, apparently with some accuracy, as consisting largely of “smears, name-calling and defamation of character.” There were accusations of economic boycotts and voting irregularities. Some Hot Springers said that the entertainers Edwards brought in for the Fiesta were just two-bit celebrities rather than truly important people, and the Truth or Consequences forces countered by saying that one of the regulars—Bob Barker, who took over as master of ceremonies of “Truth or Consequences” in the mid-fifties—just happened to be the official m.c. of the Miss U.S.A. Beauty Pageant. There were arguments with conflicting statistics about whether or not the town had shown progress since the name change, but the special ferocity of the elections went beyond anything that could be stated in gross retail sales or the number of telephone lines installed. One leaflet, headlined “A PUBLIC APPEAL TO MR. EDWARDS,” asked such questions as “When are you going to stop making monkeys of our people and a mockery of our town for your own selfish benefit?” During one campaign, a cartoon book appeared that referred throughout to Ralph Edwards as the Little Clown and to his program as “The Hollywood Parasites Show.” The Truth or Consequences backers reacted as heatedly as any small-town people under suspicion of having been hoodwinked by slickies from the city might react. They attacked the Hot Springers as useless old grippers and credited progress in the town so completely to the name change that a visitor might have got the impression that if Hot Springs had remained Hot Springs its residents would have been fortunate to have attained running water and electricity by 1967.

Declaring that the townspeople alone should decide the name of their town, Ralph Edwards issued statements like “Win, lose, or draw, you have our hearts for life.” But in the 1964 campaign Ed Bailey, the producer of “Truth or Consequences,” was sent in from California to spend a few days talking to people—not to take part in the campaign, the Edwards publicity people told the local paper, but merely to show Ralph Edwards’ “continued

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faith in the city." It was made clear that the Fiesta—at least the part of the Fiesta that consisted of Ralph Edwards bringing in Hollywood stars at his own expense—would exist only as long as the name of the town remained Truth or Consequences, and the advantage of retaining the Fiesta became the strongest argument of the T or C supporters. After one election victory, Edwards took a full-page advertisement thanking the voters for their continued support and recommending T or C as a sportsman's paradise—an advertisement that was not seen by as many Truth or Consequences residents or Western sportsmen as it might have been, since it appeared in *Variety*.

An outsider looking at the election results over the years might have predicted an eventual victory for the Hot Springers. The margin narrowed constantly, after all, and "Truth or Consequences," once just about the most widely discussed entertainment in the country, gradually faded into a program that many Americans assumed was no longer on the air. In T or C, though, 1967 was considered the Hot Springers' last chance. To the extent that their strength lay with traditionalists who were getting on in years, they have been losing by attrition. Even more important, the argument against changing back to Hot Springs had turned into an argument against having any more elections that divided the town so bitterly. Even Curtis Fowler more or less gave up, although he still allows himself to hope that someday the town may settle on some compromise name like Geronimo Hot Springs—a name that would answer the argument so often heard about confusion with other towns ("There are hundreds of Hot Springs, but there's only one Truth or Consequences") and would take note of the legend that Geronimo himself found the hot mineral waters healing. "All it would take is one man who would be willing to take the abuse," Fowler says when he considers another election. "These radical T or C-ers, they're dirty. You go against them, they'll mutilate you."

AS it turned out, the industry that the name change brought to Truth or Consequences is the annual Fiesta celebrating the name change. ("The Ralph Edwards Fiesta is one of our big industries," the T or C-ers advertised in one election. "Why lose it?") There were 4,563 people in Hot Springs in 1950, and there aren't many more than that in T or C in 1974—meaning, depending on the point of

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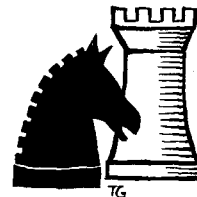
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view, that T or C held its own while some other American small towns were going under or that it was left out of the sun-belt boom that added thousands of people to the population of many Southwestern towns and cities. In fact, a local paper's description several years ago of what Hot Springs was like in 1950, before progressive citizens seized the opportunity offered by Edwards, sounds pretty much like a description of Truth or Consequences today. The leading bank has, along with some other businesses, adopted the kind of Western façade associated with the architecture of those pioneers who settled Phoenix suburbs after the Second World War, but it is still called the Hot Springs National Bank. The high school is still Hot Springs High School, and its graduates still tend to leave town in order to find work. Downtown T or C still has the look of a little town where older people came to take curative waters before the days of chain motels and franchise hamburger stands. The places to eat are almost all called cafés. The places to stay have signs identifying them as furnished rooms or apartments or, more often, apts. Some of the furnished rooms can be rented for eighteen dollars a week. Signs in front of the bathhouses and some of the apts advertise baths, massages, and colonics. The medical practice leans toward naturopathy or homeopathy or chiropractic. There are a couple of domino parlors.

The ambition of local businessmen who think of themselves as forward-looking is for the town to concentrate on recreation rather than health. The completion of an interstate highway and the growing interest in outdoor recreation have greatly increased the use of the lake a few miles from T or C—although a land developer there has started a separate town, Elephant Butte, with its own post office and its own master plan, which calls for it to become larger than T or C. If Elephant Butte prospers and merges with T or C, an unreconstructed Hot Springer would say, the growth will have been due to the efforts of the land developer rather than Ralph Edwards and the town should be named D. W. Falls, New Mexico. Not that anyone in town believes that Ralph Edwards reneged on his promise to give T or C nationwide publicity. He did, after all, arrange for one "Truth or Consequences" contestant to hit a golf ball from Hollywood to Truth or Consequences in the fifties and for another to

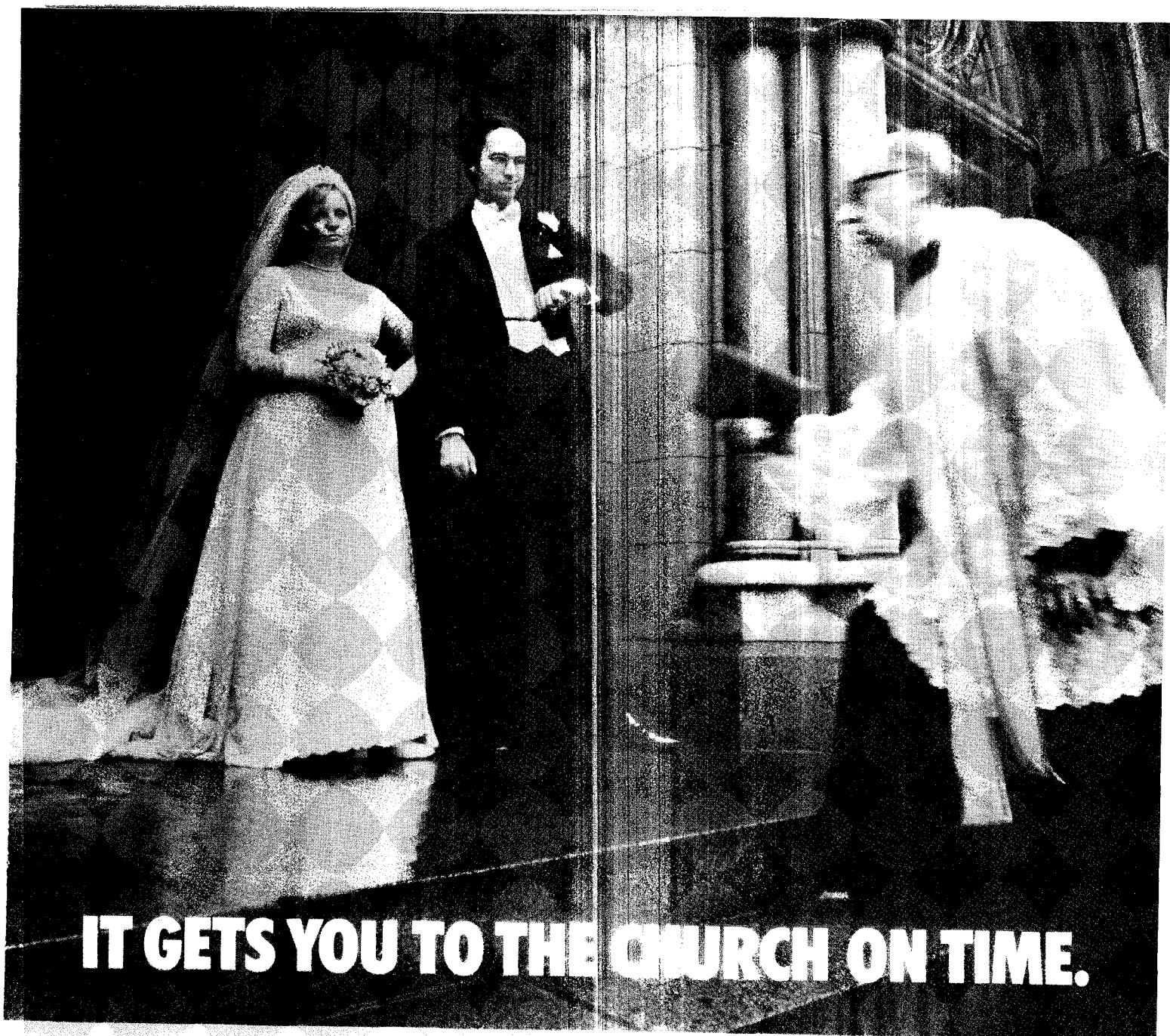
hitchhike from New York to Truth or Consequences carrying a skunk. He still seems to promote the town at every opportunity, but, of course, his opportunities are not what they were. His company is still prosperous—more prosperous, some say, than in the days when Edwards was a national celebrity—and Edwards can still talk about how many cities carry "Truth or Consequences" or how well "This Is Your Life" is doing in England or what plans the company has for an updated version of "Name That Tune." But the days when the entire nation wondered about the identity of Mr. Hush are gone. The strongest claim "Truth or Consequences" has to being a cultural force in America today is the fact that it has a city named after it.

ON Friday of Fiesta weekends, Ed Bailey, who always arrives a few weeks early to help with the arrangements, flies to El Paso in a private plane, meets the airliner carrying Ralph and the stars from Los Angeles, and brings them to T or C in a bus that circles downtown a time or two before proceeding to the most luxurious motel in the area—which now happens to be in Elephant Butte. That evening, while some of the other celebrators are at the fiddlers' contest or the Rough Riders Cross Country Horse Race, members of the Fiesta committee and some town leaders join the visitors from Hollywood for a reception. ("The 'town leaders' are celebrity-struck," Curtis Fowler says. "No, take that phrase and magnify it a hundred times and that's what they are. If Bing Crosby's stableboy came through here, they'd wine and dine him.")



Ralph and the stars ride in a parade on Saturday morning and entertain at a state hospital for crippled children in the afternoon and put on a big show that night at the junior-high-school auditorium. Since this year's Fiesta marked the silver anniversary, there were more plaques and gifts than usual exchanged and more thank-you speeches and even the dedication of a Ralph Edwards wing of the local museum—a wing that was built through the contribution of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edwards. Edwards, wearing Western clothes and an unvarying smile, was in the center of it all—riding a horse in the parade, acting as m.c. for part of the show, thanking the ladies' auxiliary for this wonderful, wonderful buffet.

When Edwards is asked what he thinks about the accusation that he has



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made a mockery of the town for his own selfish benefit, he looks pained and says he didn't realize anyone might feel that way and starts talking about how his program raised enough money to put the American Heart Association on its feet, not to speak of taking care of the Second World War paper shortage merely by promising to broadcast from the school that collected the most newspapers per capita. He seems genuinely amazed that anyone could feel hostility toward a man who sold more E bonds than any other single person—even if the man may have by now mentioned that feat once or twice for every E bond sold. Edwards is someone who has lived so long with the Hollywood entanglement of personal promotion and charity that he may have lost track of how they could be separate. Explaining why he continues to spend thousands of dollars every year on the Truth or Consequences Fiesta, he can say, in the space of a few sentences, that he does it because he has a moral commitment to the town and that he does it because of what it means to his program ("We have a city called Truth or Consequences. Let's be realistic") and that he really does it because of the opportunity to help the crippled children's hospital—an opportunity he would have to pass up, of course, if the town the hospital is in changed its name back to Hot Springs.

For anyone who has been to a Fiesta in Truth or Consequences, it is clear that the man in the Midwest who wrote the mayor recently suggesting General Eisenhower as a nice compromise name for the town failed to consider the fact that General Eisenhower is not in a position to bring a busload of entertainers to the junior-high-school auditorium every year. There is no doubt that the Fiesta has kept Truth or Consequences Truth or Consequences. A harsh view of the arrangement would be that Ralph Edwards merely buys the town's name with annual payments of whatever he spends on the Fiesta. A less cynical—or perhaps more cynical—view is that Ralph Edwards and Truth or Consequences were made for each other, or at least have reached the kind of accommodation that makes for a lasting marriage even for those who were not made for each other. Edwards is one show-business figure who has conquered the fickleness of the public. In at least one place, he is an eternal celebrity. In at least one town, he has the same impact today that he had when his Walking Man could raise millions for charity. In at least one

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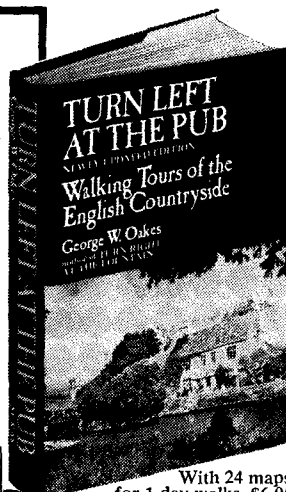
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town this spring—the spring of 1974, twenty years after “Truth or Consequences” disappeared from national prime time—a street was named after Ralph Edwards and another one after Ed Bailey and another one after Bob Barker. And once a year the residents of T or C may feel that they live in a special place—and not just special in the way implied when they write the name of their home town on a hotel registration form and hear the desk clerk say, “You’ve got to be kidding.” The big Saturday-night show is always jammed. Some of the entertainers may be second leads in TV series instead of stars, and some others may seem a bit past their prime—Edwards was using introductions this year like “The star of television’s ‘Hit Parade’” and “You’ve seen him in many of the Gene Autry pictures”—but the audience response is always enthusiastic. The audience seems to be even more enthusiastic during the “Truth or Consequences” stunts that always precede the variety show. It is difficult to believe that a middle-aged woman who has stood blushing in front of her neighbors while being joshed by Bob Barker or a man who has been given a “This Is Your Life” Award by Ralph Edwards could ever think of wanting Truth or Consequences called Hot Springs.

“Ralph wants to perpetuate the Fiesta, so it will run if he ever can’t come,” Ed Bailey said just before Ralph and the stars arrived this spring. “And, of course, he’s not immortal, so someday he’ll be unable to come.” Edwards wanted to arrange for some sort of entertainment that could provide a highlight for the Fiesta but would not require someone with the contacts and resources to bring in stars from Hollywood. He decided to write a pageant that could be performed by the townspeople if he provided a professional director and maybe a lead actor. He hopes that it will be performed for the first time at next year’s Fiesta, in the natural amphitheatre that serves as the high-school stadium. It will be a history of the entire state of New Mexico, narrated, more or less, by a talking hot-mineral-water spring. The pageant will start with prehistoric man and move through the arrival of the Indians and the Spanish conquest and the annexation of New Mexico into the Union. One of the historic events will be depicted by Ralph Edwards—or, someday, an actor playing Ralph Edwards—appearing to announce the changing of the name of Hot Springs, New Mexico, to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE RACE TRACK

Black Monday

YOUR susceptible correspondent is slowly recovering from the results of a couple of races on the Memorial Day holiday. Arbees Boy, a 60-1 shot, won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park by two lengths from Forego. And Better Arbitor, 14-1, took the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park, with Judger, the favorite, finishing fifth, more than seven lengths down the track.

The old adage about weight's being a great leveller proved true in the Metropolitan. Forego, winner of his last six starts, all of them stakes races, carried 134 pounds; Arbees Boy, who hadn't come close to a win in five tries this season, carried only 112. Twenty-two pounds does make a difference. Eight entries ran in the Metropolitan, the first of the Big Three handicaps (the others are the Brooklyn and the Suburban, both at Aqueduct next month), and the field—which, in addition to Forego, included such stakes winners as Prove Out, True Knight, and Everton II—was the best in several years. Though Everton II was quickest out of the gate, Infuriator zipped past him, stepping the first quarter in 0:22 $\frac{3}{8}$ and the half in 0:44 $\frac{3}{8}$, at which point he was five lengths in front. He held on to the lead for another two furlongs, but then faded quickly and finished seventh. Meanwhile, Forego, away from the post next to last, had been moving up steadily, once he settled into his long, easy stride. He took the lead on the turn for home, and he looked like the sure winner, only to have Arbees Boy, coming up fast on the rail, head him in the final furlong. Timeless Moment was a bang-up third. The mile was run in 1:34 $\frac{5}{8}$.

If memory serves, Arbees Boy is the longest-priced winner of a Metropolitan in a dog's age. A Florida-bred four-year-old bay colt by Handsome Boy out of Lovely Ann, he picked up \$67,200 in prize money. Belmont Park had a good day, too. A crowd of 50,580, the largest of the season, bet \$5,403,476 in the tote. OTB handled only \$1,712,157. Perhaps its patrons were holidaying, or perhaps they don't like the seventeen-per-cent take.

As a preview of the Belmont Stakes, the Jersey Derby was a big surprise, and the good showing by a couple of long shots will probably expand the

field for the hundred-and-sixth running of the blue-ribbon classic, on June 8th. I did not see the race at Garden State, but, according to the reports of those who did, Better Arbitor ran courageously, leading most of the way and withstanding a hard stretch drive by Stonewalk to win by three-quarters of a length. Christoforo was third,



and Neapolitan Way, second in the Preakness, was fourth. Judger was away slowly, as usual, and Pincay, who came from California to ride him, said, "He couldn't even pass the horse in front of him when I asked him to run." It has never been a stable secret that Judger's left foreleg isn't as good as it should be, which is the reason he has been raced lightly (he skipped the Preakness, as you know), so unless Woody Stephens, who trains him, is satisfied that the Claiborne colt is at his best, he will skip the Belmont, too. Like Arbees Boy, Better Arbitor has been nothing to cheer about most of this season, but he was a running horse in the Jersey Derby. He was right behind Lucayan Breeze, who ran the first quarter in 0:22 $\frac{4}{8}$, and then he whisked to the front, leading by six lengths at the three-quarters pole. After that, he began to slow down, and finished under the whip. Owned and trained by Del Carroll, who, you may remember, won the Preakness with Bee Bee Bee two years ago, Better Arbitor is a chestnut colt by Better Bee out of Arctic Ava. One of those bargain yearlings, he cost Carroll \$7,500. His share of the purse was \$104,000.

THE Belmont is certainly up for grabs this year. They say Cannonade, winner of the Kentucky Derby, and Little Current, winner of the Preakness, have the longest reach for it, but there are six or eight other three-year-olds who are going to make a good try, so there shouldn't be a dull moment in the whole mile and a half. Among the contenders are Accipiter, recent winner of the Withers Stakes (which used to be a standard tryout for the Belmont), Hudson County, Hosier, Buck's Bid, Shady Character, Neapolitan Way, Christoforo, and All Game. Judger, of course, is a possibility, but a very doubtful one. Better Arbitor will not be a starter. It takes a colt with both speed and stamina to win

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a Belmont Stakes. Looking over all the probables, Colonel Martingale says, "No selections."

CHRIS EVERT the filly is the only thoroughbred with a chance for a triple crown this season. Winner of a division of the Acorn Stakes, at a mile, the first race in New York's trilogy for three-year-olds of her sex, she followed up with a dramatic victory in the Mother Goose Stakes, at a mile and a furlong, at Belmont last Saturday. Her big test will come in the Coaching Club American Oaks, at a mile and a half, on June 22nd, the closing day of the meeting.

Fourteen ran for the Mother Goose, and it was a merry scramble over the sloppy track. Though Chris Evert drew the outside post position—always a handicap in a big field—she made a perfect run just behind Quaze Quilt, who led to the stretch turn, where Chris took command. She had to do her best to stand off the challenge of Maud Muller, but she passed the post half a length to the good. Quaze Quilt was third, five lengths away. I'm told that Chris Evert the tennis star follows the progress of her namesake but, curiously, has never seen her run.

THE jumpers were out at Delaware Park last Saturday. Nine paraded for the Tom Roby Steeplechase Stakes, and it was a lively go for the two miles and an eighth. Just A Tinch, carrying top weight of 156 pounds, took the lead after the tenth fence, and won by nearly five lengths from Plumsted, with Ballet Master third. There were also nine races on the flat. Chris McCarron, a boy from Boston who rode his first winner at Bowie in February and went on to run up a record total of a hundred and eighteen victories in the sixty-day meeting at Pimlico, booted home only one in his first week at Delaware. He'll do better when he knows the track.

FARTHER AFIELD: Sharp Gary, thirteenth in the Kentucky Derby, brought off a 13-1 chance in the Illinois Derby at Chicago's Sportsman's Park last weekend. Coming from far back in the nine-furlong gallop for the \$100,000-added purse, he won by three lengths from Sr. Diplomat, with Sports Editor third and Hosiery fourth. And out at Hollywood Park on Memorial Day my old friend Quack won the \$115,900 Californian Stakes for the second year in a row. He's one horse we could never guess right.

—AUDAX MINOR



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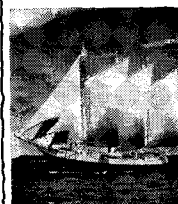
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BOOKS

Connoisseur of Destruction

CÉLINE completed his last book, "Rigadoon," in 1961, just before his death. Like the earlier volumes of his trilogy—"Castle to Castle" and "North"—this final installment has been translated by Ralph Manheim and published by Delacorte. It continues the chronicle of the author's desperate zigzags all over Germany which began in the summer of 1944. An anti-Semite and a racist, Céline was suspected of having collaborated with the Nazis, and he maintained that he left Paris to escape persecution (perhaps execution) by the Resistance, but in "Rigadoon" he at last gets around to mentioning the true reason: he was trying to reach his money, which he had changed into gold and salted away in a bank in Copenhagen. Céline's adventures are not in chronological order. "Castle to Castle," which came first, places him in Sigmaringen, where the Germans had settled the Vichy government in exile. But Céline first went, by stages, from Paris to Berlin, where he hoped to get a visa for Denmark; then the Germans, after detaining him a while at Zornhof, the Prussian village he describes in the second volume, "North," shipped him to Sigmaringen, whence he finally departed for Denmark. Céline may have decided to write first about Sigmaringen while the Vichy collaborators, from Pétain and Laval on down, still had a topical rather than a historical interest. Whatever his reason, a result is a small loss of verisimilitude. The trilogy suggests, for one thing, that the firebombing of Dresden (February, 1945) took place before the death of Rommel (October, 1944), and the Allies' assault by air on the German railroad system, an event Céline says began long before Rommel's funeral (he sees the procession in "Rigadoon"), did not begin until September of 1944. The three volumes, like some of Céline's earlier books, move back and forth from the present in which the narrator writes to the past the books recall and to

moments in between. In "Death on the Installment Plan" Céline calls the conversations between his mother and the lace mender "a bargain-counter display of complaints"—an apt phrase for much of the contemporary matter in "Rigadoon": he complains about having been jailed by the Danes, fined by the French, and robbed by his relatives. (After a French court ruled, in 1951, that he had not been guilty of treason, Céline, who had been living in Denmark, returned to Paris, to his medical practice, and to his writing.)

The narrative of "Rigadoon" begins as Céline, his wife Lili, their cat Bébért, and the collaborationist actor Robert Le Vigan leave Zornhof for Rostock. However, the Germans at last shunt them to Sigmaringen, but the collaborationist establishment there is breaking up. Le Vigan sets off for Italy, while the nuclear family—husband, wife, and cat—board another train, which, they learn from an acquaintance they met in "Castle to Castle," a professional killer known as Restif, the Germans plan to destroy. Céline, Lili, and Bébért escape the trap and go north to Hannover. Thence another train takes them on through bombed-out Hamburg. All through "Rigadoon," the German railways, despite the air attacks, are carrying innumerable refugees, some voluntary, some not, and Céline travels with

other civilians who are going, or being sent, to unfindable safety. He tells us about a trainload of lepers the Germans had collected from all over Europe and installed in a Berlin leprosarium; they are now being evacuated, along with the rest of the Berlin hospital population, to Heaven knows where. And about another trainful of women, probably from the Baltic states, and their babies, who are screaming for milk. He, Lili, and Bébért finally cross into Denmark on a Swedish Red Cross train. Céline is passing as the medical custodian of a group of retarded children—"drooling cretins"—who had been left on his hands by a tuberculous Frenchwoman; he travelled, for the most part, under his real name, Louis-Ferdinand Destouches, and as a doctor rather than a writer.

"Rigadoon" does not succeed for me. As early as page 44, with the appearance of the lepers, I began to find the voice of the narrator too wayward, and his inappropriate and unexpected reactions to calamities, which in his earlier works made me laugh, became artistically ineffective. Since the background is the real destruction of much of Europe, Céline's smart-aleck tone seems not simply unattractive but inadequate.

We can scarcely grasp, because it is still happening, the scale of democratization or equalization of *everything* in modern times. The trend shows in literature in many ways. For example, certain kinds of human beings who had been inarticulate for millennia have been going to school and learning to express themselves; aside from religious and political prisoners (such as Boethius), Villon was for centuries almost the only literary jailbird, but now felons of all nationalities jostle one another on publishers' lists. And, because of portable firearms, the capacity for violence has become democratized to the point at which, irrespective of age, sex, strength, skill, and social origin, we are all equal: we can all kill our fellow-men—a



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privilege once reserved for noblemen. A few of us always feel we must distinguish ourselves beyond the rest. And so there are writers (Hemingway, Malraux) who make themselves (or their characters) aristocrats of violence by seeking out unusual perils. Some others portray the detached professional, the protagonist of so many detective and spy stories, for whom violence is a technique to be used without compunction. Violence is a staple of Céline, and I now think (dismayed because I felt so remote from "Rigadoon," I went back and reread him) that he chooses approaches to the subject which are incompatible. His narrator-protagonist is occasionally on the wrong side of the law, but, verbally aggressive though not physically violent, he frequently insists that he is a physical coward. Yet the narrative voice just as frequently speaks as a connoisseur of destruction, the way an impotent man might become a connoisseur of obscene shows. So, in "Rigadoon," Céline describes with relish how Restif kills the general in command of the soon-to-be-destroyed train, and he establishes his superiority over his audience by knowing more than it does about killing. Sometimes, speaking as the doctor, he assumes professional detachment, but on these occasions he is almost invariably being Dickens' Fat Boy: he wants to make our flesh creep by talking about loathsome diseases and painful deaths, though now and then he just wants to get in a few words about the inferiority of women. The other superiority Céline seeks is in suffering. The Céline protagonist has done nothing to deserve the dreadful things that happen to him; he always hurts more than anybody else, and his pain justifies his hatred of the rich, armies, policemen, parents, employers, publishers, and, of course, fellow-writers. The Céline narrator is forever alone—on the battlefields of the First World War in "Journey to the End of Night," and in "Rigadoon," in which his wife and cat are pert, comic-strip characters and Le Vigan is dependent, egomaniacal, and phony. It may be that the two wars, which forced Céline to tell his joke twice—the burning village of "Journey," the ruined cities of "Rigadoon"—made that joke less funny both times. Reading and then rereading him, I thought that in "Journey" his solitude in wartime foretold his solitary self-centeredness in "Rigadoon." And the concept of the narrator as the lonely coward among millions of heroes, which seemed comical the first time I read "Journey," became less plausible, especially now that specialists,



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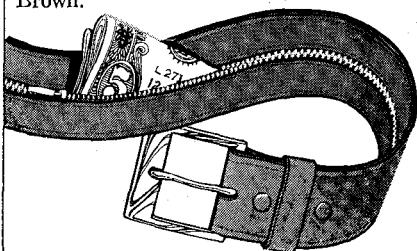
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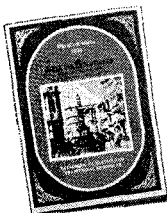
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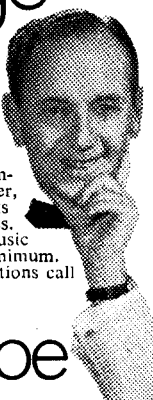
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from anthropologists to zoologists, have been fretting that combat creates a unique solidarity among men, a staunchness and fraternity that no other human enterprise evokes.

The texts of Céline's novels certainly suggest that he, or that narrative voice, could not have been (as he was wrongly accused of being) a Fascist. Though Fascism is nowadays no more than an all-purpose term of abuse, it once was for many people an idealistic movement—even if one cannot accept its ideals; Céline was incapable of attachment to any ideal, particularly one whose service entailed risk. His racism may be part of his wish to know better than anyone else. I have read only one of his anti-Semitic pamphlets, and it was so absurd that I could not imagine he meant it. He evidently did, though, and because in the course of the trilogy he learned to hate Germans, he now—in the present of the nineteen-fifties—explains to his own satisfaction that many Nazis were really Jews, and vice versa. His final rages, which are mysteriously (to me) combined with intellectual smugness, are directed against Africans and Asians. He thinks they are about to dominate the world, and that proves him right on another matter; namely, he had known all along that the goal of every Western religion, and of Freemasonry, too, has been the mongrelization of the white race. Céline sometimes expresses his racism in the voice of the doctor, the man of science. Unfortunately, science is frequently accompanied by a "science": astronomy by astrology, genetics by racism. "Science" affords a heartening feeling of power that science does not, for a great deal of science is attempting to describe accurately what is rather than to prescribe proper behavior or justify a course of action. Physics does not tell you not to jump off a roof; it only calculates your rate of fall if you do. So every kind of racism is a subjective judgment, no more. An artistic difficulty about Céline's racism in "Rigadoon" is that it calls attention to his knockabout, night-club-comedian cast of mind. While he rants against the colored peoples of the world, he emphasizes his own "Frenchness" by recalling the wound he suffered in the First World War, but the reader remembers that colonial troops also fought for France in that war; if being wounded is the criterion of Frenchness, all of them who became casualties must have been at least as French as Céline. Then, in "Journey" he envies cavalry horses their indifference toward the carnage of battle, but in the trilogy

he tells us (what, presumably, we cannot guess) that animals suffer in combat. There is a coherence in Céline's works, but it represents not so much a consistent comic point of view as it does an enduringly hostile personality who will use any trick to dominate the audience.

And his is a masterly collection of tricks. Since he regards his reader as his enemy, Céline is alert to outwit him, and he often does me. I found myself thinking, in reading "Castle to Castle," that his concern with money, and his oburgations against a variety of ethnic groups, reproduced exactly the attitudes of his parents and the other petty shopkeepers he described with such derision in "Death on the Installment Plan." But scarcely had the idea crossed my mind before Céline met and defeated it. For he takes off on "incarnation" as a chic critical word, especially in relation to regional writers, and remarks, as an aside, that "if somebody said to me, 'Céline, damn it all, how you incarnate the Passage! The Passage is you! All you!', I'd go out of my mind!" (The Passage is the street on which, in "Death on the Installment Plan," he lived when he was a child.) And, of course, there is his writing—the style that seems to me as stunning as ever. His use of language—his inventions or discoveries of rhythms, echoes, verbal and tonal surprises—reflects an innocent enjoyment, a playfulness that astonishes, entertains, dazzles. I am troubled now not only because of the use he made of these gifts but because I have so far accepted it. Ought he to have mocked the poor, narrow people from whom he sprang? Ought he to have made fun of their ignorance and ineffectuality? Ought I to have laughed with him? On my first reading of "Castle to Castle," I felt like an accomplice when I joined Céline in deriding men who, whatever evil they had done, were at the end of their rope. Now I do not wish to share his guilt. I find myself saying to Céline what Mrs. Weston says to Emma: "You divert me against my conscience." That is a moral rather than an artistic judgment, but is there not a point at which a moral failure becomes an aesthetic flaw?

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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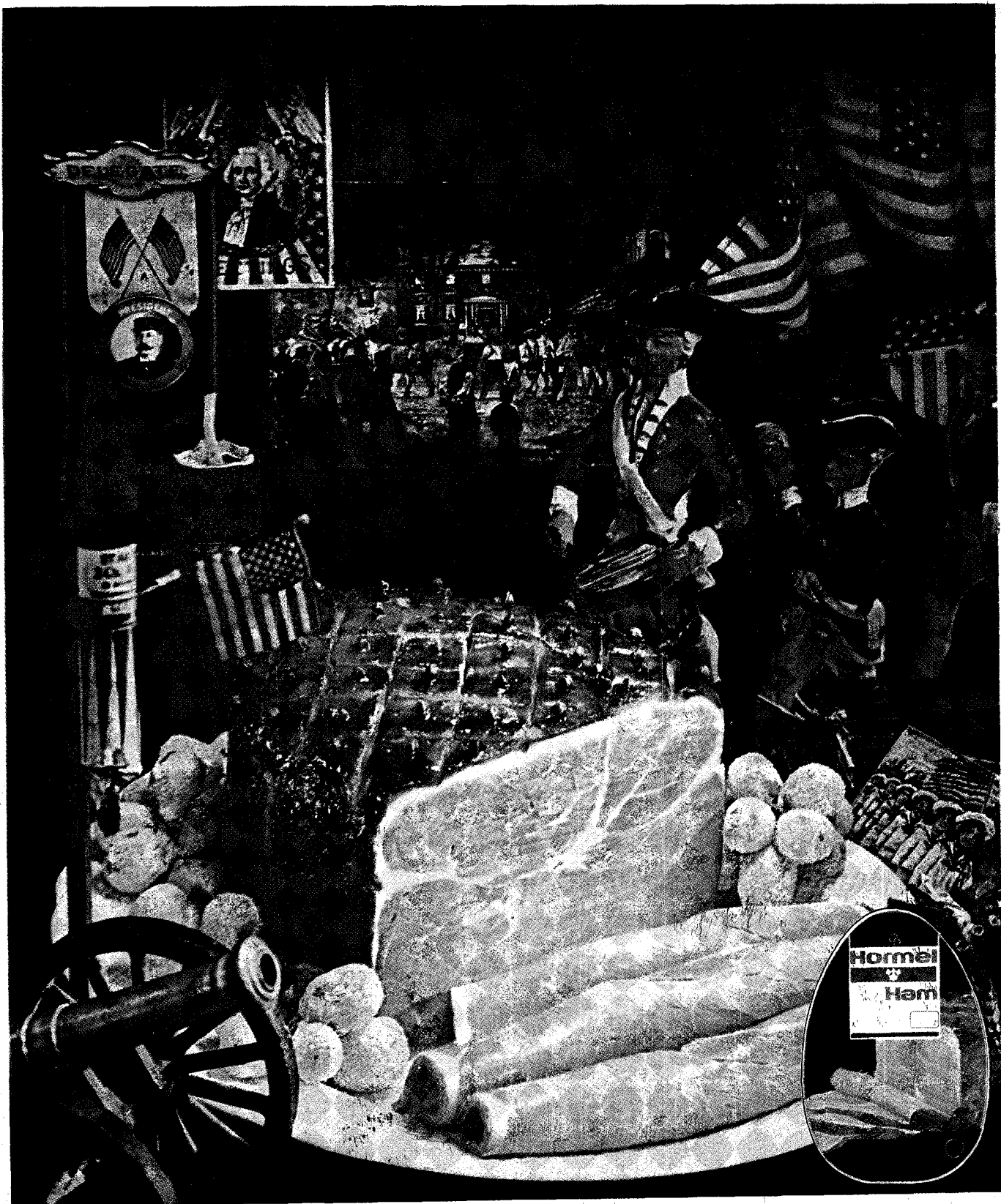
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